

The actis and

Deidis of the Illuster and Mailreand Campi-
oun, Schir William Wallace,
Knicht of Ellerslie.



The first Buik.



DUR Antecessouris, that we suld of reid,
And hald in mynd yair nobill Douchtre Deid
We let our syde throw verray sleuthfulnes
And castis vs ever to uther besynes.
On vane gamming is set our hail Intent,
Quhilk hes bene sene in till thir tymis by went.
Our nixt nichtbouris cummin of Brutus blude,
That oftentymis to Scottis willit lytill gude.
Thocht now of lair God turnit yair mynd & will,
That greit kyndnes yai haue schawin vs till.
The hartis of pepill the Lord hes in his hand,
He may yame reuē, and gyde at his command.
And thocht all Leidis wald haue yis lād in thral,
Oppone his power, God can aganis thame all.
As we haue sene in our foirbearis asoit,
Bot of thir Parabillis, as now I speik no moir.

We reid of ane, richt famous of Renoun,
Of worthy blude that Regnit in this Regioun.
And hyne furth now, I will my purposis yaid,
Of William Wallace, as ze haue hard heir tald.
His foirbearis, quha lykis to vnderstand,
Of auld Lymage, and trew blude of Scotland.

The first

Schir Rannald Craufurd, richt Schiref of Ait,
Swa in his tyme he had ane docher fair.
And young Schir Rannald, Schiref of pat town,
His Sister fair, of gude fame and Renoun.
Malcolme Wallace hir gat in mariage,
That Ellerslie than had in heritage.
Auchinbothy and mony ane vther place,
The secund Oye, he was to gude Wallace.
The quhilk Wallace full hardely had wrocht,
Quhen Walter heir of Wallace to him socht.
Quha lykis to heir, mair knowlege in pat part,
Ga reid the lyne of the first Stewart.
Bot Malcolme Wallace gat on this Lady bricht,
Malcolme Wallace, ane full gude gentill knicht.
And William als, as Cronicklis beiris on hand,
Quhilk efter was the Byskewer of Scotland.
Quhen it was loist with tressoun and fallnes,
Our set with fais, it fred throw Goddis grace.
King Alexander our worthy King forlozne,
Be auenture his lyfe had at Kingorne.
Thre zeiris still ye Realme stude desolait,
Quhair throw pair rais ane full greuous debait.
Our Prince David Erll of Huntingtoun,
Thre dochteris had of gude fame and Renoun.
Of ye quhilk thre, come Bruce, Balliol, & Hailling
Twa of thir thre desyrit to be King.
The Ballioll claimit of ye first gre lynely,
And Bruce the first Maill of ye secund gre by.
To Edward sone vnto Jugland thay send,
Of this greit stryfe, thocht yai suld mak ane end.
Folow it was, forsuith it hapnit sa,
Succour to seis of thair auld mortall sa.
Edward Langschankis had new begun his weir

Almon

Upon Gascone, into ane awfull feir.
 Thay landis quhilkis he clamit stude in sic cais,
 He thocht fra hand to mak it haill conquests.
 To Norhame Kirk, he come withoutt mair,
 The counsall yan of Scotland met him thair.
 Full subtellic he chargit thame in bandoun,
 As thair Quirlord, to hald of him the Crown.
 Bischop Robert in his tyme full worthy,
 Of Glasgow Lord, said that we do deny.
 Ony Quirlord, bot the greit God abusit,
 The King was wraith, and hame he did remuif.
 Zit Johne Ballioll followit on him sa fast,
 To hald of him, he grantit at the last.
 And contrair richt, ane King he maid him yair,
 Onhair throw Scotland repentit it full sair.
 To the Ballioll, our Lordis wald nocht consent.
 Edward furth with set down ane Parliament.
 He callit Ballioll to answer for Scotland,
 The wyse Lordis gart him sone brek yat band.
 Ane Abbot past, and gais our his alledgeance,
 King Edward yan it tuk in greit greuance.
 His Dist he raisit, and come to werk on Tweid,
 Bot for to secht, as yan he had greit dreid.
 To Cospatrick of Dunbar sone he send,
 His counsall askit, for he the countrie keud.
 Fra he was brocht in presence of the King,
 Be subtell band, yat cordit on this thing.

The wyynning of Berwik. Cap. ii.

Ell Patrik than, to Berwik couth persew,
 Resauit he was, and traistit verray trew.
 The King followit with his men of Renoun,
 A. ii.

The first

After mydnight at rest was all the town.
Corspatrik rais, the keyis weill he knew,
Leit briggis down, and Portcuilleis thay knew.
Edward Enterit, and gart sla haistely,
Of men and wyfis aucht thousand and fyfty.
And barnis als, be this fals auenture,
Of trew Scottis, chaipit na creature.
Ane Capitane thair, this fals King hes maid,
Toward Dunbar without resting thay raid.

The Battell of Dunbar. Cap. iij.

Whair gadderit was greit power of Scotland
Aganis Edward, in Battell for to stand.
Thir four Erllis was enterit in that place,
Of Mar, Menteith, and Atholl, vpon cace.
In the Castell the Erll gart hald thame in,
That to thair men, without pay nicht not win.
Nor zit to thame suppleing for to ma,
The Battellis than, togidder fast thay ga.
Full greit slaughter yat pietie was to se,
Of trew Scottis, our set with subteltie.
Erll Patrik than, quhen the fechtng was fellait,
To our sa turnit and harming did vs maist.
Is nane in world yat skaithis may do mair,
Than weill traistit in bozne familiar.
Our men at slane without redemptioun,
Thro this deidis, haill tynt was this Regioun.

How King Edward and Corspatrik come to
Stone, and put down Johne Ballioun, and had
with yame ye Airis of Scotland. Cap. iiij.

(†) D

King

King Edward past, and Corspatrik to Scone
 And thair he gat homage of Scotland sone.
 For nane was left, ye Realme for to defend,
 For Johne Ballioll yai to Montros yai send.
 And him depyuit for ay of his kingrik,
 Than Edward his self was callit ane Royall Rik
 The Crown he tuk, vpon ye samin stane,
 That Bathelus send with his Sone fra Spayne
 Quhen Iber Scot first in Scotland came,
 That Canmore syne, King fergus had to Name.
 Brocht it to Scone, and gart it stabill thair,
 Quhair Kingis war Crownit biij. hūdreth seir &
 Besoir the tyme yai King Edward it fand, (mair
 Thir Iowellis he gart turs in Ingland.
 In Londoun set in witnes of that thing,
 Be conqueis yai of Scotland maid him King.
 Quhair & stane standis, Scotlād suld maister be,
 God cheis ye tyme for Margaretis airis to se.
 Nucht scoir thay led, of greitest yai yai fand,
 Of airis with thame, and Bruce out of Scotland
 That office than he bzuikit bot schozt tyme,
 I may not now put all ye deidis in tyme.
 On Cronicklis quhy suld I tary lang?
 To Wallace agane, now breifly will I gang.
 Scotland was loist, quhen he was bot ane Chyld
 All haill our set with our enemeis wyld.
 His fater Malcolme in the Lennor fled,
 His eldest Sone thidder with him him he led.
 His mother fled with him fra Ellerslie,
 To Gowrie past, and dwelt in Kilsindle.
 The knicht hir fater thidder thame sent,
 Unto his Uncle with ane gude Intent.
 In Gowrie dwelt, and had thair leuing thair,

[The first.

Ane agit man, quhillk ressaueit thame fair,
Than to Dundie Wallace to Scuill thay send,
Quhill he of wit full worthely was kend.
Thus he contine wit in his tender age,
In armis syne did mony bassallage.
Quhen Saroun blude in this Region couth King
Markand the will of that vnrchteous King.
Mony greit wrong pai wrocht in this Region,
Destroyit our Lordis, & brak pair biggingis down
Baith wyfis and wedowis, pai tuk at pair awin
Munis & Madynnis, quhom pai lykit to spil. (will
King Herodis part pai playit into Scotland,
Of young Chyldren, pat pai befor yame fand.
The Bischoppis that was greitest of baill,
Thay tuk in handis of pair Archebischoppis haill
Nocht for the Pape, pai wald na kirkis forbeir,
Bot grippit all, be violence of weir.
Glasgow pai gaif, as at thair waill was kend,
To the Diocie of Durhame to ane commend.
Small benefice, yan pai wald nocht persew,
Bot for this thing full mony uther pai slew.
Hangit Barrounis, and wrocht full mekill cair,
It was weill knawin, within the Barnis of Air.
Thair auchtene scoir, put to ane felloun dreid,
Bot God abuis hes send vs sum remeid.
It is rememberit farther in the taill,
I will follow vpon my purpois haill.
William Wallace, or he was man of armis,
Greit pietie thocht, pat Scotland tuk sic harmis.
Mekill dolour it did him in his mynd,
For he was wyse, richt worthy, wicht and kynd.
In Gowrie dwelt, still with pis worthy man,
As he Incessit, and with abandoun than.

Into

Into his hart he had full mekill cair,
 He saw the Sutheroun multiplie mair and mair.
 And to him self, oft wald he mak his mane,
 Of his gude kyn, yai had flane mony ane.
 Zit he was than, seinely, stark, and bald,
 And he of age, was seuintene wynter ald.
 Nappinnis he bair, outhir gude sword or knyfe,
 For he with thaine, hapnit richt oft to stryfe.
 Quhair he fand ane out of ane btheris preience,
 Efter to Scottis, thay did na mair offence.
 To cut his throit, or stik him suddandly,
 He waynit nocht, fand he yame anerly.
 Sindrie wantit, bot nane wist be quhat way,
 For as to him yair couth na man ocht say.
 Lytill of speiche, was courtes and bening,
 Sad of countenance, he was baith ald and zing.

How Wallace slew young Selbie, the Constable
 Sone of Dundie. Cap. v.

Done ane day to Dundie he was send,
 Of cruelnes full lytill thay him kend.
 The Costabill was ane felloun man of weir
 And untill Scottis he did full mekill deir
 Selbie he hecht spiteous and of outrage,
 Ane Sone he had, neir twentie zeir of age.
 Into the toun he vsit euerie day,
 Thre men or four, yairto with him to play.
 Ane Hielie schrew, wantoun in his Intent,
 Wallace he saw, and to wart him he went.
 Lykie he was, richt big and weil besene,
 Intill ane weid of gudly ganand grene.
 He callit on him, and said thow Scot abyde,

[The First

Quha Deuil (quod he) the graithit in sa guid weid
 Ane hors mantill it war thy kynd to weir,
 Ane Scottis quhittill vnder thy belt to beir.
 Rouch Killingis vpon thy harlotis feit,
 Gif me thy knyfe, quhat dois thy geir sa meit.
 To him he zeid, his knyfe to tak him fra,
 Fast be the Collar Wallace can him ta.
 Under his hand, his knyfe he braidit out,
 For all his men pat semblit him about.
 Bot help him self, he wist of na remeid,
 Without reskew he stikkit him to the deid.
 The Squyar fell of him yair was na mair,
 His men followit on Wallace wounder sair.
 The preis was thick, and cūmerit yame full fast,
 Wallace was speddy, and greitly als agast.
 The bludy knyfe was drawin in his hand,
 He spairit nane, that he befoir him fand.
 The hous he knew his Eme had ludgit in,
 Thidder he fled, farther he nicht nocht win.
 The gude wyfe thair, within the clois saw he,
 And help he cryit, for him yat Deit on tre.
 The young Capitane hes fallin with me at stryfe,
 In at the dur he went with this gude wyfe.
 Ane Russat gown of hir awyn scho him gais,
 Abone his weid, that couerit all the laif.
 Ane suddillit Courche, ouir nek and heid leit fall,
 Ane woyme quhyte hat scho braissit on with all.
 For yai suld nocht lang tary at that In,
 Gais him ane Rock, and syne sat down to spin.
 The Sutheroun socht quhair Wallace was but
 Thay wist not weill at quhat zet he in zeid. (Deid
 In that same hous thay socht him besely,
 Bot he sat still, and span richt cūmandly.

As of his tyme, he had nocht leir'd lang,
 Thay left him sa, and furth this gait can gang.
 With heny cheir, and sorrowfull in thocht,
 Na wit of him, as van get culd thay nocht.
 The Inglis men all than in barrat boun,
 Bad fyre all Scottis, that war into that toun.
 Zit this gude wyfe held Wallace vntill nicht,
 Maid him gude cheir, syne put him out of sight.
 Thro ane dirk gait scho gyddit him full fast,
 In couert went, syne by the watter past.
 Forbure the gait, for wachis that was thair,
 His Mother was into ane greit despair.
 Quhen scho him saw, scho thankit heuinis King,
 And said deir Sone, sa lang quhair hes yow bene
 He tauld his Mother of that suddand cace,
 Than weipit scho, and said full oft allace.
 O that thow ceis, thow will be slane with all,
 Mother he said, God reuillar is of all.
 Unsufferabill is the pepill of England,
 Part of thair Ire, me think we suld ganestand.
 His Cme wist weill, that he the Squyar slew,
 For dreid thair of, in greit langour he drew.
 This passit ouir quhill diuers dayis war gane,
 That gude man dzed that Wallace suld be tane.
 For Suthersoun ar full subtell euerilk man,
 Ane greit Dittay for Scottis ordanit pai van.
 Be the Law dayis in Dundie set ane Air,
 Than Wallace wald na langer Soiozne thair.
 His Mother graithit hir in ane Pilgrame weid,
 Him self disagyf, syne glaidly with hir zaid.
 Ane schozt sword vnder his weid bair he,
 In all the land full mony fais had he.
 Baith on pair fuit, with yame mair tuik pai nocht

¶ The first

Quha speirit scho said, to Sanct Margaret thay
Quha seruit hir, ful greit freindschip yai fād, (socht
with Sutheroun folk, for scho was of England.
Besyde Lundris, the ferry our thay past,
Syne throw the Ochell sped yai wounder fast.
Into Dunfermeling thay ludgit all that nicht,
Upon ye mozne, quhen that the day was licht,
With gentill women hapnit thame to pas,
Of England borne, in Lynlithgow toynnād was.
The Capitanis wyfe in Pilgramage had bene,
Fra scho thame met, and had young Wallace sene
Gude cheir thay maid, for he was wounder fair,
Nocht large of tong, weill taucht and debonair.
Furth talkand thus, of materis yat war wrocht,
Quhill south our forth with hir Sone scho yame
In to Lynlithgow yai wald not tary lang (brocht
Thair leif thay tuk, to Donypace thay gang.
Thair dwelt his Eme, ane man of greit riches,
This michtie persoun hecht to Name Wallace.
Maid yame gude cheir, & was ane full gude man,
Welcūmit yame fair, and to thame tald he than.
Did him to wit the land was all on steir,
Cretit thame weill, and said my Sone sa deir.
Thy mother and yow richt heir with me sall byde,
Quhill better be, for chance that may betyde.
Wallace answerit, said Westre wair we will,
Our kyn is slane, and that me lykis euill.
And vther mony, worthy in that art,
Leif I, will God, we sall vs tozeik on part.
The Persoun sichit, and said my Sone sa fre,
I can nocht wit how that redyes may be.
Quhat suld I speik of frustrait at this tyde,
For gift of gude, with him he wald nocht byde.

His Mother and he to Ellerslie thay went,
 Upon the morne scho for hir brether sent.
 In Corsbie dwelt, and was Schiref of Air,
 His father was deid, had leuit lang tyme thair.
 Hir eldest Sone yat mekill was of mane,
 Hir husband als, at Lochmabane was slane.
 Schir Malcolm Wallace was his name but ic is
 His hoch sennounis he cuttit in that preis.
 On kneis he faucht, feill Inglis men thay slew,
 To him than socht ma fechtaris than anew.
 On ather syde with speiris baie him down,
 Thair stickit thay, yat gude knicht of Renoun.
 Unto my taill I left at Ellersly,
 Schir Rannald come vnto his Sister fre.
 Welcūmit thame hame, and speirit of pair Intent
 Scho prayit that he, Lord Deirle to wald went.
 Scho Irkit of weir, scho culd na farther fle,
 To purches peice, in rest that scho nicht be.
 Schir Rannald had the Deirleis protectioun,
 As for all part, to tak Remissioun.
 Than he gart wyte to his Sister that tyde,
 In that respect, Wallace wald nocht abyde.
 His Mother he left, scho weipit with hart full sair
 His leif he tuk, syne fra his Cme can fair.
 Zoung he was, and to Sutheroun richt sauage,
 Greit rowme pai had despyte and eik outrage.
 Schir Rannald durst not weil had Wallace pair
 For greit perrell, he wist appeirand wair.
 For pai had haill the strenthis of this land,
 Quhat pai wald do, durst nane aganis pame stād
 Schiref he was, and vsit thame amang,
 Full sair he dzed, yat Wallace suld tak wjang.
 For he and thay culd neuer weil accord,

The first

He gat ane blaw, thocht he was Lad or Lord.
 That profferit him ony lichtyness,
 Bot thay repairit our mekill to that place.
 Als Inglis Clerkis in Prophecie it fand,
 How ane Wallace suld put yaine fra Scotland.
 Schir Rannald knew, weill ane mair quyet seid
 Ouhair William might be better fra thair seid.
 With his Uncle, Wallace of Ricardoun,
 Schir Richard hecht, that gude knight of Renou.
 Thay landis haill than was his heritage,
 Bot blynd he was, sa hapnit throu curage.
 Be Inglis men that dois vs mekill deir,
 In his rysing, he worthy was in weir.
 Throu hurt of Uainis, and menisching of blude,
 Zit he was wyse, and of his counsall gude.
 In februar, Wallace was to him send,
 Into Apryll fra him he bowit to wend.
 Bot gude service he did him with plesance,
 As in that space was worthy to auance.

How Wallace past to the watter of Irwyn
 to tak fische. Cap. vi.

Son ane tyme he desyrit to play,
 Into Apryll, the thre and twentie day.
 To Irwyn watter, fische to tak he went,
 Sic fantasie fell into his Intent.
 To leid his Net, ane Chyld with him pair zeid,
 Bot he or Done, was in ane felloun dreid.
 His sword he left, sa did he neuer agane,
 It did him gude, suppois he sufferit pane.
 Of that laubour, as than he was nocht fle,
 Happy he was, tulk fische abundantlie.

Of the day ten houris our couth pas,
 Rydand thair come, neir by quhair Wallace was:
 The Lord Deirle, was Capitane van of Air,
 Fra him he turnit, and couth to Glasgow fair.
 Part of the Court had Wallace laubour sene,
 To him pair raid fyue cled in garment grene.
 Sanct Martynis fische, said Scot now we wald
 Wallace agane, yame meikly answer gail. (haif,
 It war ressoun me think ze suld haue part,
 Waith suld be delt in all place with fre hart.
 He bad his Chyld, gif yame of our waithing,
 The Sutheroun said, as now of thy deilling:
 We will nocht tak, thow wald gif us our small,
 He lychtit down, and fra the Chyld tuik all.
 Wallace said than, gentil men gif ze be,
 Leif us sum part, we pray for cheritie.
 Ane agit Knicht seruis our Lady this day,
 Gude freind leif part, and tak nocht all away.
 Thow sall haue leif, to fische and tak the mair,
 All this forsuith sall in our sitting fair.
 We serue ane Lord, thir fische sall to him gang,
 Wallace answerit, said thow art in the wraung.
 Quhom thowis yow scot, in faith yow seruis ane
 To him he ran, and out ane sword ca draw. (blaw
 William was wa, he had na wappinis thair,
 Bot the Dolt staf, quhill in his hand he bair.
 Wallace with it fast on the cheik him tuik,
 With sa gude will, quhill of his feit he schuik.
 The sword slaw fra him, ane suit bzaid on ye land
 Wallace was glaid, and hynt it sone in hand.
 And with ye sword, ane akwart straik him gail,
 Under the heid, his craig in sunder dzail.
 Be that the laif lychtit about Wallace,

The First

He had na help bot only Goddis grace.
On ather syde full fast at him thay dang,
Greit perrell was gif thay had lest it lang.
Upon the heid, in greit Ire he strak ane;
The scheirand sword, glaid to the collair bane.
Ane vther he hit, on the arme haistely,
Quhill hand and sword baith on ye land can ly,
The tother twa fled to thair hors agane,
He stikkit him yat last was on the plane.
Thze slew he thair, twa fled with all pair micht,
Efter thair Lord, bot he was out of sight.
Takand the mure, oz he and thay culd twyn,
To him yai raid, anone oz yai wald blyn.
And cryit abyde, zour men ar martyrit down,
Richt cruelly into this fals Region.
Fyue of zour men heir at the watter baid,
Fische zow to bring, thocht it na proffett maid.
We ar eschaypit, bot in feild stane ar thze.
The Lord speirit, how mony inicht thay be?
We saw bot ane, that hes ouircūmin vs all,
Than leuch the Lord, and said soull mot zow fall.
Sen ane zow all hes put to confusioun,
Quha menis it maist, ye Deuill of hell him dzoun.
This day for me, in faith he beis nocht locht,
Quhen Wallace yus, ye worthy work had wrocht.
Thair hors he tuk, and geir yat was left thair,
Gat our ye craft, and zaid to fische na mair.
Went to his Cene, and tald him of the deid,
And he for wo neir worhit out of weid.
And said sone thir tythandis sittis me soir,
And yai be knawin, yow may tak skaith pair soir.
Uncle he said, na langer will I byde,
Thir Sutheroun hors, lat se gif I can ryde.

Than

Than bot ane Chyld him seruice for to mak,
His Emis sone with him he wald nocht tak.
This gude Knicht said, deir Cousling pray I the,
Quhen thou wantis gude, cu seche aneuch at me.
Silver and gold, he gart ane to him geif,
Wallace Inchnit, and lawoly tuik his leif.

(F)(+)(E)

The Secund buik declairis how Wallace slew
the Churll with his awin staf in Air. Cap. i.

Zung Wallace van fullillit of his curage,
In pyris of armis desyrus of Vassalage.
Thy vassalage may neuer be forloze,
Thy deid is knawin, pocht all þ world had swoyne
For thy hail mynd, laubour and besynes,
Was set in weir, and verray richteousnes.
And felloun lois of thy deir worthy kin,
The Rancour mair remanis thy mynd within.
It was his lyfe, and maist part of his fude,
To se yame sched, ye byrmand Sutheroun blude.
To Duchtichous, withoutt in mair he raid,
And bot schoyt tyme, in peice pair he abaid.
Thair was ane Wallace, yat welcūmit him full
Thocht Inglismen pairof had lytill feill. weill,
Baith meit and drink, at his will had he thair,
In Laglane wod, quhen that he maid repair.
This gentill man full oft was his refert,
With stuf of hous, full oft he can him beir.
Sa he desyre, the foun of Air to se,
His Chyld with him, as than na ma tuik he.
Ay nixt the wod, Wallace gart leif his hois,

[The Second

Syne on his suit zeid to the mercat Cros.
The Peirse was in the Castell of Ayr,
With Inglismen greit number and repair.
And all the toun reulling on yair abuin wyse,
To mony Scot yai did full greit supplyse.
All but abaissing Wallace amang thame zeid,
The rage of youth maid him to haue na deid.
Ane Churll thay had, yat felloun burdingis bair,
Exceidingly he wald list mekill mair.
Than any thre yat yai amang thame sand,
And als be this ane sport he tuik on hand.
He bure ane sting in ane busteous poill,
On his braid bak of ony wald he thoill.
Bot for ane groit, als fast as he micht draw,
Quhen Wallace hard speik of that mery saw.
Than he desyr it at that mercat to be,
And for ane straik he bad him groitis thre.
The Churll grantit, of that proffer was fane,
To pay that siluer Wallace was full bane.
Wallace that sting tuik vp into his hand,
Full sturdely, befoir him couth he stand.
Wallace with that vpon the bak him gail,
Quhill his Big bane all into sunder drais.
The Carll was deid, of him I speik na mair,
The Inglismen assemblit on Wallace thair.
Feill on the feild of folkis fecht and fast,
He vnabailit, and nocht greitly agast:
Vpon the heid with the sting ane hit he,
Quhill bane and brayne he gart in pecis fle.
Ane vther he straik on ane basnet of steill,
The tre thair rais, and fuschit cuerilk deill.
His sting was tynt, the Inglisman was deid,
For his craig bane was brokin in that feid.

He drew ane sword, that helpit him in neid,
 Throw out the thickest of the preis he zeid.
 And at his hors, full fane he wald haue bene,
 Twa sairit him maist, yat cruell was and kene.
 Wallace returnit, as man of mekill mane,
 And at ane straik, the fornest he bes flane.
 Ane felloun straik ye tother gat that ryde,
 With his gude sword, he gart him thair abyde.
 In at the Corflait byrnlie he him bair,
 The groundin sword, throw out his body schair.
 Fyue slew he thair, or he past fra the toun,
 He gat his hors, to Laglane maid him boun.
 And keipit his Chyld, and leit him nocht abyde,
 Eschaipit thus, he can to Laglane ryde.
 Feill followit him on hors and als on fute,
 To tak Wallace, as than it was na bute.
 The treis was thick, that keipit him full weill,
 Bot thair to byde, yat couth he nocht adeill.
 Gude ordinance yat effeirit for his stait,
 His custume was, all tyme baith air and lair.
 The Squyar Wallace, in Duchterhous yat was,
 Baith bed and meit for him he maid to pas.
 As for that tyme that he remanit thair,
 Bot sair he langit, to se the toun of Air.
 Thidder he past, vpon ane mercat day,
 Wald God as than, that he had biddin away.
 His Emis seruand, for to by fische he send,
 Schir Rānald Cranfurd & schiref yan was kend.

How Wallace slew Lord Peirseis Stewart,
 and was tane and prelsonit in Air. Cap. ij.

Q When he had tane, sic gude as he had bocht,
 The Peirseis Stewart, richt sadly to him
 B. j. (socht.

The Secund

And said thow Scot, quhome to byis thow that
 To ye Schiref, he said be heuinis King. (thing?
 My Lord sail haue it, and syne ga seche the mair,
 Wallace on cace, neir by was gangand thair.
 He seid to him, said deir freind I pray the,
 The Schireffis seruand pat yow wald lat him be
 Ane Lordly man that Stewart was of blude,
 And thocht Wallace him chargit in termis rude.
 Ga hyne yow Scot, ye mekill Deuill the speid,
 At thy Schireffis vse, thow wenis vs to leid.
 Ane hunting staf, into his hand he bair,
 Thair with he smoit, on William Wallace thair.
 Bot with his tre full lytill sonze he maid,
 Fast by the Collair, him claucht withouttel baid.
 Ane felloun knyif fast to his hart straik he,
 Syne fra him deid, schot him richt suddand lie.
 Catour sen syne, I crow he was na mair,
 The Inglisemen assemblit on Wallace thair.
 Four scot war set in armour burneist boun,
 On mercat day, for Scottis to keip the toun.
 Wallace baldly he drew ane sword of weir,
 Into the birny, the fornest couth he beir.
 Out throw the body stikkit him to the deid,
 And sundrie ma, or he past fra that scid.
 Ane vther akwart, ane lang straik tins he thair,
 Upon the knie ye bane in sunder schair.
 The thrid he struk on ane pesane of mailze,
 His craig in twa, na weidhis nicht auarize.
 Thus Wallace fair, als wod as ane Apoun,
 Than Inglisemen that war in Wargane boun.
 Thay keip the gait, with speiris rude and lang,
 For dynt of sword na man nicht to him gang.
 Wallace was harnest, on his body weil,

At him thay socht, with schairp swordis of steill.
 And fra his strength Inneronit him about,
 Out throw the preis, on ane syde he brak out.
 Unto ane wall that stude be the sey syde,
 For weill or wo, thair must he ueld abyde.
 Part of pair speiris in pecis thair he schair,
 Than fra ye Castell, vther help come mair.
 Out our the dyke yai glaid on ather syde,
 Brak down the wall, na succour was that syde.
 Than Wallace wist of na wane bot to de,
 To wyne his deid, among thame thus zed he.
 Either part in greit Ire heuand fast,
 His byncist brand it byst it at the last.
 Brak in the hylis, away the blaid it flew,
 He wist na wane, bot furth his knyif he drew.
 The first he slew, quhill him in hand hes bynt,
 And vther twa, he stikkit with his dynt.
 The remanent to him with speiris hes socht,
 Bure him to ground, that farther he nicht nocht.
 The Lordis bad, that yai suld nocht him sla,
 To pyne him mair, thay charget him to ra.
 Into thair Innis, suppois yai he had swozne
 Out of the gait, be force thay haue him borne.
 Thus gude Wallace, with Inglis men was tane,
 In falt of help, for he was him allane.
 He culd nocht ceis, his curnge sa him bair,
 Freuoll Fortoun hes brocht him in the snair.
 Thir fals Goddes full of vrichteousnes,
 And fals Juno, full of dowbilnes.
 Thay fenzeit Goddes, zit Wallace neuer knew,
 Greit rycheousnes, ay him to mercy drew.
 His byn nicht nocht, him get for na kin thing,
 Nicht thay haue payit ye Ransoun of ane king.

[The Secund

The maist thay bad, the maist it was in bane,
Of yair best men yat day seuin hes he flane.
Thay gart set him, intill ane presoun sell,
Of his torment greit pietie was to tell.
Euill meit and drink, yai gart vnto him geif,
Greit meruell was, gif he nicht lang thair leif.
And eik thairto, he was in presoun Law,
Quhill yai thocht tyme on him to hald the Law.
Leif I him thus, into this panefull steid,
Quhill God abuis, do him send sum remeid.
The plane complaint, and pieteous womenting,
The wofull weiping, yat was for his taking.
The tormenting of euerie creature,
Allace thay said how sall our lyfe Indure?
The flour of youth, into his tender age,
Be fortoun of armis, hes lest him in thirlage.
Leuand this day, ane Chistane haue we nane,
Durst tak on hand, bot young Wallace allane.
The land is loist, he is claucht in the snair,
The Apercy of Scotland is in greit cair.

**[How Wallace was presonit in Air and
eschaipt. Cap. iij.**

BArrellit hering, and watter yai him gais,
Quhair he was set into that vgly Caif.
Sic fude for him was febill to cominend,
Than said he thus, gif God wald me ressaif,
My pieteous Spreit, and saull ouir all the laif.
My cairfull lyfe, I may nocht now defend,
Quir few Sutheroun vnto the deith I drew
And that I rew, in deid and verray trew,
That sone I will out of this world wend
Gif I suld now, in presoun mak ane end.

[Eternall

Eternall God quhy suld I yus wyis die?
 Sen my beleaf all haill remainis in the.
 And thy awin hand full worthely hes wrought,
 Bot thow remeid, na lyfe thay ordane me.
 My only Sauour that deit on the tre
 fra hellis p̄soun with thy blude hes me bocht,
 Quhy will thow gif thy handy work for nocht?
 And mony vther, in greit pane that I se,
 For of my lyfe ellis na thing I rocht.

O warpit sword, of temper neuer trew
 Thy fruschand blaid in p̄soun sone me threwe.
 And Inglis men ouir lytill harmis hes rane
 Of vs thay haue vndone ma than ane
 My faithfull father despytfully thay slew
 My brother als, and gude men mony ane,
 This is the dait sail vs ouircom Ilk ane.
 On this kingrik, deir God quhen sail thow rewe?
 Sen my power thus suddandly is gane.

All worthy Scottis, Almighty God zow leid
 Sen I na mair in worschip may zow speid
 In p̄soun heir, me worthis to mischeif
 Now selie Scotland, that of help hes greist neid,
 Thy Nation standis intill ane felloun dzeid
 Of worldynes richt thus I tak my leif
 Of vther panis God lat zow neuer preil.
 Thocht I for we furth of my wit suld wend
 Rane vther gift I may now to zow geif.

Adew Wallace, bingubyle was stark and sture
 Thow man on neid in p̄soun now Indure
 Thy worthy kyn the may nocht sail for gold,
 Ladyis weipis, that was baith myld and mure.
 In furious pane thy Mother that the bure
 For thow to hir was deitar than the gold

The Secund

**Hir maist desyre was to be vnder mold
In warloynes quhy suld ony assure?
For thow was formit forsy on the fold.**

**Complene ze pure, yus as your cedullis tellis
Complene to heuin with wordis that nocht failis
Complene your voce to the greit God abuis
Complene for him that sittis in sytchfull Cellis.
Complene his pane, that thus in dollour dwellis
In langour lyis, for loissing of thair lufe,
His furious pane was felloun for to prufe.
Complene also, ze byrdis blyith as bellis
Sum happy chance may fall for your behuif.**

**Complene Lordis, complene Ladyis brycht,
Complene for him, that worthy was and wich
Of Saronis Sonis yat sufferit mekill deir.
Complene for him that is in presoun dycht,
And for na caus, Scotland bot for thy richt.
Complene also ze worthy men of weir.
Complene for him that was your asper speir,
Few Inglis men zit to the deith he dycht.
Complene for him, your triumph had to beir.**

**Cellinus his Maister Javelour was now
In Inglis men, allace quhy suld we trow?
Our worthy kyn ar pyuit on this wyse
Sic reull but richt, is lytill till allow,
We think we suld in barrer mak thame bow
At our power, and sa we do feill sylse
Fra thair danger God mak vs for to ryle.
That well hes wochoit befor thir tymis now
For thay mark ay to wait vs with suppryse.**

**Quhat suld I maie of Wallace torment tell?
The fluxis he tuk into that presoun sell
Heir to the deith, lyalie he was to draw**

Thay

Thay chargit ye sauellour on him not for to dwell
 Bot bring him furth sone of that vgly Cell
 Into Judgement, quhair he suld choill the Law.
 This man went down, and suddandly he saw.
 And to his sight, deith had him snappit snell
 Syne said to thame, he hes parit that he aw.

Quhen thay presumit he suld be verray deid,
 Thay gart seruandis withouttin langer pleid.
 With schort auise, vnto the wall him beir,
 Thay caik him ouir out of that bailfull steir,
 Of him thay trowit, thair suld be na remeid.
 In ane draif mydding quhair he remanit thair
 His first Sureis of the new town of Air
 To him scho come, quhilk was full will of reid:
 And purchest leif away with him to sair.

Into greit Ire thay grantir hir to go
 Scho tuk him vp withouttin wordis mo.
 And in ane Cart vnyklie thay him cast
 Atouir the watter thay led him with greit wo,
 To hir awin hous, withouttin ony ho.
 Scho warmit watter, & all hir seruandis fast
 His body wesche, quhill filth of him was past,
 His hart was wicht, and sikkerit to and fro,
 And his twa Ene, at last kest vp also.

His Foster Mother him lufit ouir the laif,
 Gat mylk to warme, his lyfe gif scho nicht saif.
 With all hir cure, greit kyndnes couth him kyth.
 Hir dochter had of twelf oulkis ane knaif
 Hir Chyldis pape in Wallace mouth it gaif
 The womanis mylk confortit him full swyich
 Syne in ane bed thay brocht him for to lyth.
 And couertly keipit him in that caif
 Him for to saif, sa secretly thay nicht.

The Secund

In thair Chalmer thay keptit him that tyde,
Scho gart graith bp ane buird in the hous fyde.
With Tapestry claithis honourit with greit sichte
And that the voce in euerie land suld byde
That he war deid, throuch out the land sa wyde
In presence ay scho weipit vnder sight
Bot gudly meittis scho graithit at hir micht,
And sa befell into that samyn tyde
Quhill farther mair that Wallace worthie wicht.

Thomas Rymour withouttin sail was than,
With the Minister quhilk was ane worthy man,
He vnt oft to that Religious place,
The pepill demit of mekill wit he can
And sa he tald, suppois thay blis oz ban
Quhilk hapnit suich in mony diuers place
I can nocht say be wrong oz richteousnes.
In reull of weir, quhidder he tynt oz wan
It man be demit be diuision of grace.

Thair man that day had in the mercat bene,
Of Wallace knew this cairfull cace sa bene
His Maister speirit quhat tythingis yat he saw?
His man answerit, of lytill hard I mene
The Maister said, that hes bene seindill sene.
Quhair Scottis and Inglis semblit on ane rabe,
Was neuer zit, as far as I culd knawe
Bot outhet ane Scot, wald done ane Sutheron
Oz he to him, for auenture micht saw. (tene,

Wallace ze wait, was tane into that steid,
Out our the wall I saw thame cast him deid
Out of thair presoun, fameist for salt of fude
The Maister said, with hart heuy as leid
Sic deid to thame me think suld foster feid
For he was wicht, and cumin of gentill blude.

Thomas

Thomas answerit, thir tythingis ar nocht gude
 And that be suith my self sall neuer eit breid
 For all my wit heir schoztly I conclude.

Ane woman syne of the new town of Ayr
 To him scho went, fra he was fallin thair
 And on hir kneis richt lawlie thame besocht
 To purches leif scho nicht hyne with him fair
 In lichtynes yai grantit to hir thair
 Heour the watter vnto hir hous him brocht
 To bury him, als gudly as scho mocht.

Than Thomas said, zit sall I leif na mate
 Oif that be trew, be God that all hes woicht,

The Maister hard, quhat Thomas said in plane
 He chargit his man to speid him fast agane.

To se the hous, and warly to espy
 Quhat word he hard amang thame besely.

The man went furth, at bidding was all hane,

To the new town, to pas he did his pane

To that ilk hous, and went in suddandly

About he blenkit vnto the buird him by

The woman rais in hart scho was nocht fane,

Quha lvis heir, he did demand in plane?

Wallace scho said, full worthy that hes bene,

Than weipit scho, that pietie was to sene.

The man thairto, greit credence gait he nocht,

Toward the buird, he bowit as he best thocht.

On kneis scho fell, and cryit for Jesus schene

Lat sclander be, and fra your thocht it sene.

The man than swoze be him that all hes woicht,

I wald his weilsair, and caik into his thocht.

Nicht I on lyfe him anis se with my Ene,

He suld be said, thocht England wald him sene.

Scho led him up to Wallace be the greis.

The Secund

He spak wth him, syne fast agane can preis:
With glaid bod wart, pair mirthis to amend,
And come agane, and tauld yame hail to end.
He tauld to thame the first tpyhingis was leis,
Than Thomas said, for smyth or he deceis.
Mony thousand in feild sall tak ane end
Fra this Regioun he sall the Sutheroun send.
And Scotland thryis, he sall bring to ane peace,
Into this Realme, greit God sall send him grace.

All worthy men, that hes gude wit to wail,
Be war that ze, do nocht murther me my taul.
Perchance ze say, to Bruce was nane siclyke.
He was als gude, quhair deddis was to assail,
As of his handis, and baulder in battall.
Bot Bruce was knawin, richt air of this Kingrik
For he had richt, we call na man him lyke.
Bot Wallace thryis, this Kingrik conquest hail,
In England far secht battell on that Ryke.

The Battell of Lowdown hill

I will retorne to my purpois agane,
Quhen Wallace was releist of his pane.
The coutrie demit, all hail that he was dew.
His derrest kyn wist nocht of his remeid.
Quhill hail he was, lyklic to gang and ryde,
Into that place he wald nocht langer byde.
His trew keiper he send to Ellerslie,
Efter him thair, he durst nocht lat hir be.
Hir dochter als, hir seruandis and hir Chyld,
He gatt yame pas vnto his Mother myld.
Quhen thay war gane, na wappinnis yair he saw
To help him with, quhat auenture micht saw.
Ane roustie sword in ane quik he saw stand,
Withouthin belt, bois, bucklair, or band.

Lang

Lang tyme befor it had bene in that steid,
 Ane agit man, it left quhen he was deid.
 He drew the blaid, and fand it wald weill byse,
 Thocht it was soull, he tuk it with him rye.
 God help his man, for thow sall gang with me,
 Quhill better cum will God sone that may be.
 To Schir Rannald as than he wald nocht sair,
 Into that passage for Sutheroun maid repair.
 At Ricardroun he wald full fane haue bene,
 To get him hors and part of armour schene.
 Than efterwart as he bowrit to sair,
 Thre Inglis men he met rydand to Air.
 At pair beyage, in Glasgou furth had bene,
 Ane Longcastell, that cruell was and kene:
 Ane bald Squyar, with him gude zemen twa,
 Wallace drew by, and wald haue lassin yame ga.
 To him thay raid, and said despyteously,
 Thow Scot abyde, I trow thow be ane spy.
 Drellis ane theif, fra plesance wald the hyde,
 Than Wallace said, with sober wordis that ryde,
 Schir I am seik, for Goddis iust lat me ga,
 Longcastell said, for with it beis nocht twa.
 Ane fellowin freit thow semis in thy sair,
 Quhill men the knaw, thow sall with me to Air.
 Hynt out his sword, yat was of Robill beu,
 Wallace with that, at his lichting him rye w:
 Upon the Craig, with his sword bes him rane,
 Thow braune and lyze, in sunder brak the bane.
 Be he was fallin, the twa was lichtit down,
 To venge his deid, on Wallace maid yame boun.
 The fane of thame ypon the heid he gais,
 The rouffie blaid vnto the Craig him clais.
 The tother fled, and durst na langer byde

The Secund

With ane rude step Wallace culd efter glyde,
Out throw his Ribbis, ane sicker straik gais he,
Quhill Louer and Lungis men nicht atanis se.
The hors he tuk, beith wappinnis and armour,
Syne thankit God, with glaid hart in that hour.
Silver thay had, all with him hes he tane
Him to support, for spending had he nane.
Into greit haist he raid to Ricardtoun,
Ane blyith seinblay was at his lychting down.
Quhen Wallace met with schir Richart ye knicht
For him had murnit, quhill febil was his nicht.
His twa Sonnis, of Wallace was full fane,
Thay had him loist, zit God sauit him agane.
His Eme Schir Rannald, to Ricardtoun come last
The woman tald by Cosvie as scho past.
How Wallace eschawpit, syne on thair wapis zaid
Schir Rannald zit was in ane selloun dyed.
Quhill he him saw, in hart he thoct full lang,
Than suddandly in armis he him thrang.
He nicht nocht speik, bot kissit him tenderly,
His trubillit spreit was in ane extasy.
Thy blyith teiris, thay bust fra his Ene twa,
Or that he spak ane lang tyne held him sa.
And at the last richt freindfully said he,
Welcum Newy, welcum deir Sone to me.
Thankit be he, that all the warld hes wrought,
Thus fairlie the hes out of presoun brocht.
His Mother come, and vther freindis anew,
With full glaid will, to se thir tythingis new.
Gude Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wicht
Wald not yame trow, quhil he saw him with sight.
Fra syndre partis, thay socht to Ricardtoun,
Fell worthy folkis, that war of greit Renoun.

Thus

Thus leif I thame, in mirth blythnes and plesāce
 Thankand greit God, of his hie happy chance.

¶ The Third Buik.

In A Jopus Jultis quhen the flouris is sweet,
 Digestabill, Engendering with the heit.
 Baith flour and fruit, buskis, & bewis braid,
 Aboundantly in euerie sounk and flaid.
 All bestiall thair richt cours to Indure,
 Weill helpit ar be wicking of Nature.
 On fruit ascendand to the heuinis hicht,
 Conseruit weill be the maker of micht.
 fische in the flude refectit Really,
 To mannis fude pe warld to occupy.
 Bot Scotland sa, was waitit mony day,
 Throw weir sic skaith, that laubour was away.
 Vittall worthit scant, or August culd appeir,
 Throw all the land the fude hapnit full deir.
 Bot Inglismen, that riches wantit nane,
 Be Cariage brocht, yair vittall in gude wane,
 Stuffit housis, with wyne and gude vernage,
 Enioyit this land as thair awin heritage.
 This Kingrik haill, yai reullit at thair will,
 Messingeris than sic tythingis tald yame till.
 And tauld the Peirse yat Wallace leuand wes,
 And fra thair presoun in Air eschaipit hes.
 Thay trowit it weill, that Wallace past yat steid,
 For Longcastell, and his thre men war deid.
 Thay warpit the chance, yat Wallace was sa past
 In euerilk part, yai war full greitly agast.
 Throw Prophecie, yat yai had hard befoir,
 Lord Peirse said, quhat neidis wordis moir.
 Bot he be fast, he sall do greit meruall,
 It war the best for king Edwardis auail.

The Child

Nicht he him get, to be his freidfast man,
For gold or land, his conquests might stand pan.
We think be force he may nocht gottin be,
Wyle men forsuith, be his eschapp may le.
Thus deime thay him, in mony diuers cace,
We leif yame thus, and speik of gude Wallace.
In Ricardtown, he wald na langer byde,
For freindis counsall, nor nocht that may betyde.
And quhen thay saw, that it auallit nocht,
His purpos was, to venge him gif he mocht.
On Sutheroun blude, that hes his Elders flane,
Thay leit him wirk, his awin will into plane.
Schir Richart had, thre Sonnis as I zow tald,
Adam, Richart, and Symon that was bald.
Adam Eldest was growin into curage,
Fordwart, richt fair, and rich, zeiris of age.
Large of persoun, baith wyle, worthy, and wicht,
Gude King Robert, in his tyme maid him knicht.
Lang tyme efter in Buicis weiris abaid,
On Inglis men mony gude Journey maid.
This guid Squyar, with Wallace bowit to ryde
And Robert boyd, quhilk wald na langer byde.
Under thirllage of Seigis of Ingland,
To the fals King, he had neuer maid band.
Cleland was thair, neir Cousing to Wallace,
Syne baid with him in mony perrillous place.
And Edward lyall, his Sister Sone sa deir,
Full weil graithit into thair armour cleir.
With thair seruandis to Ricardtown thay raid,
To Hauchline myre, ane schozt tyme thair abaid.
For freindis thame tald, was bundin in thirllage,
That few wlk sent was for the Peirseis Carriage.
Within schozt tyme, he will bring it to Air,

Out

Out of Carleill thay haue ressaunt it yair.
 That pleisit Wallace, in hart richt gretumly,
 wit ze thay war, ane gudly company.
 Towart Lowdoun yai botomit thame to ryde,
 And in ane Schaw ane lytill thair besyde.
 Thay ludgit thame for it was neir the nycht,
 To wache the way, als gudly as thay micht.
 Ane gude trew Scot, quhilk Distlair hous held
 Under Lowdoun, my Authoz can declair. (thair
 He saw yame cum, he went to yame in hy,
 Baith meit and dink, he brocht thame pryncely.
 And to thame talde, the Cariage men in plane,
 Thair for Rydar to Air was past agane.
 Left thame to cum, with power of greit baill,
 Thay trowit be than, thay war in Annandail.
 Wallace than said, we will nocht Sotozne heir,
 For change na weid, bot our Ilk dayis geir.
 At Crossintoun the way was spilt that tyde,
 For that same way behouit thay to ryde.
 And fra the tyme, that he of presoun lure,
 Gude Somer weid, daylie on him he bure.
 Gude licht harnes, fra that tyme vsit he euer,
 For suddand styfe fra it he wald nocht seuer.
 Ane Haperyoun vnder his gowen he bair,
 Ane gude steill cap in his bonnet but mair.
 Twa glouffis of plait with claith was couerit weel
 In his Doublet ane clois Collair of steill.
 His face he keipit, for it was euer bair,
 With his twa hādis, ze quhilkis full worthy waite
 Into his weid, and he come in ane thzang,
 Was na man than, on fuit micht with him gang.
 Sa geowin of pith, of power stark and sture,
 His terribill dyntis was feirfull to Indure.

[The Third]

Thay traistit mair of Wallace him allane,
Than ane hundreth of England micht be tane.
Thir worthy Scottis maid thair na taryng,
To Lowdown hill past in the gray dawing.
Deuyt the place, and put thair hors away,
And thocht to wyn, or neuer hyne to ga.
Twa Scurriouris send, to vesp weill the plane,
Bot thay richt sone, returnit in agane.
To Wallace tald, that thay war cūmand fast,
Than to the ground, all kneilland at the last.
With humbill hartis, prayit with all thair micht,
To God abus, to help thame in thair richt.
Thay graithit thame to harnes haistely,
Thair sonzeit nane of that gude company.
Than Wallace said, heir was my father slane,
My bzether als, quhilk dois vs mekill pane.
Sa sall my self, or bengit be but dreid,
The tratour is heir, is causer of the deid.
Than hecht thay all, to byde with hartly will,
Be that the power was takand Lowdown hill.
The knicht Fenwik, conuoyt the cariage,
He had on Scottis, maid mony schrewit beyage.
The sone was rissin, lemand ouir landis licht,
The Inglis men saw pat thay come to the hicht.
Heir him thay raid, and sone the Scottis saw,
He tald his men, and said to thame on raw.
Zone is Wallace that eschalpit our presoun,
He sall agane be drawin throw the toun.
His heid I wait, micht better pleis the King,
Than gold or land, or ony erdly thing.
He gart his seruandis byde with ye Cariage still,
Thocht to demane the Scottis at thair will.
Hyne scot he led, in harnes burneit bricht,

And

And fylt the war with Wallace in the richt.
 Unrebutit, the Sutheroun was in weir,
 And fast thay come, full awfull in effeir.
 Ane maner of dyke of stanis thay had maid,
 Narrowit ye dyke, quhair throw the thickest raid
 The Scottis on fuit, ruis the gait thame befor,
 The Sutheroun saw, thair curage was the moir.
 In pyrdfull Ire thay thocht our thame to ryde,
 Bot vtherwayis it hapnit in that ryde.
 On ather syde togidder fast thay glaid,
 The scottis on fuit greit to come about yame maid,
 With prunzeand speiris, throw plaitis of syne steil
 The Inglismen, that thocht to venge yame weil:
 On harness hors, about yame rudely raid,
 That with vneis, vpon thair fuit pai baid.
 Wallace the fornest in the birny bair,
 The groundin speir throw out his body schair.
 The schaft he schuik it of the fruchand tre,
 Deuoydit it sone, sen na better micht be.
 Dzeu swordis syne, baith heuy schairp and lang,
 On ather syde full cruelly thay dang.
 Fechtand atanis in that felloun dout,
 Than Inglismen Enueronit thame about.
 On force ettillit, out throw yame for to ryde,
 The Scottis on fuit, that baldly counth abyde.
 With swordis schair throw hals and habrik gude,
 Upon the feildis schot out the Sutheroun blude.
 Fra hors and man throw harness burneist bene,
 Ane sair assaillze, forsuith yair micht be sene.
 Thay traist na lyfe, bot to the latter end,
 Of sa few folk, greit nobilnes micht be kend.
 Togidder baid, defendand yame sa fast,
 Durst nane disseuer, quhill yat ye preis was past.

The Thrid

The Inglismen, yat war richt wyse in weir,
 Be force ordanit, in sunder thame to beir.
 Thair cheif Capitane als feirs as ony bair,
 Throw matalent and verray proper cair.
 Syne ane greit hors into his glitterand geir,
 Out our castis ane felloun asper speir.
 The Knicht fenwik, that cruell was and kene,
 Of Wallace father he at the deith had bene.
 And of his brother, that Douchtie was and Deir,
 Quhen Wallace saw, yat fals Knicht was sa neir
 His curage grew in Ire as ane Lyon,
 To him he ran, and freikis feill bair Douu.
 As he glaid by, ane akwart straik can him ta,
 Baith Thee and Arloun in sunder gart he ga.
 Fra the Cuirsour he fell on the far syde,
 With ane schairp sword, he straik him in yat tyde.
 O! he was deid, ane greit preis come sa fast,
 Quir him to ground, yat bure Boyd at the last.
 Wallace was neir, and turnit in agane,
 Hun to reskew, quhill he rais of the pane.
 Richtly did him wier, quhil he ane sword had tane
 Throw out the stour, yir twa in feir ar gane.
 The remanent vpon thame followit fast,
 In thair passage, feill Sutheroun maid agast.
 Adam Wallace the Air of Ricardtoun,
 Straik ane Berwinont, ane Squyar of Renoun.
 On the pesane with his sword burneist bair,
 The burneist blaid his hals in sunder schair.
 The Inglismen saw thair Chistane was slane,
 Baldly abaid, as men of mekill mane.
 Riche hors Rampand, ruschit freikis vnder feir,
 The Scottis on fuit gart mony loirs the sweir.
 With men lichtit, thame self for to defend,

Quhair

Quhair Wallace come, thair deid was lytill hend
 The Sutheroun part, forfruse hit war that tyde,
 That in that stour, thay micht noch lang abyde.
 Wallace in deid he wrocht richt worthely,
 The Squar Boyd, and all thair Cheualry.
 The Inglis men tuk plane part to fle,
 Lytill and Cleland gart of thair enemyis de.
 On hors lumpart to strent his can yame found,
 To succour yame with mony wekand wound.
 Ane hundreth deid, in feild was leuit thair,
 And thre zemen of Wallace deid but mair
 Twa was of Kyle, and ane of Cuninghame,
 With Robert Boyd, to Wallace come fra hame.
 Four scoir eschapiit, fra feild on fatherou spde,
 The Scottis in place, that baldly couth abyde.
 Spuilzeand the feild, of gold and bether geir,
 Harnes and hors, quhilk thay mystereit in weir.
 The Inglis knaifs thay gart the Carriage leid,
 To Clydis Forest, quhen pat war out of dield.
 And band yame fast, with widdes sad and sair,
 On howand treis, spne hangit thame richt thair.
 He spairit nane, that abill war for weir,
 Bot wemen and preistis he gart thame ay forbear
 Quhen this was done, to Denair sone pat wend,
 Of stuf and wyne that God had to thame send.
 Ten scoir thay wan, of hors that Carriage bure,
 With bittall & wyne, als mekill as thay micht fure
 And bther stuf, that thay of Carleill led,
 The Sutherou part out of the feild that fled.
 With sorow socht to the Castell of Ait,
 Beseit the Lord, and tald him of thair fast.
 Quhat gude thay left, and quha in feild was slane
 Thro wicht Wallace, that mekill was of mane.

The Child

And how he had gart all thair seruandis hang,
The Peirse said, and that Squyar lest lang:
Out of this land he sall exyle vs clene,
Sa dyspytefull in warld was neuer sene.
In our presoun heir last quhen yat he was,
Duir sleuthfully our keiper leit him pas.
Than thus our hald, I find weill may nocht be,
We man gat bring our vittell be the sey.
Bot lois our men it helpis vs richt nocht,
Our kyn may han that euer we hidder socht.
Leif I yame now blamand thair sary chance,
And mair to speik of Scottis mēis gouernance.

Quhen Wallace had weill vincit into plane
The fals tyran that had his fater slane.
His brother als quibik was ane deuchtie knicht,
Uther gude men besoir to deith thay dicht.
He gart proude, and partit thair vittail,
With stuf and hors, that was of greit auail.
To freindis about, richt priuely thay send,
The remanent full glaidly thair thay spend.
In Clydis wood, thay Soioznit thair thre dayis,
Na Sutherou was that did persew thay wayis.
Bot he thaulit deith, that come in thair danger,
The word of Wallace walkit far and neir.
Wallace was knawin on lyie leuand agane,
Thocht Inglishmen yairof had mekill pane.
The Lord Peirse to Glasgowe culd he fair,
With wyse Lordis, and held ane counsall thair.
Quhen thay war met, ma than ten thousand,
Na Chistane was, that tyme durst tak on hand:
To leid ane Ränge, on Wallace to assaill,
Speirit about, quhat was thair best counsall.
Schir Iymeir Wallage, yat fals traitour & strang

In Bothwell dwelt, and than was thame amang
He said my Lord my counsall will I geif,
Bot ze do it, fra skaith ze may nocht leif.

Ze man tak peice, without mair tarying,
As for ane tyme, we man send to the King.
The Perse said, of our trewis will he naue,
Ane awfull Chistane trewoly he is ane.

He will do mair, in faith or that he blyu,
Suthertoun to slay, he thinkis it is na syn.
Schir Armeir said, trewis behouis zo to tak,
Quhill efterwart, for him prouysoun mak.

I know he will do mekill for his kin,
Gentrice and treuth ay restis him within.
How ye Inglisme tuk peice with Wallace. Ca. ii

His Uncle Schir Rannald may mak ye bad
Eif he will nocht, recogneis all his land,
Unto ye tyme pat he yis work haue wrocht
Schir Rannald was lone to thair counsall brocht
Thay chargit him to mak Wallace at peis,
Or he suld pas to Londoun or he ceis.

To King Edward, and byde in his presoun,
Thay ask to haue peice for his Ransoun.
Schir Rannald said, Lordis ze know richt weill,
At my counsall he will nocht do ane deill.

His worthy byn despytefully ze slew,
In presoun syne, neir to the deith him drew.
He is at large and will nocht do for me,
Thocht ze thairfor suld now gar me de.

Schir Armeir said, this Lordis counsall send
He to the King, to mak ane finall end.
Of his conquest forsuith he will it haif,
Wallace noz thow may nocht this Kingrik saif:
Nicht Edward King get him for gold or land,

The Thrid

To be his man, than micht he brink Scotland.
The Lord bad reis, thow faillis to that knicht,
Far mair in treuth, than it is ony richt.
The wrang conquest our King desyris ay,
On him and us it fall be sene sum day.
Wallace hes richt, baith force and fair fortoun,
Ze hard how he eschaipit our presoun.
Thus said that Lord, and prayit Schir Rannald
To mak this peice, yow Schir art of Air. (fair,
As for ane tyne we may auysit be,
Under my Seill I fall be bund to the.
The Inglis men that thay fall do him nocht,
Nor to na Scottis, bot it be on thame socht.
Schir Rannald wist, he micht yame not ganestad
Of Lord Perse he hes ressauit that band.
Perse was trew, and ay of greit auail,
Hober in peice, and cruell in battail.
Schir Rannald him bownit on the mozne but
Wallace to seik, in Clydis Forrest raid. (baid,
Sa he him fand bowmand to his Deneir,
Quhen yai haif sene yis gude knicht cumand neir
Weill he him knew, and tald thame quhat he was
Meruell he had, quhat gart him bidder pas.
Maid him gude cheir of meittis gude and fyne,
King Edwardis self culd get na better toyne.
Than thay had yair, vernage and vennyfoun,
Of bestiall into greit fusioun.
Than efter meir he schew thame of this deid,
How he had bene into sa mekill dreid.
Penoy he said, work part of my counsaill,
Tak peice ane quhyle and for the mair auail.
Bot thow do sa, forsuith thow hes greit syn,
For thay ar set to vndo all thy kyn.

Chan

Than Wallace said, to gude men him about,
 I will na peice for all this felloun dout.
 Bot gif it pleis better to zow than me,
 The Squyar Boyd hin answerit soberlie.
 I gif zow counsall of this gude knicht be flane,
 Tak peice ane quhyle, suppois it do vs pane.
 So said Adam the Air of Ricardtoun,
 And Cleland als, to thair opinioun.
 With thair consent Wallace this peice hes tane,
 As his Eme wrocht, quhil ten monethis war gane
 Thair leif thay tuik with sad comfort in plane,
 And God to broch, thay suld meit hail agane.
 Boyd and Cleland past to thair placis hame,
 Adam Wallace to Ricardtoun be flane.
 Furth with schir Rannald, can William Wallace
 And his houshald in Corbie for to hyde. (ryde
 This peice was cryit, in August moneth myld,
 Thir Goddes of battell furious and wyld.
 Mars and Juno ay dois thair besynes,
 Cawset of weir, ay wirket of wickitnes.
 And Venus als quhilk Goddes is of luse,
 And auld Saturne his cours for to apprise.
 Thir four schawis of diuers complexioun,
 Battell, debaill, Inuy, and destructioun.
 I can nocht denie of thair Malancholy,
 Bot Wallace culd nocht weill in Corbie ly.
 Him had leuar in trauell for to be,
 Richt sair he langht the toun of Air to se.

How Wallace slew the Buklar player in
 the toun of Air. Cap. iij.

Schir Rannald past, fra hame vp on ane day
 Sytene he tuik, and to pe toun went thay.
 Couerit his face, pat na mā micht him knawe
 C. iij.

The Thrid

Na thing him rocht how few enemeis him saw.
In sober weid disagysit weill war thay,
Ane Inglisman on the gait saw he play.
At the scrymmage ane buklat on his hand,
Wallace neir by in fellowshyp couth stand.
Lichtly he said, Scot dar thou nocht preif?
Wallace said ze, sa thou dar gif me leif.
Smpte on said he, I defy thy Natioun,
Wallace thair with hes tane him on the Croun.
Throw buklat band, and the barne pan also,
Unto the schulderis ye schairp sword gart he go.
Lichtly returnit to his awin men agane,
The women cryit, our Buslat player is slane.
The man was deid, quhat neidis wordis mair,
Feill men of armis, about him semblit thair.
Aucht scoir atanis upon sextene thay set,
Bot Wallace forie with the forniest hes met.
With Ire and will on the heid hes him tane,
Throw the brycht Helme, in sunder bryst the bane.
Ane vther braitly in the bryist him bair,
His burnest blaid throw out the body schair.
Greit rowme he maid, his men was fechtand fast
And mony ane grome yai maid full sair agast.
For thay war wicht, and weill blyt in weir,
Of Inglismen, richt bauldly down thay beir.
On yair enemeis greit martyrdome yai maid,
Thair hardy Chiffrane sa weill among yame glaid
Quhat Inglismen that baid into his gait,
Incontrair Scotland maid neuer mair debait.
Feill freibis on fold war fellit vnder fett,
Of Sutheroun blude lay stikkit in the strett.
New power come fra the Castell that tyde,
Than Wallace fled, and drew toward ane syde.

with

with richt gude will he wald escheu suppyse,
 for he in weir, was worthy, wicht, and wyse.
 Harnes and heidis he bewit in sunder fast,
 Be force out throw the thickest preis he past.
 Wallace returnit behynd his men agane,
 At the rescue feill Sutheroun hes he slane.
 His men all than, he out of perrell brocht,
 fra yair enemyis, with all the power he mocht.
 Unto thair hors, thay went but mair abaid,
 for danger syne, to Laglane wod thay raid.
 Twentie and nyne yai left into that steid,
 Of Sutheroun men, that byttinit war to deid.
 The remanent agane turnit that tyde,
 for in this wod thay durst nocht him abyde.
 Toward the town, thay dzeu with all thair mane,
 Curland the peice yai tulk befor in plane.
 The Lord Berse, in hart was greittly greuit,
 his men suppylit, agane to him releuit.
 And feill war deid into thair armour cleir,
 Thre of his kyn, that war to him full deir.
 Quhen he hard tell of thair greit greuance,
 Thair self was caus of this mischeifull chance.
 Murning he maid, thocht few Scottis it kend,
 Ane Herald than to Schir Rannald he send.
 And to him tald of all thair suddand cace,
 And chargin him tak Souerance of Wallace.
 He said him hald fra merket, town, and fair,
 Quhair he might best be out of thair repair.
 The Sutheroun wist yat it was wicht Wallace,
 That thame our set into that suddand cace.
 Thair trewis for this thay wald nocht brek adeill
 Quhen Wallace had this chance eschewit weill
 Upone ane nicht fra Laglane hame he raid,

The fourth

In Chaimce sone thair residence thay maid.
 Upon the morn, quhen that the day was licht,
 With Wallace fureth went schir Rānald ye knicht.
 Schew him the writ, yat Lord Perse him sent,
 Deir sone he said, this is my hail Intent.
 That thou wald grant, quhil yat yir trewis war
 As skaith to do till Inglishmē yat is bozne, (worne
 Bot quhair I pas daylie thou byde with me,
 Wallace answerit, gude Schir yat may nocht be.
 Richt laith I war deir Uncle zow to greif,
 I sall do nocht, quhill tyme I tak my leif
 And warne zow als, oz yat I fra zow pas,
 His Eme and he, on this accordit was.
 Wallace with him maid his continewance,
 Alk wicht was blyith to do him plesance.
 In Corfble thus he restit thame amang,
 Thair seuintene dayis, suppois be thocht it lang.
 Thocht yat him pleist as Prymate oz King.
 Into his mynd remanit aue bther thing.
 He saw his enemcis maister in this Regioun,
 Nicht nocht him pleis, thocht he war King with
 Thus leif I him with his deir freind skil, (Crown.
 Of Inglishmen now speik sum part I will.

The fourth buik declairis how Wallace wan
 the Drill of Cargunnock. Cap. 1.

In September that humbill Moneth I weit,
 Quhen passit by the hicht was of the heit.
 Vitall and scute ar rypt in abundance,
 As God ordanit to mannis sustenance.
 Sagittarius with his asper bow,
 Be Alk Signe the heritie to know.
 The cchangenng cours quhilk makis greit differēce
 And

And leiffis had laist thair cullour of plesance.
 All waridly thing hes nocht bot ane seasoun,
 Baith herb and frute man fra the licht cam down.
 In this ilk tyme ane greik counsall was set,
 In Glasgow toun quhair mony Maisteris met.
 Of Inglis Lordis to statute this countrie,
 Than chargit thay all Schireffis thair to be.
 Schir Rānald Craufurd behouit yat tyme be'pate
 For he thow richt was boine Schiref of Air.
 His deir sene with him that tyme he tuk,
 William Wallace, as witnes heiris the buik.
 For he na tyme suld far be fra his sight,
 He lufit him with hart and all his might.
 Thay graithit thame withouth langer abaid,
 Wallace fur part befoir the Court furth raid.
 Quir tuk the Chyld, schir Rānaldis sosome suld
 With him twa mē, yat worthy war in deid. (leid
 Softly thay raid, quhill yat the Court suld knaw
 Ha suddandly that tyme him self he saw.
 The Perseis Sosome in quhill greik riches was,
 The hors was tyit, and nicht na farther pas.
 fyue men war chargit to keip it weill yat tyde,
 Two was on fuit, and thre on hors can tyde.
 The Maister man at thair seruand can speir,
 Quha aw this Sosome? the smith yow to me leir.
 The man answerit withouthin wordis mair,
 My Lordis he said, quhill Schiref is of Air.
 Sen it is his, this hors fall with me gang,
 To serue our Lord, or ellis me thiuk greik wāng.
 Thocht ane subiect in deid wald pas his Lord,
 It is nocht leuit be na richteous record,
 Thay cuttit the brace, and leit the harnes faw,
 Wallace was neir, quhen he sic trubie saw.

The fourt

He spak to thame with manly countenance,
 In fair forme he said but variance.
 Ze do vs wzang, and it in tyme of peis,
 Of sic rubie it war gude tyme to ceis.
 The Sutheroun schrew, in Tre answerit him to,
 It sall be wrocht as thow may se vs do.
 Thow gettis na mendis, quhat neidis wordis mair
 Sadly auyfit, Wallace rememberit thair:
 Of the pzoineis he maid his Eme besoir,
 Restoun him reullit, as than he did na moir.
 Bot past away to meit his Eme agane,
 Seand this Reis, was muistit with greit pane.
 The hors zit tuk, pai for aventure nicht fall,
 Band on thair sowme, syne furth ye way can call.
 Thair tyeit Sowmar pai left thair in the plane,
 Wallace returnit to wart the Court agane.
 On the mure syde sone with his Eme he met,
 And tald how pai ye way had for him set.
 And war nocht I was bund in my legeance,
 ne partit nocht thus, for all the gold in France.
 The hors thay rest, quhilk suld zour harnes beir,
 Schir Rannald said that is bot lytill deir.
 We may get hors and vther thing in plane,
 And men be loist we get thame neuer agane.
 Wallace than said, als wyselie God me sail,
 Of this greit mys, amendis I sall haif.
 And nouthet lat for peice nor zit plesance,
 With witnes heir, I gif vp my legeance.
 For to wartly ze ar lyke to tyme the richt,
 Sone efter syue, zour self to deith will dicht.
 In wzait thair with, suddandly fra him went,
 Schir Rannald was wyse, and best in his Joret.
 And said I will, byde at the Dornis this nicht,

Sa Inglismen of vs sall deme name vnricht.
 Gif ony be deid, befoir vs vpon cais,
 Than we in Law may byde the richteousnes.
 His ludgeing tusk at the Meirnis still he baid,
 Full greit murning for his Neuy he maid.
 Bot all for nocht, quhat micht it him auail?
 As into weir, he wrocht nocht his counsaill.
 Wallace raid furth, with his twa zemen past,
 The Sowmar men he followit wounder fast.
 Be eist Cathcart he our hyt paine agane,
 Than knew thay weil, that it was he in plane:
 Be hors and weid, had arguit thame befoir,
 The syue to thame, returnit withoutt in moir.
 Wallace to ground fra his Cuirslour can glyde,
 Ane burneist brand he braidit out that tyde.
 The Maister man with sa gude will straik he,
 Baith hat and heid, in sunder gart he fle.
 Ane uther fast vpon the face him gais,
 To deid on ground but mercy sone him draif.
 The thrid be bit with greit Ire in that steid,
 Fey on the seild, he hes him left for deid.
 Wallace slew thre, be that his zemen wicht
 The tother twa, derfly to deith had dicht.
 Syne spul seit thay the barnes of pai wend,
 Of silver and gold thay gat aneuch to spend.
 Jowellis thay tuk, the best was chosin thair,
 Gude hors and geir, syne on thair wayis can fair.
 Than Wallace said, at sum steenth wald I be,
 Quir Clyde that tyme was ane gude brig of tre.
 Thidder thay past, in all thair gadly micht,
 The day was gane, and rumin was the nicht.
 Thay durst nocht weilneir Hill be Glasgow byde
 In the Lennox, he tuk purpois to ryde.

¶ The four

And sa he did, hys ludgit pair that nicht,
 As pai best micht, quhill that ye day was licht.
 To ane Distillary he went and Soioznit thair,
 With trew Scottis thar his new freindis waite
 The counsell met richt gudly on the morn,
 Bot feill tythingis war brocht beirde beforne.
 His men war slane, his treasure als was rest,
 With feill Scottis, and yame na Jewellis left.
 Thay demit about of pat derf dourfull cace,
 The Sutheroun lard, forsaith it is Wallace.
 The Schireffis Court was cumand to ye town,
 And he was ane for Scot of maist Renoun.
 Thay gart ga seik Schir Rannald in pat rage,
 Bot he was still yan at his herberage.
 Sum wyle men said, heirof na thing he kend,
 The men war slane heir at the townis end.
 Schir Rannald come be nyne houris of the day,
 Befoir the Beirde, and his men brocht war thay.
 Thay followit him of fellouny pat was wrocht,
 The Ayle of this, to him couth say richt nocht.
 Thay demit about of pat fell subband cace,
 Befoir the Judge pair he denyit Wallace.
 And sa he micht, he wist nocht quhair he was:
 Fra this counsall my purpos is to pas.

Of Wallace to speik, in wylbernes sa wyde,
 The Lord God be his Gouvernour and gyde
 Still at pat place, four dayis he soioznit hail
 Quhill tythingis come to him fra that counsall.
 Than statute thay, in ilk steid of the west,
 In thay boundis, Wallace suld haue na rest.
 His deir Uncle ane greit aith gart him sweie,
 That he but leif, na freindschip suld him beir.
 And mony vther full wo was that day,

Robert

Robert Boyd stall of the touu away.
 And Cleland als, befoir with him had bere,
 Thay had far leuar to se him with thair ene:
 Leuand on lyfe, as thay knew him befoir,
 Than of clene gold, ane syne Myl koun and moir.
 Boyd weipit fair, and said our Lord is gane,
 Among his fais is set all him allane.
 Than Cleland said, fals ffortoun changis fast,
 Greit God sen we with him had euer past.
 Edward Lytill in Amundail is went,
 And wait richt nocht of this new Judgement.
 Adam Wallace baid still in Ricardtoun,
 Sa fell it thus, with Wallace of Renoun.
 He with his power partit meruellously,
 Be ffortoun of chance ouir turnis dowbilly.
 Thair pieteous mane, as than couth nocht be bet,
 Thay wist na wit quhair that thay suld him get.
 He lest the place quhair he in ludgeing lay,
 To Erll Malcolme he went vpon ane day.
 The Lennor haill he held into his hand,
 To King Edward yan had he nocht maid band.
 That land was strait, and maisterfull to win,
 Gude men of armis yat tyme was it within.
 The Lord was traist, ye men sicker and trew.
 With waik power thay durst him nocht persew.
 Richt glaid he was of Wallace cumpany,
 Welcumit him fair, with worschip reuerently.
 At his awin will, desyrit gif he wald
 To byde thair still maister of his houshald.
 Of all his men he suld haill Chistane be,
 Wallace answerit that war aneuch for me.
 I can nocht abyde, my mynd is set in plane,
 No kin to be, or ellis de in the pane.

The fourth

Our west countrie, thair statute is sa strang,
 Into the North my purpos is to gang.
 Steuin of Ireland than in the Lennor was,
 With wicht Wallace he ordand him to pas.
 And vther als, that war borne of Argyle,
 Wallace still thair, maid residence ane quhyle.
 Quhill men it wist, and semblit sone hin till,
 He chargit nane, bot at thair awin gude will.
 Thocht yai war strangeris, zit couth he not yame
 Bot ressaute thame all in his weiris to leid. (Dreid,
 Sumpart of thame was yai of Ireland borne,
 That Makfadzeane had exylit out beforne.
 King Edwardis man, he was sworne of Ireland,
 Of richt law birth suppois he tuk on hand.
 To Wallace thair, come ane yat hecht fawdoun,
 Of Malancholy, and euill complextioun.
 Hieuy of stature and dour of contenance,
 Sorowfull was ay, in Dreid without plesance.
 Wallace ressaute, quhat men wald cum him till,
 The bodylie aith thay maid him with gude will.
 Befoir the Ell, all in ane gude concord,
 And him ressaute, as thair Capitane and Lord.
 His speciall men, that come with him fra hame,
 The tane hecht Gray, the uther Keirly be name.
 In his seruice come first in all thair mane,
 To Lowdoun hill, quhair yat fenwik was slane.
 He thame commandit ay nert yame to persew,
 For he thame kend, richt hardy, wyle, and trew.
 His leif he tuk, richt on ane fair maner,
 The gude Ell than, he bad him giftis seir.
 Wallace wald nane, bot gais of his feill spys,
 To pure and riche, vpon ane gudly wyis.
 Quhill he was, hardy, wyle, and seir,

And of riches he held na propertie.
 Of honour, worship, he was an empyrour kend,
 As he of gold had abundantly to spend.
 Upon his fais he wan it worthely,
 Thus Wallace past and his gude Cheualry.
 Sertie he had of lyklike men at wage,
 Thir to the Lennor he led yame with curage.
 Abone Lekky he ludgit thame in ane vail,
 Ane strenth thair was, quhilk pat thocht to assail.
 On Cargunnok thair biggit was ane Deill,
 That stufit was with men and vittail weill.
 Within ane dyke, Clois, Chalmer, and gall,
 Capitane thair of, to name hecht Thirill wall.
 Thay led Wallace quhair yat this biggit was,
 Thocht to assailze it far by or ye wald pas.
 Twa spyis he send to vesp all the land,
 Richt laith he was, the thing to tak on hand.
 The quhilk be force, yat suld gang him agane,
 Rather he had throw auenture bene slane.
 Thir men went furth quhen it was large mydnight
 About the hous thay spyt all at richt.
 The wachemen heup was, and fallin on sleip,
 The brig was drawin yat ye entrie suld keip.
 The laubouraris lait reklesly went in,
 Thir men returnit without in noyis or din.
 To thair Maister, and tald quhat thay had sene,
 Than graithit he sone thir men of armis bene.
 Sadly on fuit vnto the hous thay socht,
 And enterit in, for letting had thay nocht.
 Nicht men assayit with all thair besy cure,
 Ane lokkit bar was drawin athort the dure.
 Bot yat nicht nocht it brak out of the waw,
 Wallace was greuit quhen he sic tary saw.

The Fourt

Sum part annoyt, wraithly to it he went,
Be force of handis, it raisit out of the sprent.
Thre elne of breid, als of the wall pullit out,
Than meruellit all his men that was about.
How he did maik, than twentie of thame micht,
Spne with his fust, the yet he strak bp richt.
Quhill brace and bandis he byistit all stanis,
Frayillie thay rais, that was within yai waynis.
The wache man had ane fellown staf of steill,
At Wallace strak, bot he kept him richt weill.
Rudely fra him, he rest it in the thrang,
Dang out his harnis, spne in the dyke him slang.
The remanent, be that was on thair sek,
Thus Wallace sone, can with the Capitane meit.
The staf he had, heuy and forgit new,
Wuth yai Wallace vpon the heid him drewe.
Quhill bone and brane all in sunder zeid,
His men enterit, that woorthy war in deid.
In handis bynt, and stikkit all the laif,
Wallace commandit yai schuld na weir man saif.
Twentie and twa, yai stikkit in that steid,
Harnis and barnis, quhen yai ye men was deid.
He gart be tane, and kept in cleis full weill,
That yai thairout, micht haue yairof na feill.
The deid boddis yai put sone out of sight,
Tuk by the byg or that the day was licht.
In that place baid four dayis or he wald pas,
Wilt name yairout, how that the traier was.
Spulzeit yai steid and tuk thame gar and geit
Jowellis and gold away with yame thay beir.
Quhen he thocht tyme, thay Ischit on the nichte,
To the nert wood yai went with all yair micht.
The Capitane wyfe, women and Childer thre,

Past quhair yai wald, for Wallace left yame fre.
 In that forest he lykit nocht to abyde,
 Thay bowit yame ourt forth for to ryde.
 The Mos was strang, to ryde yai was na bute,
 Wallace was wicht, and lichtie on his fute.
 Few hors thay had, leill thair of yai rocht,
 To sail thair lyses, sell strenthis oft thay locht.
 Steuin of Ireland, he was thair gyde that nicht,
 Towart Kincardin syne restit thair at richt.
 In that forest, quhilk was baith lang and wyde,
 Quhilk fra the Mos grew to the watter syde
 Efter the Sone Wallace walkit about,
 Upon Tech syde, quhair he saw mony ane rout.
 Of wyld beistis, wauerand in wood and plane,
 Sone at ane schot, ane greit Hart hes he slane.
 Flew fyre of spyt, and graithit yair at richt,
 Suddandly thair, fresche venysoun thay dight.
 With all thay had, baith breid and wyne sa cleir,
 With othir stuf aneuch at thair Denneir.
 This staf of steill, he gais keirly to keip,
 Wyne past thay ourt, the watter of Tech sa deip.
 Into Stratherne thay enterit suddandly,
 In coherit pass, or Sutheroun suld thame spy.
 Quhome yat yai fand of Scotlandis aduersouris
 Withouth respect, was cum thair fatal housis.
 Quhome euer thay met, was at the Inglis fay,
 Thay slew all down, withouthin mair delay.
 Thay spairit nane yat was of Inglis blade,
 To deith he zeid, thocht he was neuer sa gude.
 This was the grace that Wallace to yame gais,
 Thay saist nane, knicht, Squyar, nor knaif.
 Bot waistit all, be worthynes of weir,
 Of that partie, that might beir bow or speir.

The Fourt

Sum part be slicht, sum part be force thay flew,
 Bot Wallace thocht yat waitit neuer anew.
 Silver thay tuk, and als gold as thay fand,
 Eicher gude geit full lichtly red fra hand.
 Cut it thortis, syne in Britportis paine best,
 Put out of sight, for yat yat thocht was best.
 At the blak furde as thay suld pan pas our,
 Ane Squyar come, and with him bernis four.
 To Down suld ryde, and went yat yat had bene
 All Inglis men, yat he besoir had sene.
 Tythingis to speir, he huwit thame amang,
 Wallace thair with ane gude sword out he swang
 Upon the heid he straik with sa greit Ire,
 Throw hane and brane in sundre strais ye fyre.
 The tother thre, in handis sone war hynit,
 Dersly to deith, stikkit or thay wald synt.
 The hors thay tuk, and quhat thay lykit best,
 Spuilzeit yame baic, syne in the Bog yame best.
 Of yis mater na mair sarp thay maid,
 Bot furth pair way, passic withou: abaid.
 Thir weirlyke Scot: is, all with ane assent,
 Sa North our Erne, out throw the land yat went.
 In Methuen wod pair ludgeing tuk yat nycht,
 Upon the moine, quhen yat ye day was licht:
 Wallace rais vp, went to the Forrest syde,
 Quhair yat he saw full weil beistis abyde.
 Of wyld and tame, walkand aboutantlie,
 Than Wallace said, this countrie lykis me.
 Weir men may do, with fude yat yat suld haif,
 Bot want yat meit, thay rek nocht of ye laif.
 Of dayntie fair Wallace tuk neuer krip,
 Bot as it come, welcum was meit and sleip.
 Sum tyne he had greit sufficiencye within,

Now

Now want, now haue, now los, now win.
 Now licht, now sad, now blyth, now in basill,
 In haist, now hurt, now sorrow, and now hatill.
 Now weildad weill, now cald wedder, now heist
 Now moist, now drouth, now wauerand wynd,
 Sa fair w him, for scotlād richt ful eu (now weie
 In fell debait, seuin zeiris and monethis seuin,
 Quhen he wan peice, and lest Scotland in plane,
 The Inglis men maid new conquest agane.
 In frustrat termis I will nocht tary lang,
 Wallace agane vnto his men can gang.
 And said heir is aie land of greit aboundance,
 Thankit be God of his hie pitteuance.
 Seuin of zow feiris, graith sone and ga with me,
 Richt sair I lang, Sanct Johnstoun for to ke.

How Wallace past to Sanct Johnstoun & slew ye
 Capitane, & how he wan Kinclerub. Cap. ii.

Seuin of Ireland, as God of heuin se sail,
 Maister and leidar I mak the of ye sail.
 Keep weill my men, lat nane out of thy sight
 Quhill I gang bidder, sall cum with all my might
 Byde me seuin dayis into this forest strang,
 Ze may get fude suppois I dwell sa lang.
 Sum part ze haue, and God will send zow maie,
 Thus turnit he, and to the town can fair.
 The Hair kepit the Port of the Village,
 Wallace knew weill, and send him his Message.
 The Hair was brocht, sa w him aie gudly man,
 Richt reuerently he hes ressaunt thane than.
 At him he spetrit, all Scottis gif ze be,
 Wallace said ze and it is peice trow we.
 I grant he said, that lykis vs wounder weill,

[The fourt

Trew men of price man ay sum freindschip feill.
 What is your name? I pray you tell me it,
 William Malcolmesone, he said sen ye wald wit.
 In Ctrik Forest hes my wyning bene,
 Thair I was borne, among the Schawis schene.
 Now I desyre this Northland for to se,
 Quhair I might fynd bettir dwelling for me.
 The Hair said Schir, I speir it for nane euill,
 Bot feill tythingis is oft tymis brocht us till.
 Of ane Wallace, that was borne in the west,
 Our kungis men he haldis at greit virest.
 Martiris thame down, greit pietie is to se,
 Out of the trewis, forsooth I trow he be.
 Wallace said than, we heir speik of that man,
 Tythingis of him, to you tell I nocht can.
 For him he gart pan ane Innis graithit be,
 Quhair nane suld cum, bot his awin men and he.
 The Stewart keirly brocht thame in fusioun,
 Gude thing anouch, the best was in the town.
 Als Inglis men to drinking wald him call,
 And commonly he delt nocht thair with all.
 In thair presence he spendit resonabillly,
 Zit for him self he payit aboundantly.
 On Scottis men he spendit mekill gude,
 Nane with his will upon ye Sucherou blude.
 Sone he consaist, in his wit privatly,
 Into that town, quha was of maist party.
 Schir James Buttelar, ane agit cruell knicht,
 Keitit Kinclevin, ane Castell wounder wicht.
 His sone Schir Johne, yat dwelt into ye town,
 Under Capitane to Schir Gerard Heroun.
 The women als, he besyt at the last,
 And sa on ane, his Enc began to cast.

In the South gait, of fassoun ferly fair,
 Wallace to hir maid priuately repair.
 So fell it thus, fra the toun o: he past,
 At ane accord, thay hapnit at the last.
 Wallace with hir in secreit maid him glaid,
 Sutheroun wist nocht, yat he sic plesance had.
 Oft on the nicht he wald say to him sell,
 This is far war than ony pane of hell.
 That yus with wrang, yit Deuill, byn this out lād
 And I with force, may nocht aganis yame stand.
 To tak this toun, my power is so small,
 Greit perrell als of my self may betall.
 Set it in fyre, it will bndd my self,
 Or lois my men, thair is na mair to tell.
 The zekis ar cloist, the dykis ar deip with all,
 Thocht I wald swoine, forsmith yat can nocht all.
 This mairer heir, thairfore I will lat syde,
 For in this tyme, I may na langer hyde.
 Als men him cauld, the Capitane was to pa
 Hame to Kincleuin, quhair of richt glaid he was.
 His self he tuk at Weiris of the toun,
 To Methuen wod richt glaidly maid him boun.
 His horse he hynt, and blythlie bo wnit to blaw,
 His men him hard, and thair sone can yat dra w.
 Richt blyth he was, for yat war hatl and fet,
 Mony at him for, tythingis wald nocht speir.
 He thame commandit for to mak teddy fast,
 In gude array out of the wod thay past.
 To wart Kincleuin, thay bo wnit yame yat ryde,
 Syne in ane baill, yat neir was thame belyde.
 Fast vpon Cay his buschement he ran dra w,
 In ane derne wod, he stellit thame on raw.
 Set Scurriouris furch, the countrie to espy,

The four

Bot some or none pair come foir Rydaris by.
 The wache turnit to se quhat was his will,
 He yame commandit, in couert hald thame still.
 And we skail furch, the hous wil knowledge haif
 And that may lone be warning to the laif.
 All force in weir dois nocht bot greuance,
 Wallace was few, bot happy was his chance.
 Hard him feill syse his aduersaris to win,
 Be that the Court of Inglis men come in.
 Four scot and ten, weil graithit in thair geir,
 Harnest on hors, as lyble men of weir.
 Wallace saw weil thair number was na ma,
 He thankit God, and syne the feild can sa.
 The Inglis metuellit, greitly quhat pai suld be,
 Bot tra pai saw pai maid thame for melle.
 In teill thay kest, schairp spritis in thair ryde,
 In our pai thocht, outour the Scottis to ryde.
 Wallace and his, went cruelly thame agane,
 At the first rusche feill Sutheroun men war flane
 Wallace strais ane with his speir of gude steill,
 Thro w out the coist, ye schast fuschit ilk deill.
 Ane burnest brand in haill van hynt he out,
 Thryse vpon fuit, he thrang throw all the rout.
 Sterne hors thay stikkit, suld men of armis beir,
 Fly vnder fuit was fullzeit men of weir.
 Buttellar lychtit him self for to defend,
 With men of armis, quhilk full worthy war kend.
 On ather syde, feill freisis war fecht. d fast,
 The Capuane bald, thocht he was sair agast.
 Part of Sco. tis be worthynes thay flew,
 Wallace was wa, and to wart him he drew.
 His men than dyed, the Buttellar bald and kene,
 On hun he sacht, with Ire and proper tene.

Upon

Upon the heid him strak in matalent,
 The burneist blaid, throw out his basnet went.
 Baith bane and brane, he byst it throw his weid,
 Thus Wallace hand, deluerit pame of that deid.
 Zit feill on sold was fechtand fellounly,
 Steuin of Ireland, and all the Cheualry.
 Into that stour did worthely and weill,
 And keirly als, with his gude stat of steill.
 The Inglismen fra thair Chistane was slane,
 Thay left the feild, and fled in all thair mane.
 Thre scot war slane or thay wald leif that steid,
 The sleand folk that wist of na remeid:
 Bot tak the hous thay fled in all thair micht,
 The Scottis followit, yat worthy war and wiche
 few men of fence, war left that place to keip,
 wemen and Priestis vpon the wall can weip.
 For weill yat wenit, the slearis war thair Lord,
 To tak thame in, thay maid thame reddy forð.
 Leit down the brig kest by the zettis wyde,
 The frayit folk enterit yat durst nocht byde.
 Gude Wallace euer, he followit thame sa fast,
 Quhill in the hous he enterit at the last.
 The zet he wore, quhill culmit was all the rout
 Of Inglis and Scottis, he held na man yair out.
 The Inglismen that wynnit in that steid,
 withoutin grace thay byttinit thame to deid.
 The Capitanis wyfe, wemen and Priestis twa,
 And young Chylder, forsuith thay sauit na ma.
 Held thame in clous efter this suddand cace,
 Or Sutheroun men, suld seige pame in yat place.
 Turk by the brig, and clousit zettis fast,
 The deid bodys out of sight yat gart cast.
 within the hous, and out with that war teid,

The Fourt

Freue of his awin to bury he gart leid.
 In that Castell sentin dayis still baird be,
 And euerilk nicht thay spuilzeit be spile.
 To Schort wood schawis led wone a vittal brycht
 Houshald and geir, baith gold and siluer brycht.
 Wemen and thay, quham to he grantit grace,
 Quhen he thocht tyme, thay put out of the place.
 Quhen thay had taie, quhat lykit thame to haile,
 Strak down the zet, and set in fyre the laile.
 Out of wyndois stanchoutis all pai drewe,
 Full greit fire werk into the watter threwe.
 Bussid in durris, and lokkis in thair fire,
 All werk of tre thay byput in to the fyre.
 Spilt that painicht, brak brig and Bulwerk dou
 To schort wood schaw in haile pai maid yame bou.
 Cheissit ane strenth, quhair pai yale lugeing maid,
 In gude effeir, ane quhyle paie still he baid.
 Zit in the town, of this na wit had thay,
 The countrie folk, quhen it was lycht of day.
 Greit reik sawe ryle, and to Kinclennin thay socht,
 Bot wallis and stane, mair gude fand thay nocht.
 The Capitaneis wyfe to Sanct Johnstoun scho
 And to Schir Gerard tauld vis fellow deid (zeid),
 Als to hir Sone quhat hapnit was be cace,
 Than demit thay all, yat it was wicht Wallace.
 Besoir tyme thair he spyt had the town,
 Than chargit thay all, thay suld be reddy bou.
 Harnest on hors into thair armour cleir,
 To seik Wallace, thay went all furth in feir.
 Ane thousand men weil garnest for the weir,
 Towart the wood richt awfull in effeir.

Schort wood Schawis. Cap. iij.

To

TO Schootwood schaw, and set it all about,
 With fyue stailis, pat stalwart war & stout.
 The sext yai maid, ane felloū Raynge to leid
 Quhair Wallace was, full woerthy ay in deid.
 The strenth he tuk, and bad thame hald it still,
 On euerie syde assailze quha sa will.
 Schir Johne Buttellar into the Forest went,
 With twa hundreth, sair mulkit in his Intent.
 His Fatheris deith, to venge him gif he mocht,
 To Wallace sone with men of armis he socht.
 Ane cleuch thair was, quhair of ane strenth thay
 With thortour treis, & baldly thair abaid. (maid,
 Fra the tane syde thay micht fische to ane plane,
 Syne throw the wod to the strenth pas agane.
 Twentie he had, pat Nobill Archearis war,
 Aganis seuin scoir of Inglis bodomen sair.
 Thre scoir of speiris nerr hand yame baid full rich
 Gil Scottis fische, to help yame at thair micht.
 On Wallace set, ane bicker bald and bene,
 Ane bow he bair, was big and weil besene.
 And arrowis als, baith lang and schalpe with a to
 As man was yair, pat Wallace bow micht draw.
 Richt stark he was, and in full sower geir,
 Baldly he schot amang thay men of weir.
 Ane Angill heid vnto the buikis he drew,
 Syne at ane schot the formest sone he flew.
 Inglis Archearis, that hardy war and wicht,
 Amang the Scottis, bickeris with all thair micht
 Thair awfull schot was felloun for to byde,
 Of Wallace men thay woundit feill that tyde.
 Few of thame was sicker of Archery,
 Better thay war, and thay gat euin party.
 In feild so byde, outhet with sword or speir,

The Fourt

Wallace persauit his men tuik mekill deir.
 He gart thame change, and stand not in yat steid,
 He kest alwayis to saif thame fra the deid.
 Full greit trauell vpon him self tuik he,
 Of Sutheroun Archearis feill men he gart de.
 Of Longcastell Schyre, downe war in yat place
 Ane sair Archear ay waittit on Wallace.
 At ane oppin, quhair he vsit to repair,
 At him he drew ane sicker schit and sair.
 Under the Chyn throw ane collar of steill,
 On the left syde, and hurt his hals su n deill.
 Alstoneist he was, bot nocht greitly agast,
 Out fra his men, on him he followit fast.
 In the turning with gude will hes him tane,
 Upon the craig, in sunder straits the bane.
 Than feill of thame, na freindschip with him fand
 Systene that day, he schot deit with his hand.
 Be that his arrowis waittit war and gane,
 The Inglis Archearis, forsuith yat wantit nane.
 Out with thay war, thair power to renew,
 On euerilk spde, to thame yat culd periew.
 William Lozane come with his busteous stail,
 Out of Bowrie on Wallace to assail.
 Neuoy he was, as it was knawin plane,
 To the Buttellar, befor that thay had flane.
 To venge his Ene, he come in all his micht,
 Thre hundred led of men in armis bricht.
 To leid the Raynge on fute he maid him ford,
 Wallace to God his conscience couth remord.
 Syne comfourt thame with manly countenance,
 Ze se he said, gude Schirris thair ordnance.
 Heir is nane chois, bot outhet do or de,
 We haue the richt, the happer may it be.

That

That we sall chaip, with grace out of this land,
The Lozane be that, was redde at his hand.
Be this it was, efter none of the day,
Feill men of wit, to counsall sone zeld thay.
The Sutheroun kest schairply on euerilk syde,
And saw ye wode was nouthir lang nor wyde.
Lichtly thay chocht, he suld it hald sa lang,
Fyue hundred maid on fuit throw it to gang.
Sad men of armis, that egir war of will,
About the Scottis, with mony schout full schill.
With bow and speir, and swordis stik of steill,
On ather syde, na freindschip couth thay feill.
Wallace in Ire ane buirly brand can draw,
Quhair feill Sutheroun, war semblit on ane raw
To fend his men with his deir worthy hand,
The folk war fey, that he befoir him sand.
Throw the thickest of ye greit pretis he past,
Upon his enemyis, he wand wounder fast.
Aganis his dynt, na weidis nicht auail,
Quhome sa he hit, was deid withoutin faill.
Of the ferrest full braithly bair he down,
Befoir ye Scottis, that war of greit Renoun.
To hald ye strenth yai preissit with all yair nicht,
Than Inglismen, yat worthy war and wicht:
Schir Johne Buttelar releuit in agane,
Synderit ye Scottis, and did yame mekill pane.
The Lozane als, that cruell was and kene,
Ane fair assay, forsmith yair nicht be sene.
Than at ye strenth yai nicht na langer byde,
The Raynge sa strang come vpon ather syde.
In ye thickest wode yai maid thair fell defence,
Aganis thair fais, sa full of violence.
Nicht feill Sutheroun leuit thair lyfe in wode,

The flour

To ane new stretch Wallace and his men fled.
 On thair aduersaris, thay maid full fell debat,
 Bot help yair self, nae ither succour yai wait.
 The Sutheroun als, was tenderer than in twyn,
 Bot thay agane togidder sone can wynn.
 Full subtelly thair ordinance thay maid,
 The Raynge agane, thay bowis but wait abaid.
 The Scottis was hurt, a part of yame war slane,
 Than Wallace said, we labour all in vane.
 To slay commounis it helpis us richt nocht,
 Bot thair Chistanis, that hes yame hidder brocht.
 Ncht we work swa, yat ane of yame war slane,
 So a fair assay thay culd nocht get agane.
 Be this the Dist approachand was full neir,
 Thus yai thame held, full manly vpon steir.
 When Wallace saw the Sutheroun was at hand
 Him thocht na tyme langer yai for to stand.
 Richt manfully he graichit hes his geir,
 Sadly he went aganis thay men of weir.
 Thro out the flour full fast fecht and he socht,
 With Goddis grace to venge him gif he mocht.
 Upon the Buttelar awfully straik he,
 Sailgaird he gat vnder ane bowand tre.
 The branche in twa he straik abone his heid,
 Als to the ground, and fellit him in that steid.
 The hail po wer vpon him come sa fast,
 That thay be force resacwit him at the last.
 Loxine was wa, and thidder fast couth draw,
 Wallace returnit, sa suddandly him saw.
 Out at ane syde full fast to him he zaid,
 He gat na gytt for all hes burneist weid.
 With Ire him straik on his gorget of steill,
 The trenchand blaid it perlit everilk deill.

Chyoto

Thro plait and stuf, nicht noch aganis it stand
 Derty to deith, he left him on the land.
 Him haue pai loist, thocht Sutheroun had it swoorn,
 For his craig bane was all in sunder seborne.
 The worthy Scottis did Nobilly that day,
 About Wallace, quhill he was won away.
 He tuk the strenth aganis thair fais will,
 Abandonndly in bergane bald thame still.
 The scry sone rais, the bald Lozane was deid,
 Schir Gerard Heroun tranoynt to that feid.
 And all the Dist assenblit him about,
 At the North syde than Wallace Ichit out.
 With his gude men, and botomit thame to ga,
 Thankand greit God, that thay war partit fa.
 Sewin of his men to deith that day was dicht,
 To Cargill wod thay went that samin nicht.
 In the feild left of the Sutheroun set scott,
 And Lozane als, thair murning was the moit.
 The Raynge in haia thay rapit sone agane,
 Bot quhen thay saw thair trauell was in bane.
 Quhen he was past full mekill mane thay maid,
 To rype the wod, baith pail, slouk, and stand.
 For Buttelaris gold, Wallace tuk gold befor,
 Bot thay fand nocht, waid thay seik euer moir.
 His hors thay gat, bot nocht ellis of his geir,
 With dulefull mane retournit thir men of weir.
 To Sanct Johnstoun with sorow & greit cair,
 Of Wallace furth me hys to speik sum matre.
 The secun d night, the Scottis comb rane draw,
 Richt priuaty agane to Schort wod schaw.
 Tuk vp thair gude quhill was put out of sight,
 Clething and nut, baith gold and siluer bicht.
 Upon thair seik for hors was than thame fra,
 At the Sone rais to Berthoun wod can ga.

The Fourt

The twa dayis our pair lugeing still yai maid,
On the thrid nicht yai mouit but maiir abaid.

**How Wallace was sauld to Inglis men be his
Lemman.** Ca. iiii.

TO Elchok Dark full suddandly thay went,
Thair in yat strench to byde was his Intet.
Than Wallace said, he wald ga to ye town,
Arrayit him weill intill ane Dreistis gown.
In Sanct Johnstoun disagyfyt can he sair,
To this woman, the quhilk we spak of air.
Of his presence scho richt reioysit was,
And ay in dreid how he away suld pas.
He Schoornit thair fra none was of the day,
Quhill neir the nicht, or yat he went his way.
He tryffit hir, quhen he suld cum agane,
On the thrid day, than was scho wonder fane.
Zit he was sene with enemyis as he zaid,
To Schir Berret yat tauld of all this deid.
And to Buttellar, yat wald haue wzokin bene,
Than yat gart tak, yat woman brycht and schene;
Accusit hir sair of reffet in that place,
Feil fyse scho swore, yat scho knew nocht Wallace.
Than Buttellar said, we wait weill it was he,
And bot thow tell, in baill fyze sail thow de.
Sif thow will help to bring zone Rebald down,
We sail the mak ane Lady of Renoun.
Thay gais to hir baith gold and siluer brycht,
And said scho suld be weddit with ane knight.
Quhome scho desyrit, yat was but mariage,
Thus temptit yat hir, thow counsal a greit wage
That scho yame tald, quhat tyme he wald be yat,
Than wat yat glaid, for thay desyrit na maie.
Of all Scotland bot Wallace at thair will,
Thus ordand thay, yat pointment to fulfill.

Fell men of Armys thay graithit haistlie,
 To help the zettis wicht w^o allace to espy.
 At the set tryst he enterit in the Town
 W^ottand nathing of all this fals tressoun.
 To hir Chalmie he went but inair abaid,
 Scho welecomit him, and ful greit plesance maid.
 Quhat that thay wrocht I can not graithly say,
 Rycht vnperlyte I am of Venus play.
 Bot haistely he graithit him to gang
 Than scho him tuke, and speir it gif he thocht lang
 Scho askit him that nycht with hir to byde
 Sone he said nay, for chance that micht betyde
 My men ar left at misreull all for me,
 I may nocht sleip this nycht quhill I thame se.
 Than weipit scho, and said full oft allace
 That I was maid wa worth the cursit race.
 Now haue I lost the best man that leuand is,
 O febill mynde to do sa foull ane mis
 O warpit wit, wickit and varianee,
 That me hes broucht in this mischeuous chance.
 Allace scho said in warid that I was wrocht
 Gif all this pane on my self mycht be brocht
 I haue seruit to be brunt in ane gleid,
 Quhe Wallace saw scho neir fra wit couth weid
 In his armis he claucht hir soberly,
 Quha hes done ocht he said, deir hart, haue I?
 Na I (quod scho) hes falsly wrocht this crane,
 I haue 30 w^o sauld, richt now ze will be flane.
 Scho tald to him hir tressoun to ane end
 As I haue said, quhat neidis mair legend.
 At hir he speir it gif scho forthocht it fair,
 Ze Schir scho said, and sall do cuer mair.
 My warpit weid in warid I mon tuffill,

¶ The Fourt
 To mend this mys I wald byrn on ane hill.
 He comfort hir, and bad hir haue na dreid,
 I will be said haue sumpart of thy weid.
 Hir gowne he tuke on him and concheis als
 Will God I sall eschape this tressoun fals.
 I the forgif withouttun wordis marr,
 He kissit hir, syne tuik his leif to fair.
 His burely brand helpit him oft in neid,
 Richt priuatly hid it vnder that weid.
 To the south zet the ganest way he drew,
 Quhair that he fand of armit men ane w.
 To thame he tauld dissimulit in countenance,
 To the Chalmer quhair he was in perchance.
 Speid fast he said, Wallace is lokkit in
 For him thay focht without noyis or din.
 To that samun hous about thay can thame call
 Out at the zet than Wallace gat full fall.
 Richt glaid in hart, quhen that he was without
 Richt fast he zaid, ane sture pais and ane stout.
 Twa him beheld and said we will ga se
 Ane stalwart quene for such some semis to be.
 Thay followit him throu the south inche part wa
 Quhen Wallace saw with yame thair come na ma
 Agane he turnit, and hes the forrest flane,
 The tother fled, than Wallace with greit mane
 Upon the heid with his sword hes him cane
 Lest yame baith deid, syne to the strent he him tane
 His men he gat richt glaid quhen thay him saw
 To thair defence in haist he gart thame draw.
 Deuoydit him sone of the womans weid,
 Thus chaipit he out of this felloun dreid.

How Wallace eschaypit out of Sanct John
stoun and past to Clehok Park. And how he
flew foudoun. Ca. 1

The dark Region apperit wonder fast
In November quhen October was past:
The dayis fall thro to rycht cours worthit
To baneist men that is na greit comfort. (schoyt
with thair power seir placis worthis gang,
Hew thay think quhen that the night is lang.
Thus Wallace saw the night is mellingeir,
Phebus had lost his tyne brandis cleir.
Out of the wood thay durst nocht turne yat tyde,
For aduersaris that in thair way wald byde.
Wallace thame tauld anew war on his hand
The Inglis men war of the town cummandand
The dur yat brak cuhair yat to wit Wallace was
Quhen thay him myssit thay bowit hyne to pas.
In this greit noyis the woman got away,
Bot to quhat stede, I can not graithly say
The Suthron socht richt sadly for that stede
Thro to the south inche and sad yat twa wæ deid
Thay knew be that Wallace was in the Strenth
About the Park thay set on beid and lenth:
With ser hundred, weil graithit in thair armis
All likly men to werk thame of thair harmis.
Ane hundred men chargit in armis strang,
To keip ane bound that thay had thame amang.
In Gilder land thair was that bratchet bred,
Sicker of sent to follow thame that fled.
Scho was fa bse on fsk and A d d d d d d d d d d
Quhill scho had blude na seung micht auail.
Thay said thay all, Wallace micht nocht away,
He suld be thairis for ocht that he do may.

The fyft

The Ollt thay leit in diuers partis that tyde,
Schir Gerard Heroun in the staill can abyde.
Schir Johne Butellar the range he take him till
With thre hundreth quhilk war of hardy will
Into the wod vpon Wallace thay zeid,
The worthy Scottis that war in mekle dreid
Socht to ane place for to haue Ischit out
And saw the staill enuyronit thame about.
Agane pai went with hiddeous straikis & strang,
Greit noyis and dyn was raisit thame amang.
Thair cruell deith rycht meruellous to ken
Quhair fourtie matchit aganis thre hundreth men
Wallace sa weill vpon him tuk that tyde:
Throw the greit preis he maid ane way ful wyde
Helpand the Scottis with his deir worthy hand
Fell samen be left fep vpon the land.
Zit Wallace loist systene into that steid
And fourtie men of Sutheroun thair war deid.
The Butellaris folk sa fruschit war in deid,
The hardy Scottis to the strenthis throw pai zeid
Upon Tay syde thay haistit thame full fast,
In will thay war the watter to haue past.
Better him thocht in pertell for to be
Upon the land than wilfully to se
His men to drowne quhair reske to mycht be nane
Agane in Ire to the feild ar thay gane
Butellar be than had put his men in array,
On thame he set with awfull hardy assay.
On ather syde with wappnis stik of steill
Wallace agane na freindschip leit thame feill.
Bot do or de thay wult na mair succour,
Thus fend thay lang into that stalwart stour.
The Scottis Chifane was young & in ane rage,
Wit in

Was in weir, and fechtis with curage,
 He saw his men of Surhezoun tak sic wrang,
 Thame to Reuenge all dreidles can he gang.
 For mony of thame war bleidand wounder sair
 He couh nocht se na help appeirand thair.
 Bot gif thair Chiffrane war put out of his gait,
 The bym Butellar sa bauldly maid debat.
 Thow the greit preis Wallace to him socht,
 His awfull deid he eschewit as he mocht.
 Under ane Aik with men about him set,
 Wallace nicht nocht ane graith straik on him get
 Zit sched he thame, ane full rude slop hes maid.
 The Scottis went out, na langer thair yai baid.
 Steuin of Ireland quhilk hardy was and wicht
 To help Wallace he did greit preis and nicht.
 With trew keirly douchtre in mony deid,
 Upon the ground fell Surhezoun gart yai bleid.
 Sertie war slane of Inglismen in that place,
 And nyne of Scottis yair synt war throw yat race.
 Butellaris men sa distroyit war that tyde,
 Into the stour he wald na langer abyde.
 To get supple he went vnto the stail,
 Thus loist he yair ane hundred of greit baille.
 As thay war best arrayand Butellaris rone
 Betwix parteis than Wallace Ischit out.
 Sertene with him thay graithit thame to ga,
 Of all his men he had leuit na ma.
 The Inglismen hes missit him in hy,
 The hound thay tuke, and followit him haistely.
 At the Gask wod full fane he wald haue bene,
 Bot this sluth Katche quhilk cruel was and bene
 On Wallace fute followit wounder fast,
 Quhill in thair sight thay approcht at the last.

The fyfte

Thair hors was wicht, had sojornit weill lang,
 To the nixt wode twa myle thay had to gang.
 Of bpwith eird thay zeid with all thair micht,
 Gude hope thay had, for it was neir the nicht.
 Faudoun he tyit, and said he micht nocht gang,
 Wallace was wa to leif him in that thrang.
 He bad him ga and said the strenth was neir,
 Bot he thairfor wald nocht the faster steir.
 Wallace sa. Fre on the craig can him ta,
 With his gude sword, and straik the heid him fra
 Dreidles to ground he duschit to the deid,
 Fra him he tap and leif him in that steid.
 Sum demis it to Ill, and sum to gude,
 And I say heir into thir terminis rude:
 Better it was he did, as thinkis me,
 First to the hound it micht greit stopping be.
 Als faudoun was haldin at greit suspisioun,
 For he was knawin of brutill completioun.
 Richt stark he was and had bot lytill gane,
 Thus Wallace wist, had he bene leif allane:
 And he war fals to enemeis wald he ga,
 Gif he war trew the Sutheroun wald him fla
 Nicht he do ocht, bot tyne him as it was,
 Fra this questioun now shortly will I pas.
 Deme as zelist, ze that can best and may,
 Bot I reheis as myne Authoz will say.
 Sternis as than, began for to appeir,
 The Inglis men war cūmand wounder neir.
 Fyue hundred hail war in that Cheualry,
 To the nixt strenth than Wallace can him hy.
 Steum of Ireland onwittand of Wallace,
 And gude keirke baid still neir hand that place.
 At the mure syde into ane scrogy flaid,

We eir

Be eist Duplin quhair thay this tary maid.
 Faudoun was left besyde thame on the land,
 The power come, and suddanly him fand.
 For thair sluth bound the graith way to him zeid
 Of vther tred as than scho tuk na heid.
 The sluth stoppit at Faudoun still scho stude,
 Na forther wald, fra tyme scho fand the blude.
 The Inglis men demit for vther yai couth not tell,
 Bot yat ye Scottis had focht in amang yame sell
 Richt wa thay war for loiffit was thair sent,
 Wallace twa men amang the Dist in went.
 Dissmilt weill, that na man tuld thame ken,
 Richt in affeir as thay war Inglis men.
 Keir lie beheld vnto the bauld Heroun,
 Upon Faudoun as he was luitand down.
 Ane subtil streak vpwart him tuk that tyde,
 Under the clok the grundin sword can glyde.
 By the gude mailze baith craig and hals vane,
 In sunder streak, thus endit that Chistane.
 To ground he fell, feill folk about him thrang,
 Tressoun thay cryit, ane tratour vs amang.
 Keir ly with that slaid out at ane syde,
 His fellow Steuin than thocht na tyme to byde.
 The fray was greit, and fast away thay zeid,
 Baith toward Erne thus chaipit yai that dreid.
 Butellar was wa of weiping nicht nochte synt,
 Thus rekleßly this gude knyght haue thay tynt.
 Thay demit all that it was Wallace men,
 Or ellis him self, thocht thay culd nochte him ken.
 He is richt neir, we sall him haue but taill,
 The feill wud may lytill him auail.
 Fourtie thair past agane to Sanct Johnstoun,
 With this deid Corps, to burying maid it boun.

The First

Partit thair men, and diuers wayis raid,
 Ane greit power at Duplin still thair baid.
 To Danrich the Butellar past but let,
 As sundrie furdis the gaitis vmbeset:
 To keip the wud quhill it was day thay thocht,
 As wallat thus in the thick forest socht:
 For his twa men in mynde he had greit pane,
 He wist nocht weill gif thay war tane or flane:
 Or chaipit haill be ouer Jepardie,
 Threttene war left, with him na ma had he.
 In the Gask hall thair ludgeing hane thay tane,
 Fyre gat thay sone, bot meit than had thay name.
 Twa scheip thay tuk besyde thame in ane fald,
 Or danit the Supper into that semely hald.
 Graithit in haist sum meit for thame to dight,
 Sa hard thay blaw rude hornis vpon richt.
 Twa send he furth to luik quhat it might be,
 Thay baid richt lang, and na tythingis hard he.
 Bot busteous noyis sa brymlie blawand fast,
 Sa bther twa in to the wud furth past.
 Rane come agane bot busteously can blaw,
 Into greit Ire he send thame furth on raw.
 Quhen that allane Wallace was left thair,
 The awfull blast aboundit mekill mair.
 Than trowit he weill thay had his ludging sene,
 His sword he drew of Robill mettell kene.
 Syne furth he went quhair yat he hard ye hoine
 Withouth the dur faudoun was him besohne.
 As to his sight, his heid into his hand,
 Ane croce he maid, quhen he him sa saw stand.
 At Wallace in the heid he swakit thair,
 And he in haist sone hynt it be the hair.
 Syne out at him agane he couth it cast,

Into

Into his hart he was greitly agast.
 Richt weill he trowit that was na spirit of man
 It was sum Deuill that sic malice began.
 He wist nane auail thair langer to abyde,
 Up throw the hall thus wicht Wallace can glyde
 To ane clois stair the burdis rail in twin,
 fystene fute large he lap furth of that In.
 Up the watter suddanly can he fair,
 Agane he blent quhat apperance he saw thair.
 Him thocht he saw ffaudoun that vgly Syre,
 Upon the hous, and all the laif in fyre.
 Ane greit ruse tre he had into his hand,
 Wallace as than na langer wald he stand.
 Of his gude men full greit meruell had he,
 How thay war tynt throw this fell fantasie.
 Traistis richt weill all this was suith in deid,
 Suppois that it na point be of the Creid.
 Boter thay had with Lucifer that fell,
 The tyme that he Departit fra heuin to hell.
 Be sic mischeif gif his men nicht be loist,
 Drownit or slane amang the Inglis Dist.
 Or quhat it was in lyknes of ffaudoun,
 Quhilk brocht his men to suddand confussoun.
 Or gif the man endit in euill Intent,
 Sum wicked Spirit agane for him present.
 I can not speik off sic Diuinitie,
 To Clerkis I will lat all sic maters be.
 Bot of Wallace on furth I will now tell,
 Quhen he was went out of this perrell fell:
 Zit glaid he was that he had chaipit sa,
 Bot for his men greit murning can he ma.
 flait be him self to the maker abuse,
 Quhy he sufferit he suld sic panis prufe.

The fyft

He wist nocht weill gif it was Goddis will,
Richt or wraung his foztoun to fulfill.
Had it pleist God he trowit it micht nocht be,
He suld him set in sic perplexitie.
Wat greit curage in his mynd euer draif,
Of Inglisshen ane mendis thinkand to haif.
As he was thus walkand be him allane,
Upon Erie syde makand ane piteous mane.
Schir Johne Butellar to wache pat furd is richt
Out fra his men of Wallace had ane sight.
The myst was went, and to the mountanis gane
To him he raid quhair that he maid his mane.
On loud he spairit, quhat art thou walk? yis gait
Ane trew man Schir, thocht my bayage be lair.
Grandis I pas fra Down unto my Lord,
Schir Johne Stewart, ye richt quha wil record
In Down is now, new cūmin fra the King,
Than Butellar said, this is ane selcouth thing.
Thow leid he said, thow hes bene with Wallace,
I sall the knaw or thow cum of this place.
To him he stert, the Cursour wounder wicht,
Drew out a sword, syne maid him foz to licht.
Abone the kne gude Wallace hes him tane,
Thow Thee and braune in sūder straik the bane
Derfly to ground the knicht fell on the land,
Wallace the hors sone sesit in his hand.
Ane a'wart straik syne tuke hun in that steid,
His craig in twa, this was the Butellar deid.
Ane Inglisshman saw thair Chistane was slane,
Ane spair in reist he kest in all his mane.
On Wallace draif, fra the hors him to beir,
Warly he wrocht, as worthis man in weir.
The spair he wan, withoutin mair abaid,
On hors

On hors he lap, and throw ane greit rout raid.
To Dalrich than he knew the fuird full weill.
Besoir him come seill stuffit in syne steill.
He straik the first but baid in the blasoun,
Quhill hors and man all fet the watter down.
Ane vther sone downe fra his hors he bair,
Strampit to ground, and drownit without mair.
The thrid he hit in his harnes of steill,
Throw out the coist the speir it brak ilk deill.
The greit power than efter him can ryde,
He saw na wisdom thair langer to abyde
His burnist brand in hand braithly he bair,
Quhome he hit richt, thay followit him na mair.
To sluf the chace few freikis followit fast,
Bot Wallace maid the gayest ay agast.
The more he tuke and throw thair power zaid,
The hors was gude, for zit he had greit dreid.
For failzeing or he wou to a strenth,
The chace was greit scallit on bzeid and lenth.
Throw strang danger thay had him ay at sight,
At the blak furd thair Wallace down can licht.
The hors stift, the way was deip and lang,
Ane large lang myle wichtly on fute can gang.
Or he was horsit rydaris about him kest,
He saw full weill lang sa he nicht nocht lest.
Sad men in deid vpon him can renew,
Without recovering twentie yat nicht he slew.
The feirlest ay rudely rebutit he,
Keipit his hors, and rycht wisely can fle.
Quhill that he come the mirkest mure amang,
His hors gauit ouir, and wald na farther gang.
Wallace on fute tuke him with gude Intent,
The hors he slew, or that he farther went.

[The fift

That Inglis men of him suld haue na gude,
And left on fute for weill he vnderstude:
For Sutheroun men of him suld haue na sicht,
In heich hadder he past with all his micht.
Thow that dark mure fra yame pan hes he socht
Bot suddanly thair come into his thocht:
Gret power wouk at Striuling bug of tre,
Sichand he said, na passage is for me.
For fault of fude, and I haue fastit lang,
On weirmen now, me think na tyme to gang.
At Cambuskinneith I sall the watter till,
Lat God aboue do with me quhat he will.
Into this land langer I may nocht byde,
Tary he maid sunpart on Forthis syde.
Tuik of his weid and graithit him but mair,
His two. d he band, that wounder scharpely schair
Amang his geir on his schulders on lost,
Thus in he went, to greit God prayand oft.
Of his hie grace his cause to tak on hand,
Quir the watter he swam to the south land.
Arrayit him sone, the sesoun was richt cauld,
For Pisciis was into his dayis auld.
Quirthort the kers to the Torwod he zeid,
Ane wedow dwelt quhilk helpit him in neid.
Hidder he come oz day began to daw,
To ane windo, and priuatly can caw.
Thar speirit his name, bot tel yame wald he nocht
Quhill scho hir self neir to his langage socht.
Fra tyme scho wist that it was wicht Wallace,
Reiosit scho was, and thankit God of his grace.
Scho speirit sone quhy he was hun allane,
Gurnand he said, as now man haue I name.
Scho askit him quhair tha: his men suld be,

Fair

fair Dame he said ga get sum mett for me.
I haue fastit sen zister Day at mozne
I dreid full sair that my men be forlozne.
Greit part of thame to the deith I saw brocht
Scho gat him nrest in all the haist scho mocht
Ane woman he callit and als with hir ane chylde
And bad thame pas agane thay wayis wyld.
To the Gask hall tythingis for to speir
Gif part war left of his men in to seir.
And scho suld find ane hors sone in hir gait
He bad thame se gif that place stude in stait,
Chairof to heir he had full greit Desyre
Because he thocht it was all into fyre.
Thay passit furth withouttin tary mair
Him for to rest Wallace remainit thair.
Refreschit he was with mett drink and heit,
Quhair causit him throw naturall cours to sleip
Quhair he suld sleip at that woman he spectrit
The wedow had thre sonnys that war leirir,
First twa of thame scho send to keip Wallace
He gart the thrid ga sone to Donypace
And tald his Cme that he was hapnit thair,
The Persoun come to se of his weillfair.
Wallace to sleip was laid in the wod syde
The twa zoug men without him neir couth byde.
The Persoun come neir hand thair maner saw
Thay bekynnit him to quhat stede he suld draw.
The Bone was thik that Wallace sleipit in
About he zeid and maid bot lytill dyn.
Sa at the last of hun he had ane sycht
Full priuatly quhair that his bed was dieht.
He him beheld, syne said vnto him sell,
Heir is meruell quha lykis it for to tell.

The fyft

This is ane Persoun be worthines of hand
Crowis to stop the power of Ingland.
Now fals forroun the miswirkar of all,
Be auenture hes geuin him ane fall.
That he is left without supple of ma
Ane cruel wyse with wapins micht him sla.
Wallace him hard with pat the sleip ouer past,
Feitfly he rais, and said to him als fast
Thow leis fals Dreist war thow ane fa to me,
I wald not dreid sic bither ten as the.
I haue had mair sen zisterday at morne,
Than sic sextie war assemblit me besorne.
His Eme him tuke, and wet furth with Wallace,
He tauld to him of all his panefull cace.
This nicht he said I was lest myne allane
In sell debatt with Enemeis mony ane.
God at his will hes ay my lyfe to keip.
Ouer forth I swaine that awfull is and deip.
Quhat I haue had in weir befor this day,
Persoun and pane to this nicht was bot play.
Sabet I am with strakis sad and sair,
The schill watter bynt me mekill mair.
Efter greit blude throw beit and cald was wrocht
That of my lyfe almaist nathing I rocht.
I mene far mair the tynfall of my men,
Nor for my self nicht I suffer sic ten.
The Persoun said deir soule thow may se weill,
Danger to stryfe it helpis nocht adeill:
Thy men ar loist, and uane will with the ryle,
For Goddis sail mak as I sall deuyse.
Tak ane Lordschip quhairon that thow may sell
King Edward will greit landis to the geif.
Unill he said of sic wordis na mair,

This

This is na thing bot ciking of my cair.
 I loke better to se the Suthroun de,
 Than gold or land that thay can gif to me.
 Traist thou richt weill of weir I sall not ceis,
 Until the tyme I bring Scotland to peis:
 Or de thairfor in plane to vnderstand
 Sa come keirlic and gude Steuin of Ireland,
 The wedowis Sone to Wallace he yame brocht
 Fra thay him saw of na sadnes thay rocht
 For perfute Joy thay weipit with thair One,
 To ground thay fell, and thankit beuinis Quene
 Als he was glaid for reschew of thame twa,
 Of thair feris leuand war lest na ma:
 Thay tauld him that Schir Gerard was deid,
 How thay had weill eschapit of that steid:
 Throu the Dicheill thay had gane all that nicht,
 To Erth ferry quhen that the day was lichte:
 How ane trew Scot throu byndnes of Wallace
 Brocht thame lone ouer syne bend thame to that
 Als he wold gif Wallace leuand war, (place
 sent) he wold parris that he shuld find him thair.
 The Beroun gart gude purueyace for yame diche
 In the Torwood thay ludgit all that nicht
 Until the woman that Wallace north had send,
 Returnit agane and tauld him to ane end.
 Quhat Ingilinen in the way scho fand deid,
 Tell was fallin fey in mony lundrie steid.
 The hors scho saw that Wallace had be rest,
 And the Galk hall standand as it was left
 Withouthin harme, nor steirit of it ane stane,
 Bot of his men gude cythingis scho gat nane.
 Thairfor he greuit greitly in that tyde,
 In the forest he wald na langer abyde.

The widow him gais part of siluer bricht,
 Twa of hir Sonnis that worthie war & wicht.
 The thrid scho lest because he laikit age
 In weir as than nicht nocht wyn bassalage.
 The Persoun than gat thame gude hois and geth
 Bot wa he was, his mynd was sa in weir,
 Thus tuke he leif without langer abaid,
 In Dundas mure the samin nicht he raid.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame quhill lord was of pat-
 Ane agit knicht had maid nane vther bad. (land
 Bot purchest pear in rest he nicht byde still,
 Tribute he payit full fair aganis his will.
 A Sone he had baith wise worthie and wicht,
 Alexander the seirs at Berwik maid him knicht.
 Quhair schawin was of battell to haue bene,
 Betuir Scottis and the bauld Persee kene.
 This young schir Johne richt nobill & as in weir,
 On ane braid sword his fater gart him sweir,
 He sold be trew to Wallace in all thing,
 And he to him quhill lyfe in thame nicht King.
 Thre nychtis thair Wallace was out of dheid,
 Bestit him weill, sa hes he mekle neid.
 On the seird day he wald na langer abyde
 Schir Johne ye Grahame bownit w him to ryde
 And he said nay, as than it sulde not be,
 Ane plane part zit I will not tak on me.
 I haue tynt men throw my ouir reckles dheid,
 Ane bynt chylde als mair sair the fyre suld dheid.
 Freindis sumpart I haue in Chiddisdail,
 I will ga se quhat thay may me auail.
 Schir Johne answerit I will your counsall do,
 Quhen ze think tyme send priuaty me to.
 Than I sall cum with my power in haist,

He him

He him befaucht unto the haly Gaist.

Sanct Johne to bozgh yai suld meit hail & sound,
Out of Dundal he and his four couth sound.

In Bothwell mure that nicht remanit he,
With ane Crausurd yat ludgit him prauie.

Upon the mozne to the Gilbank he went,
Rescavit he was of mony with glaid Intent.

Foz his deir Cme zourig Anchinlek dwelt thair,
Brother he was to the Schiref of Air.

Quhen auld Schir Rānald to his deid was dichs
Than Anchinlek weddit that Lady bricht.

And Chylder gat, as storpis will record,
Of Lesmahago foz he held of that Lord.

Bot he was flane, that pietie was the mair,
With Perseis men into the towne of Air.

His Sone dwelt still, than nyntene zeir of age,
And bzukit hail his Fathers heritage.

Tribute he payit foz all his landis braid,
To Lord Persee, as his brother had maid.

I leif Wallace with his deir Unkill still,
Of Inglismen zit sum thing speik I will.

Ane messinger sone throw the countrie zeid,
To Lord Persee, and tauld this felloun deid.

Kincleuin was bzunt, brokin and cassin down,
The Capitane deid of it and Sanct Johnstoun.

The Lorane als in schortwood schawis schene,
Into that land greit sorrow hes bene sene.

Throw wicht Wallace yat all this deid hes done
The towne he spyit, and that forthocht vs sone.

Butellar is flane with douchtie men and deir,
In asper spriche the Persee than can speir.

Quhat word of him I pray the graitchly tell,
My Lord he said, richt thus the cais besell.

The fyft

we knaw for treuth he was left him allane,
And as he fled he flew full mony ane.
The hors we fand yat him yat gait couth beir,
Bot of him self nane vther word we heir.
At Struiling brig we wait he passit nocht,
To deith in forth he may for vs be brocht.
Lord Perles said, no'w suithly that war sin,
Sa gude of hand is nane this warld within.
Had he tane pear and bene our Kingis man,
This hail Impyre he micht haue conquest pan.
Greit harme it is our Rychtis that ar deid,
We mon gar se for vther in thair steid.
I trow nocht zit that Wallace loist be,
Our Clerkis sayis he sall gar mony de.
The messinger sayis, all that full suith hes bene,
Mony hundreth that cruell was and kene.
Sen he began ar loist without remeid,
The Persee said forsuith he is nocht deid.
The cruikis of forth he knawis wounder weill,
He is out lyfe that sall our Ratioun feill.
Quhen he is stressit, than can he swome at will,
Greit strenth he hes, baith wit and grace pairtill.
Ane messinger the Lord chargit to wend,
And this comand in writ he with him send.
Schir Johne Stewart gart Schires yā be maid
Of Sanct Johnstoun, and all the landis braid.
Into Kincleithin thair dwelt nane syne agane,
Thair was nocht bot broom wallis in plane.
Leif I thame thus reuland the landis thair,
And speik I will of Wallace glaid weillfare.
He send Keirle vnto Rannald that nicht,
To Boyd and Blair, that worthie war & wicht.
And Adame als, his Cousing gude Wallace,

To thame declarit all this panefull care.
 Of his eschaip out of that company,
 Richt wounder glaid war thir gude Chensalry.
 Fra tyne thay wist that Wallace leuand was,
 Gude expensis thay maid to him to pas.
 Maister Johne Blair was ane of that message,
 Ane worthy Clerk baith wise and richt sauage.
 Leirit he was befor in Pareis toun,
 Among Maisteris in science of gude Renoun.
 Wallace and he at hame in seile had bene,
 Sone efterwart as veritie was sene.
 He was the man that principall vnderstoke,
 That first compylit in dyte the latine buke.
 Of Wallace lyke richt famous of Renoun,
 And Thomas Gray Person of Libertoun.
 With him thay war, and put in Histozall,
 Olt ane oz baith mekill of his trauail.
 And thairfor heir I mak of thame mentoun,
 Maister Johne Blair to Wallace maid him bowne
 To se his heill his comfort was the moir,
 As thay full oft togidder war befor.
 Siluer and gold thay gais him for to spend,
 Sa did he thame frely quhen God it send.
 Of gude weillfair as than he wantt name,
 Inglis men wist he was lest him allane.
 Quhair he suld be was name of thame couth say
 Drowit oz slane oz eschaipit away.
 Thairfor of him thay tuke bot lyrrill heid,
 Thay knew him nocht, the les he was in dreid.
 All trew Scottis greit fauour to him gais,
 Quhat gude thay had he misteit nocht to craif.
 The pear lest that Schir Rannald had tane,
 Thay thze monerhis it suld nocht be out gaue.

The First

Haill Cristines Wallace remanit thair,
 In Lanerk oft to sport he maid repaire.
 Quhen that he went to Gilbank fra the toun,
 If he fand men was of that Natioun.
 To Scotland thay did neuer greuance make,
 Sum stibbit thay, sum thzottis in sunder schair.
 Feill war fund deid, bot nane wist quha it was,
 Quhome he handlit he leit na farther pas.
 Thair Hestirig dwelt, yat cursit kuycht to wail,
 Schiref he was of all thay landis haill.
 Of felloun outrage, dispitfull in his deid,
 Mony of him thairfoir had mekill dreid.
 Weruell he thocht, quha durst his pepill sla,
 Withouth the toun he gart greit number ga:
 Quhen Wallace saw that thay war ma than he
 Than did he nocht bot salust courteslie.
 Als his four men bure thame sa quyetlie,
 Na Sutheroun culd deme yame unhonestlie.
 In Lanerk dwelt ane gentill woman thair,
 Ane madyn myld, as my buik will declair.
 Auchtene 3eir auld, or lytill mair of age,
 Als boine scho was to part of heritage.
 Hir father was of worschip and renoun,
 And New Braidfute he hecht of Laminfoun.
 As feill was than in the countrie cald,
 Befoir tyme thay gentill men war of ald.
 Bot this gode man and als his boye was deid,
 The madyn than wist of nane ither remeid.
 Bot still scho dwelt on tribute in the toun,
 And purchest had King Edwards protectioun.
 Seruandis with hir of freindis at hir will,
 Thus leifit scho without desyre of ill.
 Ane quyet hous as scho micht hald in weir,

For Hestirig had done hir mekill deir.
 Slane hir brother quhill eldest was and Air,
 All sufferit scho, and richt lawly hir bair.
 Amiabill, sa bening war and wyle.
 Courtes and sweit, fulfillit of all gentrice.
 Weill reullit of tounge, richt hail of countenance,
 Of vertewis scho was worthie to auance.
 Humbill hir led, and purchest ane gude Name,
 Of alkin wicht scho keipit hir fra blame.
 Trew richteous folk ane greit fauour hir lent,
 Upon ane day to the Kirk as scho went.
 Wallace hir saw as he his Gre can cast,
 The prent of luse him prunzeit at the last.
 Sa asperly throw beutie of that brycht,
 With greit vneis in presence byde he micht.
 He knew full weill hir kinrent and hir blude,
 And how scho was in honest ble and gude.
 Quhyle wald he think to luse hir our the laif,
 Ane vther quhyle, he thocht on his defaif.
 How that his men war brocht to confusioun,
 Throw his last luse he had in Sanct Johnstoun.
 Than wald he think to leue and lat our flyde,
 Bot that thocht lang in mynd micht nocht abyde.
 He tauld keirlye of his new lust and baill,
 Syne askit he him of his trew counsall.
 Maister he said, als far as I haue feill,
 Of liklynes it may be wounder weill.
 Sen ze sa luse, tab hir in mariage,
 Gudely scho is, and als hes heritage.
 Suppois that ze in lufing feill ane mis,
 Greit God forbid it suld be sa with this.
 To mary thus I can nocht, zit attend,
 I wald of weir first se ane finall end.

(The fyft

I will na mair allake to my lufe gang,
Tak tent to me for dreid I suffer wrang.
To proffer lufe thus sone I wald nocht press,
Nicht I leif of in weir I think to leif.
Quhat is this lufe na thing bot fulschnes,
It may reis me baith wit and seidfastnes.
Than said he thus, this will nocht graithly be,
Amouris and weir atanis to regne in me.
Richt suith it is stude I in blis of lufe,
Quhair deidis war I suld the better prufe.
Bot weil I wait quhair greit ernist is in thocht,
It lattis weir in ye wyllest man was wrocht.
Les gif it be bot anerly till ane deid,
Than he that thinkis of lufe to seid.
He may do weil, haye he fortoun and grace,
Bot this standis all in ane vther cace.
Ane greit kinrik with feill fais ouirset,
Rich hard it is amendis for to get.
Aranis of thame, and keip the obseruance,
Quhilk belangis lufe, and all his freuoll chance.
Exempill I haue, that me forthinkis sair,
I trow to God it sail be sa na mair.
The treuth I know of this and hir lynnage,
I knew nocht hir, thairfor I loist ane gage.
To keirle he thus arguit in this kynd,
Bot greit dfore remaning in his mynd.
For to behauld that frely of fassoun,
Ane quhyle he lef, and come nocht in the toun.
On vther thing he maid his wit to waik,
Preuand gif he micht of that langour slak.
Quhen keirle saw he sufferit pane for thy,
Deir Schir he said, ze leif in slogardy.
Sa se your lufe, than sail ze get comfort,

At his

At his counsaill he walkit for to spere.
 Unto the Kirk quhair scho maid residence,
 Scho knew him weill, bot as of eloquence
 Scho durst nocht weill in presence to him byth,
 Full sair scho dyed that Sutheroun suld hir myth.
 For Hesselrig had ane mater new beguine,
 And hir desyrt in mariage to his Sone.
 With hir madin thus Wallace scho besocht,
 To dyne with hir, and priuatly scho him brocht.
 Thro ane gardin scho had gart wick of new,
 Sa Inglismen nocht of thair meting knew.
 Than kist be this may glaidly with plesance,
 Sone hir besocht richt hartly of acquaintance,
 Scho answerit him with humbill wordis & toyls
 War my acquaintance richt worthie for to pyll:
 Ze sall it haue as God me sail in sail,
 Bot Inglismen garris our power fail.
 Thro violence of thame and thair bairnage,
 That hes weill neir distroyit our kynage.
 Quhen Wallace hard hir compleyne piteously,
 Greuit in hart he was richt gretumly.
 Baith Ire and lufe him set into ane rage,
 Bot nocht for thy he sobetit in curage.
 Of his mater he tauld as I said air,
 To that gudely how lufe constraint him sair.
 Scho answerit him richt resonablie agane,
 And said I sall to your seruice be baue.
 With all plesance in honest causis haill,
 And I traist nocht ze wald set to assaill.
 For your worschip to do me dishonour,
 And I ane Mayde, and standis in mony flour,
 Fra Inglismen to sail my womanheid,
 And coult hes maid to keep me fra thair feld.

The fift

With my gude will, I will na Lemman be,
 To na man borne, thairfor me think suld be.
 Desyre me nocht bot into gudly nace,
 Perchance ye think I war to law pertace.
 For to attend to be your richteous wyfe,
 Into your seruice I wald vse all my lyfe.
 Heir I besek for your worschip in armis,
 Ze charge me nocht with na vngodly harmis.
 Bot me defend for worschip of your blude,
 Quhen Wallace weill hir trew taill vnderstude.
 As in ane part him thocht it was resoun,
 Of hir desyre thairfor to conclusioun.
 He thankit hir, and said gif it micht be,
 Thro to Goddis will that our kinrik be fre.
 I wald zow wed with all hartly plesance,
 Bot at this tyme I may nocht tak sic chance.
 And for this cause nane vther now I craif,
 Any man in woir may nocht all plesance haif.
 Of thair talk than can I tell zow na mair,
 To my purpos quhat band that thay maid thair.
 Conclude thay thus, and to the Denner went,
 The sair greuance remanit in his Intent.
 Lois of his man and lustie pane of lufe,
 His leif he take at that tyme to refuse.

**How Wallace past to Lochmabane, and how
 thay cuttit his hors taillis, and how he schaw
 the blude latter. Ca. ij.**

Sone to Silbank he past or it was nicht,
 Upon ye morne with his four mē him dicke
 To the Corheid without resting he raid,
 Quhair his deuoy Thom Haliday him abaid.

And

And Edward Lytill als his Cousing deir,
 Quhilk was sa blyith quhen he wist him sa neir.
 Thankand greit God he send thame saif agane,
 For mony demit he was in Stratherne flane.
 Gude cheir thay maid all out thay dayis thre,
 Than Wallace said that he desyrit to se:
 Lochmabane toun, and Inglisemen pat was pair
 On the seird day thay bowrit thame to fair.
 Sextene he was of gudly Cheualry,
 In the knok wod he leifit all bot thre.
 Thomas Haliday went with him to the Toun
 Edward Lytill and Keirly maid thame boun.
 To ane Distler Thomas Haliday led yame richt,
 And gais command pair Denner suld be dicht.
 To heir ane Mes in gude Intent thay zeid,
 Of Inglisemen thay trowit thair was na dreid.
 Ane Cluffurd come was Emis Sone to the Lord
 And thre with him, in treuth for to record.
 To thair Innis sone efter Wallace past,
 Quha aucht thay hors in greit hething he ast.
 The gude wyfe said for to haue pleist him best,
 Thre gentill men ar cumin out of the west.
 Quha Deuill thame maid sa gaylie for to ryde,
 In saith with me ane wed thair mon abyde.
 Thir lewit Scottis hes leirit lytill gude,
 Lo all thair hors ar schent for fault of blude.
 Into greit scoyne for outtin wordis mair,
 The taillis all of thay thre hors thay schair.
 The gude wyfe cryit, and piteously couth greit,
 Sa Wallace come, and couth the Capitane meir.
 Ane woman tauld him thay had his hors schent
 For proper Ire he grew in matalent.
 He followit fast, and said gude freindis abyde,

C The fyft

Service to tak for thy craft in this tyme.
Marchell thow art without command of me,
Reward agane me think I suld pay the.
Sen I of lait new come out of the west,
In this countrie ane barbour of the best.
To cut and schair and that ane wounder gude,
Now thow sall sell how I vse to lat blude.
With his gude sword the Capitane hes he tane,
Quhill hors agane he merchellit neuer nane.
Ane uther sone upon the heid strais he,
Quhill chaftis and cheik upon the gait can fle.
Be that his men the tother thre had slane,
Thair hors thay tuke, and graithit yame ful bane
Out of the Town, for Denner baid thay nane,
The wyle he payit, that maid sa piteous mane.
Than Inglisemen fra that Chistane was deid,
To Wallace socht fra mony sindrie steid.
Of the Castell come cruell men and kene,
Quhen Wallace hes thair suddand semblie sen.
Toward sum strenth he bowit him to ryde,
For than him thocht it was na tyme to bide.
His hors bled fast that gart him dreading haif,
Of his gude men he wald haue had the laif.
To the knos wode withoutin mair thay raid,
Bot into it na Solorning he maid.
That wode as than was nouthir thick nor strang
His men he gat, syne lichtit he to gang.
Toward ane hicht, and led thair hors ane quhyple,
The Inglisemen wat than within ane myle.
On fresche hors rydand full haistely,
Seuin scot as than was in that company.
The Scottis lay on quhen thay that power saw,
Frawart the south thame thocht it best to draw.

Than

Than Wallace said, it is na witt in weir,
With our power to byde thame bargane heir.
Zone ar gude men, thairfoir I reid that we,
Innermair seik, quhill God send vs supple.
Haliday said, we sall do 3 our counsaill,
Bot sair I dreid that thir hurt hors will saill.
The Inglismen in burnist armour cleir,
Se than to thame approcht wounder neir.
Hozit Archearis schot and wald nocht spair,
Of Wallace men thay woundit twa full sair.
In Ire he grew quhen that he saw thame bleid
Him self he turnit, and on thame sone he Reid.
Sextene with him that worthie was in weir,
Of the foynest richt scharly down thay beir.
At that retorne systene in feild was slane,
The lair thay fled vnto thair power agane.
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualry,
Thomas Haliday in weir was full besy.
Ane bulcheiment saw, that cruell was and kene,
Twa hundreth hail of weill graithit Inglismen.
Unkilt he said, our power is to smaw,
Fra this plane feild I counsaill 3ow to draw.
To few we ar aganis zone felloun stail,
Wallace returnit full sone at his counsaill.
At the Corheid full fane thay wald haue bene,
Bot Inglismen hes weill thair purpois seue.
In plane battell thame followit hardely,
In danger thus thay held thame awfully.
Hew of Hozland Wallace followit fast,
He had befoir maid mony Scot agast.
Haldin he was, of weir the wo, thiest man,
In north England with thame was leuand yam.
In his armour weill forgit of fyne steill,

The First

An nobill cursour bure him baith fast and weil.
Wallace returnit besyde ane burely Aik,
And on him set ane felloun sicker straik.
Baith collar bane and schulder blaid in twa,
Thro the mid coist ye gude sword gart he ga.
His speir he wan, and als his cursour bricht,
Synne left his awin for loillit was his micht.
For lack of blude he micht na farther gang,
Wallace on hors the Sutheroun men amang.
His men releuit, that douchtie war in deid,
Him to reskew out of that felloun dreid.
Cruell straikis forsuith thair micht be sene,
On ather syde quhill blude ran on the grene.
Richt perrillous the semblay was to see,
Hardy and hait continewit the mellee.
Schow and reskew of Scottis and Inglis als,
Sum keruit bane in sunder, and sum the hals.
Sum hurt sum hynt, sum doun in to the deid,
The hardy Scottis sa steirit in that steid.
With Haliday on fute that bauldly abaيد,
Amang Sutheroun ane sul greit rowme pai maid.
Wallace on hors hynt ane nobill speir,
Out throw thame raid, as gude Chistane in weir.
Thre slew he thair or that his speir was gane,
Thus his gude sword in hand hes he rane.
Dang on derfy, with straikis sad and sair,
Quhome that he hit, greuit the Scottis na mair.
Fra Sutheroun men be naturall resoun knew,
How with ane straik ay ane man he slew.
Than meruellit thay, he was sa mekill of mane,
For thair best man in that kynd he had slane.
That his greit strenth agane him helpit nocht,
Nor nane vther in contrair Wallace socht.

Chan

Than said thay all leif he in strenth breane,
 This haill kinrik he will wynn him allane.
 Thay left the feild, and to thair power fled,
 And tauld thair Lord how euill the forrest sped.
 Quhilk Graystok hecht, was new cum in ye land
 Thairfoir he trowit nane durst agane him stand.
 Wounder him thocht, quhen yat he saw that sight
 Quhy his gude men for sa few tuk the sight.
 At that returne in feild twentie war tynt,
 And Morland als thairfoir he wald nocht stynt.
 Bot followit fast with thre hundreth but dreid,
 And swore he suld be bengit of that deid.
 The Scottis wan hors, because pair abuin counth
 In sleing syne cheistit the maist auail. (saill,
 Out of the feild thus wicht Wallace is gane,
 Of his gude men he had not loissit ane.
 Spue woundit war, but lichtly furth thay raid,
 Wallace ane space behind yame ay abaid.
 And Halyday preuit weill in mony place,
 Sister Sone he was to gude Wallace.
 Warly thay raid, and held thair hors in aynd,
 For thay trowit weill the Sutheroun wald af-
 fouth haill power atanis on thame set, (saynd.
 Bot Wallace kest thair purpois for to let.
 To brek thair ray he besyt him full fast,
 Than Inglismen sa greitly was agast.
 That nane of thame durst rusche out of the stail,
 All in array togidder held thame haill.
 The Sutheroun saw how that abandounly,
 Wallace abaid neir hand thair Chenealey.
 Be Morlandis hors yat knew him wouider weill
 Past to thair Lord, and tauld him euer ilk deill.
 No Schir thay said, forsuith zone same is he,

CThe fyft

That with his handis garris sa mony de.
 Haue his hois grace vpon his feit to byde,
 He doutis nocht throw syue thousand to ryde.
 We reid ze ceis, and follow him na mair,
 For dreid that we repent it syne full sair.
 He blamit thame, and said men may weill se,
 Cowartis ze at that for sa few wald fle.
 For thair counsall zit leif wald he thame nocht,
 Into greit Tre he on thame sadly socht.
 Waillad ane place quhair yat micht bargane mak
 Wallace was wa vpon him for to tak.
 And he sa few to byde thame on ane plane,
 At Quenisbery he wald haue bene full fane.
 Upon him self he take full greit trauell,
 To send his men, gif that micht him auail.
 Ane sword in hand richt manly he him to weir,
 Ay waitt and fast gif he nucht get ane speir.
 Now heir now thair, befoit thame to and fra,
 His hois gaif our, and micht na farther ga.
 Richt at the Skirt of Quenisbery befell,
 Bot vpon grace as myne authoz will tell.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame yat worthie was and
 To ye Corheid come on ye vther nicht. (wicht
 Threttie with him of Nobill men at wage,
 The first douchter he had in marriage:
 Of Haliday was newoy to Wallace,
 Cythingis to speir Schir Johne past of ye place.
 With men to speik quhair thay ane tryst had set,
 Richt neir the steid quhair Scottis & Inglis met
 Ane Kirkpatrick, that cruell was and bene,
 In Eddall wod that half ane zeir had bene.
 With Inglilmen he tuld nocht weill accord,
 Of Torchoz wald he Barroun was and Lord.

Of kin he was to Wallace Mother deir,
 On Craufurd syde, that mekill had to steir.
 Twentie he led of worthie men and wicht,
 Be than Wallace approchit to thair sicht.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame quhē he ye cōiter saw
 On thame he raid, and stude bot lytill aw.
 His gude fater he knew richt wounder weill,
 Kest down his speir, and sonzeit nocht adeill.
 Kirkpatrik als with worthie men in weir,
 Syftie in front atanis down thay beir.
 Thow the thickest of thze hundzeth thay raid,
 On Sutheroun syde full greit slaughter pai maid.
 Thame to reskew that was in felloun thrang,
 Wallace on fute the greit power amang.
 Gude rowme he gat thow help of Goddis grace
 The Sutheroun fled, and left thame in that place
 Hors thay wan to stuf the chace gude speid,
 Wallace and his that douchtie war in deid.
 Graystok tuke slicht, on sterne hors and on stout,
 Ane hundzeth held togidder in ane rout.
 Wallace on thame full sadly culd persew,
 The fleing weill of Inglis men he knew.
 That ay the best wald pas with thair Chistane,
 Besoir him sād he gude schir Johne ye Grahame.
 If strykand down quhome euer he micht hy,
 Than Wallace said, this is bot waitt soly.
 Commounis to slay, quhair Chistanis gais away
 Zour hors ar fresche, thairfoir do as I say.
 Gude men ze haue ar zit in Nobill stait,
 To zone greit rout for Godis luke hald zour gait.
 Sinder thame sone, we sall cum at zour hand,
 Quhen schir Johne had his taill weill vnderstād.
 Of nane vther fra thynes furth tuke he heid,

The fyft

To the forrest he followit weill gude speid.
Kirkpatrik als considderit thair counsaill,
Thay chargit thair men ay follow on the staill.
At his command full sone with thame thay met,
Had straikis and sair sadly vpon thame set.
Schir Johne the Grahame to Graystok fast he
His Desane pan it helpit him richt nocht. (socht,
Upon the craig ane graith straik gat him richt,
The burly blaid was braid, and burnist bucht.
In sunder keruit the mailzeis of fyne steill,
Throw braun and bane it ruschit euerilk deill.
Deid with that dynt to the ground down him drait
Be that Wallace assemblit on the laif.
Derlie to deith seill freikis thair he dicht,
Kais neuer agane quha euer that he hit richt.
Kirkpatrik than, Thom Haliday and thair men
Thair doughtie deidis war Robill for to ken.
At the knok heid the bald Graystok was slane,
And mony men quhilk war of mekill mane.
To sail thair lyfis part in the wod thay past,
The Scottis men thay ran togidder fast.
Quhe Wallace with Schir Johne ye Grahame
Richt gudly he with hūbilnes him gret. (met,
Perdoun he askit of the reprove betoir,
Into the chace, and said he suld no moir
Informatioun mak to him that was sa gude,
Quhen that Schir Johne Wallace weill vnder.
Do way he said, pair of as now na mair, (stude.
Ze did full richt, it was for our weill fair.
Wylse in weir ze ar all out than I,
Father in armis ze ar to me for thy.
Kirkpatrik syne that was his Cousing deir,
He thankit him richt on ane gude maneir

Roche

Nocht ane was loist of all thair Cheualry,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame to yame come happly
 The day was done, approchand was the night,
 At Wallace thay askit his counsall richt.
 He answerit thus, I speik bot with your leif,
 Richt laith I war ony gude man to greif.
 Bot thus I say in terminis schoyt for me,
 I wald assaill gif ze think it may be.
 Lochmabane hous, quhilk now is left allane,
 For weill I wait that power in it is nane.
 Carlauerok als zit Marwell hes in hand,
 And we had this, thay might be baith ane wand.
 Aganis Sutheroun, that now hes our countrie,
 Say quhat ze will, this is the best think me.
 Schir Johne the Grahame gais first his gude co-
 syne all ye laif richt with ane hail Intent. (sent
 To Lochmabane richt haistely thay ryde,
 Quhen yai come yair nocht half ane myle besyde:
 The night was mirk, to counsall at thay gane,
 Of Mone or Sterne apperance was yair nane.
 Than Wallace said, me think this land at rest,
 Thom Haliday thow knawis the countrie best.
 I heir na noyis of feill folk heir about,
 Thairfor I trow we ar the les in dout.
 Haliday said, I will tak ane with me,
 And ryde befor the maner for to se.
 Watlone he callit, with me thow mak the botw,
 With yame thow was ay nichtbour in yis town,
 I grant I was with thame aganis my will,
 And myne Intent is euer to do thame Ill.
 Unto the zet thay twa peirtly furth raid,
 The Portar come without langer abaid.
 At Johne Watlone sythingis culd he heir,

(The first

Oppin he bad, the Capitane cumis neir.
The yet but mair vnwysely vp he drew,
Thom Haliday sone be the craig him threwo.
And with ane knyfe stikkit him to deid,
In ane dark hoill down dreidles kest him deid.
Johnne Watstone hes hynt the keyis in his hand,
The Portar yā with wicht Wallace was cūmand
Thay enterit in, befoir thame sand na ma,
Except women and simpill seruandis twa.
In the kiching lang scudlaris had thay bene,
Sone thay war slane, quhen the Lady had sene.
Scho cryit grace for him that deit on tre.
Than Wallace said, Madame your noyis lat be.
To weimen zit we do bot lytill euill,
And young childer we lyke nocht for to spill.
I wald haue meit, Haliday quhat sayis thow,
For fastand folk to dyne gude tyme war now.
Grest puruiance was ordanit thame befoir,
Baith breid and aill, gude wyne, and bcher stoir.
To meit thay bowuit, for thay had fastit lang,
Gude men of armis vnto the clois gart gang.
Part sleand folk on fute thay fra thame glaid,
On the knok heid quhair greit melle was maid:
Ay as thay come Johnne Watstone leit thame in,
And gone to deith, without noyis or din.
Na man lest thair that was of Ingland boyne,
The Castell weill thay besyt on the moirne.
For Johuillown send ane man of gude degre,
Secund dochter forsuith weddit had he.
Of Halidays, deir seruy to Wallace,
Grest Capitane thay maid him of that place.
Thay lest him thair into ane gude arrap,
Syne flehit furth vpon the secund day.

women had leif in England for to fair,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, & gude Wallace culd
 To the Corheid, and ludgit yame yat nicht, (cair,
 Upon the morne the Sone was at the hicht.
 Efter Denner thay wald na langer byde,
 Thair purpois tuke in Craufurd mure to ryde.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame with Wallace yat was
 Thom Haliday agane returne richt. (wiche,
 To the Corhall, and thair remanit but dreid,
 Na Sutheroun wist principall quha did yis deid
 Kirkpatrick past in Eskdail woddie wyde,
 In sailtie thair, he thocht he suld abyde.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, & gude Wallace in feir
 With thame fourtie men of armis cleir.
 Throw Craufurd mure as that thay tuke ye way
 On Inglis men thair mynd remanit ay.

How Wallace wan ye Castel of Craufurd, and
 how he slew the Capitane thair of. Ca. iij.

In Craufurd Johne ye watter down yai ryde
 Neir hand the nicht thay lichtit vpon Clyde.
 Thair purpois tuke into ane quyet baill,
 Than Wallace said, I wald we nicht assaill:
 Craufurd Castell with sum gude Jeopardie,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame how say ye best may be
 This gude knicht said, and ye men war without,
 To tak the hous thair is bot lytill dout.
 Ane Squyar than, reullit that Lordschip haill,
 Of Cubirland borne, his name was Moxintail.
 Than Wallace said, my self will pas in feir,
 And ane with me, of herbery for to speir.
 Follow on dreich, gif that we myster oght,

(The First)

Edward Lytill with his Maister furth socht.
To ane Stillary, and with ane woman met,
Scho tauld to yame yat Sutheroun pair was set
And ze be Scottis I counsall zo w pas by,
For and thay may ze will get euill herbery.
At drink thay ar, sa haue thay bene richt lang,
Greit word thair is of Wallace thame amang.
Thay trow that he hes fund his men agane,
At Lochmabane feill Inglis men at flane.
That hous is tynt, that garris thame be full too
I trow to God that thay sall sone tyne ma.
Wallace speirit of Scotland gif scho be,
Scho said him zee, and thinkis it to se,
Sorrow on thame throw help of Goddis grace,
He askit hir quha was into the place.
A man of fence is left that hous within,
Twentie at heir makand greit noyis and din.
Allace scho said, gif I micht anis se,
The worthie Scottis in it maist maister be.
With this woman he wald na langer stand,
Ane bekin he maid, Schir Johne come at his hand
Wallace went in and said benedicite,
The Capitane speirit, quhat bella ny may tho to
That cumis sa grym sum tythingis to vstel, (be.
Thow art ane Scot, the Deuill thy natioun quel.
Wallace bzaid out his sword withouttin mair,
Into the breist the byrn Capitane he bair.
Throw out the coist, and sturkit him to deid,
Ane vther he hit akwart vpon the heid.
Quhome euer he strais he bzistit bane and lyre,
Full of thame deit, fell flathngis in the fyre.
Haistie payment he maid thame on the flure,
And Edward Lytill keptit weill the dure.

Schir

Schir Johne ye Grahame fane wald haue bene in
 Edward him bad at the Castell begin.
 For of thir folk we haue bot lytill dreid,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame fast to the Castell zeid
 Wallace rudely sic routis on thame gais,
 Thay twentie men derfly to deith thay draif.
 Fyftene he straik, and fyftene hes he slane,
 Edward slew fyue, quhilk was of mekill mane.
 To the Castell Wallace had greit desyre,
 Be that Schir Johne had set the hous in fyre.
 Nane was thair in that greit defence culd ma,
 Bot women fast sair weip and into wa.
 Withouth the place ane auld Bulwark was maid,
 Wallace zeid our withouthin langer abaid.
 The women sone he laifit fra the deid,
 Maik folk he put, and barnis fra that steid.
 Of purueyance he fand lytill o' nane,
 Befoir pat tyme thair victuall all was gane.
 Zit in that place thay ludgit all that nicht,
 Fra Distillary brocht sic gude as thay micht.
 Upon the moine housis thay spulzeit fast,
 All thing that docht out of that place thay cast.
 Treime wark yai bynt, pat wat within yai banis
 Wallis brak down that stalwart war of stanis.
 Spilt that thay micht, syne wald na langer byde,
 Unto Dundas that samin nicht thay ryde.
 And ludgit thair with mirth and all plesance,
 Thankand greit God pat lent yame sic gude chace

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G. iii.

The Sert

In this Sert Buik is declarit the Spousage
of Wallace, and how Heselrig slew Wallace
wyle in the Toun of Lanerk, and how he slew
Heselrig for the samin cause, and put the Ing-
lishmen out of Lanerk.

Than passit was the Octauis of Februar,
And part of Marche be richt degestioun
... Appeirit than the last Moneth of Uer,
The Signe of Somer with his sweit lesoun.
Be that Wallace fra Dundas maid him boun,
His leif he tuke, and to Kilbanck can sair
The rumour rais throw Scotland vp and down,
With Inglisemen, that Wallace leuand wair.

Into Apryle quhen cleithit is but wene,
The abill ground throw wirking of natour
And woddys hes won pair worthie weidys of grene
Quhen Nymphis in beilding of his bour.
With oyle and balme fullit of sweit odour,
Canettis in trace, as thay wat wont to gang.
Walkand thair cours in euerie casual hour,
To glaid the huntaris with thair mery sang.

In this same tyme to him approchit new,
His lustie pane the quhill I spak of air
Be his face he thocht for to persew,
In Lanerk Toun, and hidder can he sair.
At residence and quhyle remanit thair,
In his presence as I haue said befor
Thocht Inglisemen greit at his repair,
Zit he desyrit the thing that set him soir.

The syze of lufe hys reullit at sic wyle,

He lphie

He lykitt weill with that gudely to be,
 Quhyllis he wald think of daliger for to ryse,
 And vther quhyllis out of hir presence fle.
 To reis of weir it war the best for me,
 Thus win I nocht bot sadnes on ilk syde
 Shall neuer man this cowardnes in me se,
 To weir I will, for chance that may betyde.

Quhat is this luse, it is bot greit mischance?
 That me wald bring fra armis verrily,
 I will nocht change my worschip for plesance
 In weir I think my tyme to occupy.
 Zit hir to luse, I will nocht let for thy,
 Hair I sall desyre my worschip to reserf
 Fra this day furth, thair euer mair did I,
 In feir of weir quhydder I leif or sterf.

Quhat suld I say, Wallace was planely set,
 To luse hir best in all the warid sa wyde,
 Thinkand he suld of his desyre to get
 And sa befell be concord on aue tyde.
 That scho was maid at his command to hyde,
 And thus began the stynting of his styfe,
 The band begun with graith witnes besyde
 Myne Authoz sayis scho was his weddit wyfe.

Now leif in pear, now leif in gude concord,
 Now leif in play, now leif in haill plesance
 For scho be chance hes baith hir luse and Lord,
 He thankis luse that did him sa auance.
 Sa eninly held be saour the ballance,
 Sen he at will may lay hir in his armis
 Scho thankit God of hir hie happy chance,
 For in his tyme he was the flour of armys.

The Sert

Fortoun him schew his figurit doubill face,
Feill lyfe or than he had bene set abuse.
In presoun now deliuerit now throw grace,
Now at vneis, now at vnrest and ruse.
Now weill at will weild and his plesand luse,
And thocht him self out of aduersitie,
Desyand ay his manheid for to pruse
In curage set vpon the stagis hie.

The verray treuth I can nocht graithly tell,
Into this lyfe how lang that thay had bene
Throw naturall cours of generatioun fell,
Ane chylde was cheuit thir twa lufaris betwene
Quhilk gudellie was, ane madin bricht and schene.
Sa farther furth become tyme of hir age,
Ane Squyar schaw pat pan full weill hes sene
This lyfe lait man gat hie in mariage.

This vther maid weddit ane Squyar wiebe,
Quhilk weill was knawin cummin of Balliollis
And thair Airis be tyne succedit richt, (blude
To Laminetoun and vther landis gude.
Of this mater the richt quha understude
Heirol as now I will na mair proceid,
Of my sentencz than schortly to conclud
Of vther thing my purpois is to reid.

Richt gudely men come of this Lady 3ing,
Farther as now of thame I speik na mair
Bot Wallace furth into his weir can ring
He micht nocht eis greit curage sa him baie.
Suthertoun to slay for dreid he wald nocht spair,
And thay oft lyfe feill causis to him wrocht
Fra that tyme furth quhilk mouit him mair saie.

That

That neuer in world out of his mynd was brocht

Now leif thy myrth, now leif thy haill plesance
 Now leif thy blis, now leif thy chyldis age
 Now leif thy youth, now follow thy hard chance
 Now leif thy lust, now leif thy mariage.
 Now leif thy lufe, for thou sall tyne ane gage,
 Quhilk neuer in eird salbe redemit agane
 Felloun fortoun and all hir feirs outrage
 Go leif in weir, go leif in cruell pane.

Fy on fortoun, fy on thy freuoll quheill,
 Fy on thy traist, for heir it hes no lest
 That sa trassfigurit Wallace out of his weill
 Quhen he traistit for to haue leuit best.
 His plesance heir to him was bot ane gest,
 Thro to thy feirs cours, that hes na hap to ho.
 Him thou ouirthrow out of his lykand rest,
 Fra greit plesance, in weir trauell and wo.

Quhat is fortoun, quha drawis the daif sa fast?
 We wait thair is baith weill, and wickit chance.
 Bot this fals world with mony doubill cast,
 In it is nocht bot verray variance.
 It is na thing to heuinly gouernance,
 Than pray we all to the maker abuse
 Quhilk hes in hand of Justice the ballance,
 That he vs grant it of his deir lestand lufe.

Heir of as now, farther I speik na mair,
 Bot to my purpois shortly will I sair.

Twell hundreth zeir, thairto nyntie & seuin,
 Fra Christ was borne the richteous King of
 William Wallace into gude lyking gaif (heuin.

The Sert

In Lanerk toun amang his mortall fais,
The Inglismen that euer fals hes bene,
With Hestrig quhill cruell was and bene.
And Robert Thorne ane fellow subtil knight,
Hes fund the way be quhat mene best thay might
How that thay suld mak contrary to Wallace,
Be argument as he come vpon cace.
On fra the kirk that was without the toun,
Quhill thair power might be in armis boun.
Schir Johnne ye Grahame yat worthie was and
To Lanerk toun gude Wallace to persew. (trew
Of his weilfair as he full oft had sene,
Gude men he had, in company sytene.
And Wallace nyne, thay wat na feiris ma,
Vpon the moine unto the Hes can ga.
Thay and thair men graithit in gudely grene,
For the sesoun sic vse full lang hes bene.
Quhen sadly thay had said thair deuotioun,
Ane arguit thame, as thay went thro the toun.
The starkest man that Hestrig than knew,
And als he had of lightly wordis ane w.
He salust thame as it wat bot in scorne,
Deu gard gude day, bone senzeour & gude moine
Quhome scornis tho w (quod Wallace) quha leir
Quhy schir he said, come ze not out ye see? (thee?
Pardoun me than for I weind ze had bene,
Ane Almarat to bring ane vncouth Quene.
Wallace answerit, sic pardoun as we haif,
In vs to gif thy part thow sall nocht craif.
Sen ze ar Scottis, zit salust sall ze be,
Gud euen daucht Lord, Sallanch Banzeochade.
Ma Snt herout men to thame assemblit heir,
Wallace was laith ag than to mak ane heir.

Ane maid ane skrip, and sit at his lang sword,
Hald still thy hand (quod he) and speik thy word.
With thy lang sword thow makis mekill boist,
Thair of (quod he) thy dame maid lytill coist.
Quhat caule hes thow to weir yat gudely grene?
My maist cause is, bot for to mak the tene.
Quhat suld ane Scot do with sa fair ane knyfe?
He said the Drest that last Janglit thy wyfe:
That woman lang hes callit him sa fair,
Quhill that his chyldre worthis to be thyne air.
We think (quod he) thow dysfis me to scoone,
Thay dame was Japit or thow was bozne.
The power than assemblit him about,
Twa hundreth men that stalwart war and stoue
The Scottis saw thair power was cummand,
Schir Robert Thorne and Hesselrig at hand.
Greit multitude with wappinis burneist bene,
The worthie Scottis quhill cruell war and kene
Among Sutheroun sic dyntis gail that tyde,
Quhill blude on breid, bristit fra woundis wyde.
Wallace in stour was cruelly fechtand,
Of ane Sutheroun he smoit of the richt hand.
And quhen that Carll of fechtung nicht na nair,
With the left hand in Ire held ane baklaire.
Than fra the stump the blude out sprang ful fast,
In Wallace face abundantly can it cast.
Into greit part it marrit him of his sight,
Schir Johne ye Grahame ane straik hes tane him
With his gude sword vpo ye sutheroun syze (richt
Derly to deith drail him into that Ire.
The perrell was richt awfull hard and strang,
The stour indurit meruellously and lang.
The Inglismen zit gadderit wounder fast.

[The Sert

The worthie Scottis the gait left at the last.
Quhen thay had flane and woundit mony ane,
To Wallace Innis the ganest way thay gane.
Thay passit sone, defendit thame richt weill,
He and Schir Johne with swordis stik of steill.
Behind thair men, quhill thay the zet had tane,
This woman than quhilk was full will of wane.
The perrell saw with felloun noyis and din,
Set vp the zet, and leit thame enter in.
Throuch to ane strenth thay passit of that steid,
Fyfte Sutheroun vpon the gait lay deid.
This fair woman with besynes and micht,
The Inglis men to tary with ane slicht.
Quhill that Wallace into the wod was past,
Than Cartlane craigis thay persewit full fast.
Quhe Sutheroun saw yat chaipit was Wallace,
Agane thay turnit, the woman tuke on cace.
Put hir to deith, I can nocht tell zow how,
Of sic mater I may nocht tarie now.
Quhair greit dule is, but redeming agane,
Renewing of it is bot eiking of pane.
The trew woman had seruit hir full lang,
Out of the toun the ganest way can gang.
To Wallace tauld, how all this deid was done,
The panefull wo socht to his hart full sone.
War nocht for schame he had schot to the ground
For bitter baill that in his breist was bound.
Schir Johne ye Grahame baith wyse gentil & fre
Greit murning maid that pietie was to se.
And als the lair that war assemblit thair,
For pure sorrow with hart weipit full sair.
Quhen Wallace feld thair curage was sa small,
He ferzeit him for to comfort thame all.

Eris men he said, this is ane buteles pane,
 For we can nocht cheueis hir lyfe agane.
 Uneis ane word he micht bring out for tene,
 The bailfull teiris brist braitly fra his ene.
 Richard he said, sall neuer man me se,
 Rest into eis quhill this deid worokin be.
 The sarkles slauchter of hir baith blyth & brycht,
 That I awo to the maker of micht.
 Of that Natoun I sall neuer forbeir,
 Young nor auld that abill is to weir.
 Preist nor woman I think nocht for to sta;
 In my default, bot gif thay causing ma.
 Schir Johne he said, lat all this murning be,
 And for hir saik thair sall ten thousand de.
 Quhair men may weip, thair curage is the les,
 It staikis fre, of wzang thay suld redres.
 Of thair complaint as now I speik na mair,
 Of Buchinlek in Kilbank dwelland thair.
 Quhen he hard tell of Wallace veratioun,
 To Cartlane wod with ten men maid him boun.
 Wallace he fand sumpart withim the nicht.
 To Lanerk toun in all haist thay yame dight.
 The warche as than of thame had lytill dield,
 Partit thair men, syne diuers wayis seid.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame and his gude cūpany,
 To Schir Robert Thorne full fast thay hy.
 Wallace and his, to Hefilrig sone thay past,
 In ane heich hous quhair he was sleipand fast.
 Struck at the dure with his fute hardely,
 Quhill bar and brais in the dure gart he ly.
 The Schires cryit quha makis that greit deray,
 Wallace he said, quhilk thow hes socht this day.
 The womanis deith, will God thow sall deir hy,

CThe Sert

Hessdrig thocht it was na tyme to ly.
Out of that hous full fane he wald haue bene,
The nicht was mirk, zit Wallace hes him sens,
Feirly him strais, as he come in greit Ire,
Upon the heid, bristit throw bane and lire.
The scheir and sword glaid to his schulder bane,
Out out the stair amang thame is he gane.
Gude Achilles trowit nocht that he was deid,
Thyris with ane knyfe he strais him in that streid.
The scry about rais rudely in that streit,
Feill of the laif war ful seie vnder feit.
Zoung Hessdrig and wicht Wallace is met,
Ane sicker strais Williame hes on him set.
Derly to deith, out the stair dang him down,
Mony that nicht thay slew in Lanerk town.
Sum Greissis lap, and sum stikkit withun,
Affeirit thay war, with hiddeous noyis and din.
Schir Johne ye Grahame had set ye hous in fyre
Quhair Robert Thorne was bynt by bane a lyre.
Twelf scot thay slew yat war of Ingland boine,
Weimen thay leuit, and Dreistis on the moine.
To pas thair way of blis and gudis baie,
And swore that thay, agane suld cum na mair.
Quhen Scottis hard thir syne tythingis of ne w,
Out of all parris to Wallace last thay drew.
Pleneist the coun quilk was thair heritage,
Thus Wallace strais aganis that greit barnage.
Ay he began with stypse and stalwart hand,
To cheuis agane sum rowmis in Scotland.
The worthie Scottis that semblit to him thair,
Cheistit him for cheif, thair Chifane and leidair.
Bymer Wallange ane felloun Tyrant kniche,
In Borthwel dwelt, King Edwards ma ful riche.

Murray

Murray was out, thocht he was richteous Lord,
 Of all that land, as trewe men will record.
 Into Arrane he was dwelland that tyde,
 And vther ma, in this land durst nocht byde.
 Bot this fals knicht in Bothwell wimand was
 Ane man he gart sone to King Edward pas.
 And tauld him hail of Wallace ordinance,
 How he had put his pepill to mischance.
 And planely was, risin agane to King,
 Greut thair at, richt greitly was this King.
 Thro all England he gart his doaris cry,
 Power to get, and said he wald planely:
 In Scotland pas, that Realme to statute new,
 Feill men of weir to him richt fast thay drew.
 The Quene feld weill how that his purpos was
 To hin scho went, on kneis syne can scho as.
 He wald desist, and nocht in Scotland gang,
 Ze suld hane dzeit, to wrik la felloun wjang.
 Cristinit thay at, zone is thair heritago,
 To reis thair Croun it is ane greit outrage.
 For hir counsall at hame he wald nocht byde,
 His Lordis hin seit in Scotland for to ryde.
 Ane Scottis mā pan dwelt wick King Edward,
 Quhen he hard tell that Wallace take sic part:
 He stail fra thame als priuaty as he may,
 Into Scotland he come vpon ane day.
 Seikand Wallace he maid him redddy boun,
 This Scot was bozne in Kyle at Ricardtown.
 All England coist he knew it wounder weill,
 Fra Hull about, to Bristow euerie deill.
 Fra Carlile throuch Sandwiche pat Royall steid
 Fra Douer ouir, vnto Sanct Bays heid.
 In Picardy and Flanders bath he had beue,

The Sert

All Normandy and France hes he fene.
 The Pursuant to King Edward in weir,
 Bot he culd nener gat him his armis beir.
 Of grett stature, and lumpart gray was he,
 The Inglis men callit him bat Grymisbie.
 To Wallace come, and into Kyle him fand,
 He tauld him hail the tythingis of Ingland.
 Thay turnit his name fra tyme pat he him knew
 And callit him Jop of Ingyne he was trew.
 In all his tyme gude service in him fand,
 Gais him to beir the armis of Scotland.
 Wallace agane in Cliddisdail sone he raid,
 And his power semblit withoutin baid.
 He gart command quha wald his pear tak,
 The fre remit he suld gar to him mak.
 For alkin deid that thay had done beforne,
 The Perseis peice & Schir Rannalds was woyn
 Feill to him drew, that bauldly durst abyde,
 Of Wallace kyn of mony diuers syde.
 Schir Rannald than send him his power haill,
 Him self durst nocht be knawin in battall:
 Agane Sutheroun, for he had maid ane band,
 Lang tyme befor, to hald of thame his land.
 Adame Wallace past out of Ricardtoun,
 And Robert Boyd, with gude men of Renoun.
 Of Cuninghame and Kyle come men of waill,
 To Lanerk socht on hoys ane thousand haill.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, & his gude Cheualrie,
 Schir Johne of Tynno, with mē pat he micht be
 Gude Auchinlek, that Wallace Unkill was,
 Mony grew Scot, with pair Chistane culd pas.
 Thre thousand haill of lyklike men in weir,
 And feill on fute, quhilk wantit hoys and gear.

The tyme be this was cummand vpon hand,
The awfull Dist with Edward of England.

The Battell of Bigar.

TO Bigar come with sertie thousand men,
In weir weidis, that cruell was to ken.
Thay plantit thair feill Tentis & pavillonis
Quhair clacions blew with mony michtie sound;
Pleneist that place with gude victuall and wyne
In Cartis brocht thair purueyance full fyne.
This awfull king gart twa Heraldis be brocht,
Said thame command in all the haist thay mocht.
To charge Wallace that he suld cum him till,
Withouth promys, and put him in his will.
Becaus we wait he is ane gentill man,
Cum in my grace, and I sall saif him than.
As for his lye I will vpon me tak,
And efter this gif he wald seruice mak.
He sall haue wage that may him weill suffice,
That Rebald wenis, for he hes Done surprise.
To my pepill oft vpon auenture,
Aganis me that he may lang Indure.
To this proffer ganest and gif he be,
Heir I awow he salbe bangit he.
Ane young Squyar was brother to Schir Het
He thocht he wald ga disagysit to persew.
Wallace to se, that tuke sa he ane part,
Borne Sister Sone he was to King Edward.
Ane coit of Armys he tuke on him but baird,
With the Heraldis full priuarly furth raid.
To Tynro hill withouthin residence,
Quhair Wallace lay, with his folk at defense.

[The Bert

The lik' y Dist as of sa few thay fand,
To him thay socht, and wald na langer stand.
Gif ze be he that reullis all this thing,
Credence we haue brocht fra our worthie King.
Than Wallace gart thre knichtis to him call,
Syne red the wair in presence of thame all.
To thame he said, answer ze sall nocht craif,
Be word or wair quhilk lyks zow best to haif.
In wair thay said it war the likyest.
Than Wallace thus began to dyte in haif.
[Thow reuar King zow chargis me thow care
That I suld cum and put me in thy grace.
Gif I gauest and, thow hechtis for to hing me,
I am to God, and euer I may tak the.
Thow salbe hangit and exempill to geif,
To King of Keif, als lang as I may leif.
Thow profferis me of thy wagis to haif,
I the desy power and all the laif,
That helpis the heir, of thy fals Natioun,
Will God thow salbe put from this Regioun.
Or de thairfor contrair thocht thow had swoyne
Thow sall be se or nyne houris the moyne,
Battell to geif, maugre of all thy kyn,
For falsly thow seikis our Realme within.
This wair he gait to the Heraldis but mair,
And gude reward he gart delyuer thame thair.
Bot Jop knew weil ye Squyar zoug schir Hew,
And tauld Wallace, for he was euer trew.
He thame commandit that thay suld sone him tak
Him self began lair accusing to mak.
Squyar he said, sen thow bes sen seit armis,
On the fall fall sumpart of thir harmis.
Exempill to gif to all thy fals Natioun.

Upon ane hill he gart syne set him down.
 Straik of his heid or he wald farther go,
 To the Herald said syne withouttin ho.
 For thou art fals to armis and maneswome,
 Thow thy cheikis thy tounge salbe out schorne.
 When that was done, than to the thrid said he,
 Armis to Judge thou fall neuer graithly se.
 He gart ane Smyth, with his turras riche thair,
 Pull out his ene, syne gais thame leif to fair.
 To rout fals King thy fellow fall the leid,
 With thy answer, turs him his Neutopis heid.
 Thus sair I dreid the King and all his boist.
 His dum fellow led him vnto thair Dist.
 When King Edward his Heraldis thus hes sene
 In proper Ire he wore new wode for tene.
 That he wist nocht, on quhat wyse him to wreik,
 For sorrow all maist ane word he euld nocht speik.
 Ane lang quhyle he stude wythand in ane rage,
 On loud he said, this is ane fell outrage.
 This deid to Scottis full deir it salbe bocht,
 Sa dispitesfull in warld was neuer wrocht.
 Fra this Regioun I think nocht for to gang,
 Quhill tyme that I fall se that Rebelle hang.
 I lat him thus in syte and sorrow dwell,
 Of the gude Scottis sehortly I will tell.

I Urth fra his men than Wallace raikit richt,
 To him he callit sehir Johne Tynrope knicht
 And leit him wit, to beir he wald ga,
 The Inglis Dist, and bad him tel na ma.
 Quhat euer thay speir it quhill yat he come agane
 Wallace disaynt thus so wunt our ane plane.
 Betuir Culter and Bigar as he pait,

[The Sene

He was sone war quhair ane workman come sa
Dyuan and ane meir, and pitcheris for to sell,
Gude freind he said in treuth will thou me tell,
With this chauncy quhair passis thou trewly?
To ony place quha lykis for to by.
It is my craft, and I wald sell thame sane,
I will thame by, sa God me help fra pane.
Quhat pryce lat heir, I will haue thame ilk ane,
Bot half ane mark, for sic pryce haue I tane.
Twentie schillingis, Wallace said thou sall half,
I will haue Weir, pitcheris and all the laif.
Thy gowne and hois in haist thou put of syne,
And mak ane change, for I sall gif the myne.
And thy auld hude because it is theid bair.
The man wend weill he had scornit him thair.
Thou tary nocht, it is suith that I say,
The man kest of his sebill weid of gray.
And Wallace his, syne payit siluer in hand.
Was on he said, thou art ane bad Merchand.
The gowne and hois in clay that claggit was,
The hude heklit, and syne maid him to pas.
The quhip he tuke, and furth the Weir can call,
Attour ane bray the vpmest pot gart fall.
Brak on the ground, the man leuch at his sair,
Bot thou be war, thou tynis of thy chauffair.
The Sone be than was passit out of sight,
The day was went, and cumin was the night.
Among the Sutheroun full besely he past,
On ather syde his ene he can to cast.
How Lordis lay, and had thair ludging maid,
The Daulloun quhair that the Leopardis baid.
Spyand full fast quhair his auail might be,
He culd weill wyne and luke by with ane Ce.

Sum scornit him, sum gleyit Earl callit him yair
 Aggreuit thay war of thair Herald's missale.
 Sum speirit at him how he sauld of the best,
 For fourtie pennyis he said quhill thay may lest.
 Sum brak ane part, sum prikkit at his Ce,
 Wallace slaid out priuatly and leit thame be.
 Unto his Dist agane he passit richt,
 His men be than had tane Tynto the knicht,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame gart bind him wouder
 For he wist weill he was with Wallace last. (fast
 Sum bad byrn him, sum hang him in ane cord,
 Thay swoze that he had desfaulit thair Lord.
 Wallace be this was enterit thame amang,
 To him he zeid, and wald nocht tary lang.
 Syne he gart lous him of thay bandis new,
 And said he was baith sober, wyse, and trew.
 To Supper sone botomit but mair abaid,
 He tauld to thame quhat merkat he had maid.
 And how that he the Sutheroun saw full weill
 Schir Johne ye Grahame displeit was sum deill.
 And said to him nocht Chistane lyke it was,
 Thro' wilfulness in sic perrell to pas.
 Wallace answerit, or he win Scotland fre,
 Baith ze, and I, in mair perrell mon be.
 And mony biher the quhilk full worthie is,
 Now of ane thing we do sum part ane mis.
 Ane lytill sleip I wald fane that we had,
 With zome men syne, luke how we may be glaid.
 The worthie Scottis tuke gude rest quhill neit
 Thairais pai vp, to array sone ordanit thay. (day
 The hill is left, and so ane plane is gane,
 Wallace him self the vangard first hes tane.
 With him was Boyd, and Auchinleck but drest,
 H. iii.

The Sert

With ane thousand of worthie men in weid.
His mony spne in the myddill waied put he,
Schir Johne ye Grahame he gart pair leidar be.
With him young Adam the Lord of Ricardtoun
And Someruell ane bald Squyar of Renoun.
The thrid thousand in the reirward he dight,
To Walter gais of Newbigging the knicht.
With him Tynto that douchtie was in deid,
And Dauid Sone to Schir Walter to leid.
Behind thame neir the fute men gart he be,
And bad thame byde quhill thay pair tyme micht
Ze want wappinnis, and harnes in this tyde(se.
The first counter ze may nocht weill abyde.
Wallace gart sone the Chifranis to him call,
This charge he gais, for chance that micht befall.
To tak na heid to geir nor zit peillage,
For thay will be as wud folk in ane rage.
Win first the men, the gude spne ze may hail.
And tak na tent of couetise to craill.
Throw couetise men loiffis gude and lyfe,
I zow conunand forbeir sic in our stryfe.
Luse ze laif nane, Lord, Capitane, nor knicht,
For worchip work, and for our Eldaris richt.
God blis vs all, that we may in our vepage,
Put thir fals folk out of our heritage.
Than thay Inclynit all with ane gude will,
His plane conunand thay hecht it to fulfill.
On the greit Dist the parteis last can draw,
Cumand to thame out of the South thay saw:
Thre hundred men into that Armour cleir,
The ganell way to thame approcht neir.
Wallace said sone, thay ar na Jngishmen,
For by this Dist the gais is weil thay ken.

Thom

Thom Halyday thay men he gydit richt,
 from Annandail he had led thame that nicht.
 His twa gude Sonnis, Johnstoun & Rutherford
 Wallace was blyth, fra he had hard that word.
 Sa was the lair of his gude Cheualer,
 Jardane thair come into thair company.
 And Kirkpatrick befoir in Eskdail was,
 Ane wing thay war in Wallace Dist to pas.
 The Inglis watche, that nicht had bene on steir,
 Diew to thair Dist, richt as the day can peir.
 Wallace knew weill, for he befoir had sene,
 The Kingis Pauillone quhair it was buskit bene.
 Than with riche hors ye Scottis byp pame raid,
 At the first counter, sa greit abasing maid.
 That all the Dist was stoneist of that sight,
 Full mony ane derfly to deith was dight.
 Feill of thame as than was out of array,
 The mair awfull and haistie was the fray.
 The noyis was hudge, throw straikkis that thay
 The rumour rais sa rudely pame amang. (dang,
 That all the Dist was than in point to fle,
 The wyse Lordis fra thay the perrell se.
 The felloun fray als rasit was about,
 And how thair King stude in sa mekill dout.
 To his Pauillone full mony thousand socht,
 Him to reskew be ony way thay mocht.
 The Eyll of Kent that nicht walkand had bene,
 With fyue thousand of men in armour kene.
 About the King full suddandly thay gang,
 And traistis weill ye assailze was richt strang.
 All Wallace folk in vse of weir was gude,
 Into the stout, sone lichtit quhair pai stude.
 Quhome euer pai hit na harnes nicht pame stynt

[The Sert

Fra thay on fute assemblit with swordis dyut.
 Of manheid thay in hartis cruell was,
 Thay thocht to win or neuer hyne to pas.
 Feti! Inglis men befor the king thay flew,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame come with his power
 Amag ye Dist with ye myddil ward he raid (new
 Greit martir dome on Sutheroun men pai maid.
 The reir ward than set on sa hardely,
 With Sepabigging and all the Cheualry.
 Dauillone raipis thay cuttit all in sunder,
 Borne to the ground and mony sinorit vnder.
 The fute men come, the quhilk I spak of air,
 On frayit folkis set straikis sad and sair.
 Thocht thay befor wantit baith hors and geit,
 Aneuch thay gat, quhat pai wald wail to weir.
 The Scottis power than all togidder war,
 The kingis Dauillone bymly down thay bair.
 The Erk of Kent with ane gude Axe in hand,
 Into the stour full stoutly culd he stand.
 Befor the king makand full greit debait,
 Quha best did than had the hiest estait.
 The felloun stour sa stalwart was and strang,
 Thairto continewit mernellously and lang.
 Wallace him self full sadly culd persew,
 And at ane straik the cheif Chiscane he flew.
 The Sutheroun folk fled fast and durst not byde
 Housit thair king and of the seild can ryde.
 Aganis his will, for he was laith to fle,
 Into that tyme he rocht nocht for to de.
 Of his best men thre thousand thair was deid,
 Or he culd find to fle and leif that steid.
 Twentie thousand fled with him in ane staill,
 The Scottis gat hors, and followit yat battaill.
Throw

Thro' Culter hope or tyme thay wan the hicht,
 Feill Sutheroun folk war marrit in thair nicht.
 Slane be the gait as thair King fled away,
 Baith fair and brycht, and richt cleir was the day.
 The Sone rylin schynand ouir hill and dail,
 Than Wallace kest quhat was his best anail
 The fleand folk that of the feild first past,
 In to thair King agane yai semblit fast.
 Fra ather syde sa mony assemblit thair.
 That Wallace wald lat follo'w thame na mair.
 Befoir he raid gart his folk turne agane,
 Of Inglismen seuin thousand thair was slane.
 Than Wallace Dist agane to Bigar raid,
 Quhair Inglismen greit purueyance had maid.
 The Towalry as thay war hidder led,
 Pauillonis and all thay leisit quhen thay fled.
 The Scotts gat gold, gude geir and vther wage
 Beleuit thay war that partit that peillage.
 To meit thay went with myrth and plesance,
 Thay spairit nocht King Edwardis purueyance.
 With solace syne ane lytill sleip thay ta,
 Ane priuat watche he gart amang thame ga.
 Twa Cukis fell thair lylis for to saif,
 With deid Crocis that lay vnput in graif.
 Quhen thay saw weill the Scottis war at rest,
 Out of the feild, to steill thay thocht it best.
 Full law thay crap quhill thay war out of sight,
 Efter the Dist syne ran in all thair might.
 Quhen yat ye Scottis had sleipt bot ane quhyle
 Than rais thay vp, for Wallace dyedit gyle.
 He said to thame the Sutheroun may persew,
 Agane to vs, for thay ar folk anew.
 Quhair Inglismen prouisioun makis in weir,

C The Sert

It is full hard to do thame mekill deir.
On this plane feild we will thame nocht abyde,
To sum gude place my purpois is to ryde.
The purueyance thay left was into that steid,
To Roppis Bog he gart seruandis it leid
With ordinance that Sutheroun brocht in thair,
He with the Dist to Dauidschaw can fair.
Quhair thay remanit ane greit space of the day,
Of Inglismen zit sum thing will I say.
As King Edward throw Culter hopis socht,
Quhen he persauit the Scottis followit nocht:
In Johnis Graif he gart his Dist byde still,
Feill steand folk asseinblit sone him till.
Quhen thay war met, the King neir worthit mad
For his deir kyn that he thair lossit had.
His twa Emis into the feild was slane,
His secund Sone that mekill was of mane.
His brother Hew was killit thair full cald,
The Erll of Kent, that cruell berne and bald.
With greit worschip take deid befor the King,
For him he murnit sa lang as he micht King.
At this semblay as thay in sorow stand,
The twa Cukis come sone in at his hand.
And tauld to him, how thay eschappit waite,
The Scottis all, as swyne lvis drunkin thair.
Of your wicht wyne ze gart vs bidder leid,
Full weill ze may be bengit of thair deid.
Upon our lvis, is suith that we zo w tell,
Returne agane, ze sall find thame your sell.
He blamit thame, and said na wit it was,
That he agane for sic ane taill suld pag.
Thair Chiltane is richt meruellous in weir,
Fra sic perrell he can full weill thame beir.

For to seek mair, as now I will nocht ryde,
 Our mett is loissie, thairfor we man nocht byde.
 The hardy Duke of Longcastell and Lord,
 Soucrane he said, to our counsall concord.
 Gif this be trew, we haue the mair auail,
 We may thame win, and mak bot licht trauell.
 Was zome folk deid, quha micht agane vs stand?
 Than neid we nocht for meit to leif the land.
 The King answerit, I will nocht ryde agane,
 As at this tyme my purpois is in plane.
 The Duke said Schir, gif ze determynit be,
 To moue zow mair, it effeitis nocht to me.
 Command power, agane with me to wend,
 And I of this, sall se ane finall end.
 Ten thousand haill be chargit for to ryde,
 Hie in this strench all nicht I sall zow byde
 We may get meit of bestiall in this land,
 Gude bynk as now we may nocht bring to hand.
 Of west mure land the Lord had met yame pair,
 On with the Duke he graithit him to fair.
 At the first straik with thame he had nocht bene
 With him he led ane thousand weil besene.
 The Birkard Lord was with ane thousand boun,
 Of King Edward he keptit Calice toun.
 Thir twent thousand vnto the toun can fair,
 The twa Capitans sone met thame at Bizair.
 With the hail stuf of Roxburgh and Berwike,
 Schir Rauf Gray saw pat thay war Suthercount
 Out of the South approachit to thair sight, (like.
 He knew full weil with yame it was not richt.
 Aymer Wallance with his power come als,
 King Edwardis man ane cyran knicht and fals.
 Quhen thay war met, thay said nocht ellis pair,

[The Sert

Bot deid Crocis, and thay war spulzeit hale.
Than meruellit thay quhair the Scottis suld be,
Of thame about apperance thay culd nocht se.
Bot spyris yame tauld pat come w Schir Aymare
In Dauidschaw thay saw yame mak repair.
The feill Sutheroun sone past to that place,
The watche was war, and tauld it to Wallace.
He warnit the Dist out of the Toun to ryde,
In Roppis Bog he purposit to abyde.
Ane lytill Schaw vpon the ane syde was,
That men on fute out of the Bog nicht pas.
The hors thay left into that lytill hald,
On fute thay thocht the Mos that thay suld hald.
The Inglis Dist had weill thair passage sene,
And followit fast with eruell men and kene.
Thay trowit pat Bog nicht mak yame lytil baill
Growin ouir with Rispe, & all ye sword was haill.
On thame to ryde thay ordanit with greit Ire,
Of the formest ane thousand in the myre.
Of hors with men, ar plungit in the deip,
The Scottis of thair cūming tuke gude keip.
Vpon thame set with straikis sad and sair,
Zeid nane away of all that enterit thair.
Licht men on fute vpon thame derfly Dang,
Feill under hors war smorit in that thrang.
Strampit in Mos, and with rude hors ouir gane
The worthie Scottis the dry land than hes tane.
Vpon the laif fechtand full wounder fast,
And mony grume thay maid full sair agast.
The Inglismen that desy was in weir,
Assailzeit sair, thame fra the Mos to beir.
On ather syde, bot than it was na bute,
The strenth thay held richt awfully on fute.

To men and hors gais mony greuous wound,
 Feill to the deith thay stikkit in that stound.
 The Pikard Lord allzeit scharply thair,
 Upon the Grahame with strais sad and sair.
 Schit Johne ye Grahame with ane stif sword of
 His bricht byrnis he peirist euerie deill. (steill
 Throw all the stuf, and stikkit him in that steid,
 Thus of his dynt the bauld Pikard was deid.
 The Inglis Dist tuke plane purpos to fle,
 In thair turning the Scottis gart mony de.
 Wallace wald fane at the wallange haue bene,
 Of westmureland the Lord was yame betwene
 Wallace on him he set ane awfull dynt,
 Throw Balsnet & stuf, yat na steill nicht out stint.
 Derby to deith he left him in that place,
 Swa the fals knicht eschapit throw this cace.
 Gude Robert Boyd hes with ane Capitane met,
 Of Berwik than, ane sad straik on him set.
 Ourthort the craig, and keruit the Desane,
 Throw all his weid in sunder straik the bane.
 Feill horsmen fled fast, and durst nocht abyde,
 Rebutit euill vnto thair King thay ryde.
 The Duke him tauld of all thair Journey hail,
 His hart for Ire boldnit in bitter baill.
 Heichly he herht, he suld neuer Londoun se,
 On Wallace deith quhill he reuengit be.
 O! los his men, agane as he did air,
 Thus south he socht, with greit sorow and cair.
 Than at the Kirk ane lytill tary maid,
 Syne throw the land our Sulway fast he raid.
 The Scottis Dist ane nicht remanit still,
 Upon the moine thay spulzeit with gude will.
 The deid corps syne culd to Braidwod sair,

(The Sert

At ane counfall thre dayis thay soiozmit thair.
At the forest kirk ane meting ordanit he,
Thay cheisit Wallace Scottis wardane to be.
Traisting he suld thair panefull sorow ceis,
He ressaue all that wald cum to his peis.
Schir William come, that Lord Dowglas was
Forsuke Edward, at Wallace pear can as.
In that thirlage he wald na langer be,
Tribute befoir to Ingland payit he.
In contrair Scottis with thame neuer tald,
Far better cheir Wallace thairfoir him maid.
Thus treitit he, and chereist wounder fair,
Crew Scottis men, that fewtie maid him thair.
And gaif greitly seill gudis that he wan,
He warnit it nocht to na gude Scottis man.
Duha wald rebell, and gang contrair the richt,
He puneist sair, war he Squyar or knicht.
Thus meruellously, gude Wallace tuke on hand,
Likly he was, richt sair and weil farrand.
Manly and stout, and thairto richt liberall,
Plesand and wyse in all gude generall.
To slay forsuith Sutheroun he spairit nocht,
To Scottis men full greit proffit he wrocht.
Into the South forsuith than passit he,
As him best thocht he reullit that countrie.
Schireffis he maid, that cruell was and kene,
And Capitaneis of crew wyse Scottis men.
Fra Gannyllis peth, the land obeyit him haill,
To Ut watter, baith strents forest and daill.
Aganis him in Galloway hous was nane,
Except Wigtoun, biggit of lyme and stane.
That Capitane hard the reull of Wallace,
I way be sey he stall out of that place.

Leuit all waist, and culd in Ingland wend,
 Bot Wallace sone ane keipar to it send.
 The gude Squyar, and to name he was cald,
 Adam Gordin, as the storie me tald.

Ane strenth thair was at the watter of Cre,
 Within ane roche richt stalwart wrocht of tre.
 The gait befor, na man nicht to it win,
 But the consent of thame that dwelt thairin.
 On the bak syde ane roche and watter was,
 Ane strait entre forsuch thair was to pas.
 To bely it Wallace him self sone went,
 Fra he it saw, he kest in his Intent.
 To win the hald, he hes chosin ane gait,
 That thay within suld mak lytill debait.
 His power haill hes gait byde out of sight,
 Bot thre with him quhill tyme that it was nicht.
 Than tuke he twa quhen that the nicht was dym
 Steuin of Ireland and Keirly that culd clym.
 Up sone thay went aganis that roche sa strang,
 Thus enterit thay the Sutheroun men amang.
 The watche befor tuke na tent to that syde,
 Thir thre in feir sone to the Portar thay glyde.
 Gude Wallace than straik the Portar him sell,
 Deid ouir the roche into the dyke he fell.
 Leit down the brig, and blew his horne on hicht,
 The buschment brak, and come in all thair might.
 At thair a win will, sone enterit in that place,
 To Inglismen thay did full lytill grace.
 Sextie thay slew, in that hald was na ma,
 Bot ane auld Preist, and sempill women twa.
 Greit purueyance was in that roche to spend,
 Wallace baid still, quhill it was at ane end.

CThe Sert

Brak down the strench, baith brig & Bulwark all,
Out our the Roch thay gart the tymmer fall.
Undid the gait, and wald na langer hyde,
In Carrik syne, thay bownit thame to ryde.
Haisit thame nocht, bot soberly can sair,
To Turnbery, that Capitane was of Air,
With Lord Persee to tak his counsail haill,
Wallace purposit, that place for to assaill.
Ane woman tauld, quhen ye Capitane was gane,
Gude men of sence into the steid was nane.
Thay fillit the dyke with eird and tymmer baill,
Syne fyit the hous, na succour nicht auail.
Ane Priest thair was, and gentill women pairin,
Quhilk for ye maner, maid hiddeous noyis & din.
Mercy thay cryit, for him that deit on tre,
Wallace gart slak, the fyre and let thame be.
To mak defence na ma was leuit thair,
He thame commandit out of the land to sair.
Spulzeit the place, and spilt all that thay mocht
Upon the mozne to Cumnok sone thay socht.
To Lanerk syne, and set ane tyme of Air,
Midoaris feill, he gart be punist thair.
To gude trew men he gais full nobill wage,
His brother Sonnis put to thair heritage.
To the blak craig in Cumnok past agane,
His houshald set with men of mekill mane.
Thre monethis thair be dwelt into gude rest,
The subtill Sutheroun sand weill it was ye best
Trewis to tak for to eschew ane chance,
To further this thay send for knight Wallance.
So well zit that Traitor keipit still,
And Air all haill was at Lord Perseis will.
Thow greit supple of the Capitane of Air,

The Bischop Beik in Glasgowe he dwelt thair.
 Cril of Stanefurd was Chalmerlane of Inglad,
 with Schir Aymer, this Traitor tuke on hand.
 To procure pear be ony maner of race,
 Ane sail Conduct thay purchest of Wallace.
 In Ruglin Kirk the treyst thair haue thay set,
 And promis maid to meit Wallace but let.
 The day of this approchit wouinder last,
 The greit Chancellor and Aymer hidder past.
 Syne Wallace come, and his men weill besene,
 with him systie, arrayit all in grene.
 ilk one of thame ane bow and arrowis bair,
 And lang swordis, the quhilk full scharly schair.
 within the Kirk how sone he enterit had,
 unto his prayer he past but maist abaid.
 Syne vp he riss and to his treyst he went,
 And his gude men full cruell of Intent.
 In Ire he grew, that Traitor quhen he saw,
 The Inglis men of his face stude greit aw.
 wit reullit him, that he did nane outrage,
 The Cril beheld fast to his hie curage.
 Forthocht sompart that he come to that place,
 Greitly abastit for the bult of his face.
 Schir Aymer said, this speiche ze may begin,
 He will nocht bow to na Prince of your kyn.
 Affouerit ze ar, I traist ze may speik weill,
 For all England he will nocht bryk adeill.
 His sail Conduct, or quhair he makis ane band,
 The Chancellor than proferit him his hand.
 Wallace stude still, and culd na handistak,
 Freindschip to thame na liklynes wald he mak.
 Schir Aymer said, Wallace ze vnderstand,
 This is ane Lord, and Chancellor of England.

¶ The Sene

To salus him, ze may be proper skill,
With schozt auise he maid answer him till.
Sic salussing I vse to Inglisinen,
Sa fall thay haue quhair euer I may thame ken.
At my power that mak I God awow,
Out of Conduct gif that I had him now,
Bot for thy lyfe, and all his land sa braid,
I will nocht brek the promis that is maid.
I had leuer at myne awin will haue the,
Without conduct, that I micht wrokin be.
Of thy fals deid, thow dois in this Regioun,
Than of pure gold ane Kingis greit Ransoun.
Bot for my band, as now I will lat be,
Chancellor say furth, quhat ze desyre of me.
The Chancellor said, the maist caus of this thing,
To procure pear, I am send fra the King.
With the great seill, and voce of his Parliament,
Quhat I bind here, our barnage sall consent.
Wallace answerit, our lytill mendis we haif,
Synne of our richt ze occupy the laif.
Ouptelanie our land, and we sall nocht deny,
The Chancellor said, of na sic chargis haue I.
We will gif gold or our purpois suld fail,
Than Wallace said in waist is that trauaill.
We ask na gold, be sauour of your kyn,
In weir of zow, we tak that we may wyll.
Abaisit he was to mak answer agane,
Wallace said Schir, we Iangill all in vane.
My counsall geuis, I will na sabill mak,
As for ane zeir, ane small pear to tak.
Nocht for my self, that I bind to your Seill,
I can nocht trow, that euer ze will be leill.
Bot for pure folk that greitly hes bene supplyit,
I will

I will tak pear quhill farther we be auynt.
 Than band thay thus, thair suld be na debait,
 Castell and Toun suld stand in that ilk stait.
 Fra that day furth quhill ane zeir war at end,
 Seillit this pear, and tuke thair leif to wend.
 Wallace fra thame past into the west,
 Maid plane repair quhair that him lyk it best.
 Zit sair he dyed, that thay suld him dissair.
 This Indenture to Schir Rannald he gaff,
 His deir Unkill, quhair it micht keipit be,
 In Cumnok syne to his dwelling went he.

(F)(+)(E)

¶ The Sentint part of this Buik declairis how
 Wallace bynt ye Bernis of Air, and put Bischop
 Beik out of Glasgowe, & slew Lord Bersee. Ca. i.

In Februar befell the samin race,
 That Inglisinen tuke trewis with Wallace
 This passit our quhill Marche away was
 The Inglisme best all ye wayis yai mocht. (socht
 with subtil and wickit Illusioun,
 The worthie Scottis to put to confusioun.
 Into Aprile the King of England come,
 In Cumbirland of pumfret fra his home.
 Into Carlile to ane counsall he zeid,
 Quhair of the Scottis micht haue sul mekil dreid
 Mony Capitane that was of England borne,
 Bidder thair past, semblit thair King betorne.
 Aa Scottis man to that counsall thay cald,
 Bot Schir Armer, that traitour was of auld.
 At him thay speirit how thay suld tak on hand,

I. ii.

The Seuint

The rechteous blude to stroy out of Scotland,
 Schir Symer said, thair Chistane can well do,
 Richt wyse in weir, and hes greit power to.
 And now this trewis geuis thame sic hardiment,
 That to your faith thay will nocht all consent.
 Bot wald ze do richt as I can now leir,
 The peax to thame it suld be sauld full deir.
 Than demit he the fals Sutheroun amang,
 How thay best micht the Scottis Barrounis hag
 Four greit Bernis that tyme stude into Air,
 Wrocht for the King quhen his bigging was pair
 Biggit about, that na man enter micht,
 Bot ane atanis, nor haue of vther sight.
 Thair ordanit thay thir Lordis suld be slane,
 Ane Justice maid quhilk was of mekill mane.
 To Lord Persee of this mater thay laid,
 With sad auise agane to thame he said.
 Thay men to me hes keipit treuth sa lang,
 Dissaitfully I may nocht se thame hang.
 I am thair sa, and warne will I thame nocht,
 Sa I be quyte, I rek nocht quhat ze wrocht.
 Fra thyne I will, and toward Glasgow draw,
 With our Bischop, to heir of his new Law.
 Than cheistit thay ane Justice feirs and sell,
 Quhilk Iruul hecht as myne Authoz will tell.
 Of South Hamptoun he hecht baith Air & Lord,
 He vnder tuke to pyne thame with ane cord.
 Ane vther Air in Glasgow ordanit thay,
 For Clyddisdall men to staud the samin day.
 Syne chargit thame in all wayis eirnestly,
 Be na kyn meane Wallace suld eschape yame by.
 For weill thay wist, & thir men war ouirhrawn,
 Thay micht at wil brulk Scotland as pair awin.

This

This band thay clois vnder thair Seillis fast,
 Syne socht ouir mure agane King Edward past.
 The new Justice ressaunt was in Air,
 The Lord Persee can vnto Glasgowe fair.
 This Air was set in June the xviii. day,
 And planely cryit, na fre man war away.
 The Scottis meruellit, and pear tane in the land
 Quhy Inglismen, sic maistrie tuke on hand.
 Schir Rannald set ane day befor this Air,
 At Monkton Kirk, his freindis to meit him pair
 Williame Wallace vnto that tryist culd pas,
 For he as than, Wardane of Scotland was.
 This Maister Johne ane worthie clerk was pair
 He chargit his kyn for to byde fra that Air.
 Richt weill he wist, fra Persee left that land,
 Greit perrell was to Scottis appeirand.
 Wallace fra thame, into the Kirk he zeid,
 Water Roster, he said, and als ane Creid.
 Syne to the Grece he lenit him soberly,
 Upon ane sleip he slaid full suddandly.
 Cleland followit, and saw him tallin on sleip,
 He maid na noyis, bot wisely culd him keip.
 In that summer, cumand him thocht he saw,
 Ane stalwart man that toward him culd draw.
 Sone be the hand he hint him haistlie,
 I am he said, in bepage chargit with the.
 Ane sword him gais, of burely burnist steill,
 Gude Sone he said, this sword thow sall buik
 Of Topasion him thocht the plumat was, (weill.
 Baith hilt and all, glitterand as the glas.
 Deir Sone he said, we tary heit to lang,
 Thow sall ga te, quhair wrocht is mekill wrang.
 Than he him led to ane montane on hicht,

The Seuint

The world him thocht he nicht se at ane sicht.
He left him thair, syne sone he fra him went,
Thair of Wallace studyt in his Intent.
To se him thair he had full greit desyre,
Thair with he saw begyn ane felloun fyre.
Quhilk braithly bynt on breid out throw ye land
Scotland attour, fra Ros to Sulway sand.
Than sone to him descendit thair ane Quene,
Illuminat licht, schinand full bricht and schene.
In hir presence appeirit sa mekill licht,
That ail the fyre scho put out of his sight.
Said him ane wand of cullour reid and grene,
With ane Saphir saynit his face and ene.
Welcum scho said, I cheis the to my lufe,
Thow art grantit be the greit God abuse.
To help pepill that sufferis mekill wrong,
With the as now, I may nocht tary lang.
Thow sall retorne to thyne awin Dist agane,
Thy derrest kyn ar heir in mekill pane.
This richt Regioun, thow mon redeme it all,
Thy last rewaird in eirth sal be bot small.
Let nocht thairfoir, tak redres of this mis,
To thy rewaird thow sall haue heuinis blis.
Of hir richt hand scho betaucht him ane buik,
Humbly thus he leif than scho thik.
Unto the Clud ascendit of his sight,
Wallace brak vp the buik in all his might.
In thre partis the buik weill writin was,
The first letteris, war gros letteris of bras.
The secund gold, the thrid was siluer schene,
Wallace metuellit quhat this wyrtyng suld mene.
To reid the buik he besyt him sa fast,
His Sprite agane to walkand mynd it past.

And

And vp he rais syne suddandly furth went,
 This Clerk he sand, and tauld him his Intent.
 Of this visioun as I haue said befoir,
 Completly furth, quhat neidis wordis moir.
 Deir Sone he said, my wit vnabill is,
 To ratifie sic for dreid I say mys.
 Zit I sall denie, thocht my cunning be small,
 God grant na charge efter my wordis fall.
 The stalwart man gais the that sword in hand,
 Fergus it is first winnar of Scotland.
 That montane is, quhair he the had on hicht,
 Knowledge to haif of wrang yat thow monricht.
 That fyre salbe seill tythingis or ze part,
 Quhilk will be tauld in mony syndre art.
 I can nocht wit, quhat Quene that that suld be,
 Bot gif it be Fortoun ane Lady quhylls richt fre.
 The pretty wand I trow be myne Intent,
 Betaiknis reull, and cruell chaisement.
 The reid cullour, quha graithly vnderstude,
 Betaikinis all to greit battell and blude.
 The grene curage, that thow art now amang,
 In trubill and weir, thow sall continue lang.
 The Saphir stane scho blisset the with all,
 Is happy chance will God sall to the fall.
 The thynsald buik, is bot this brokin land,
 Thow mon redeme be worthynes of hand.
 The bras letteris betaikinis bot to this,
 The greit oppres in weir and mekill mys.
 The quhilk thow sall bring to the richt agane,
 Bot thow thairfoir mon suffer mekill pane.
 The gold betaikinis honour and worthynes,
 Victoz in armis, manheid and Nobilnes.
 The siluer schawis clene lyfe and heuinnis blis,

CThe Seulne

To thy rewaerd that myrth thou sall nocht mis.
Dreid nocht thairfor, be out of all dispair,
Farther as now heirof I can na mair.
He thankit him, and thus his leif hes tane,
To Corsbie syne with his Unkill raid hame.
With myrthis thus all nicht soioznit thair,
Upon the mozne thay graithit thame to the Air.
And furth thay raid, quhill thay come to Lynceace,
With Dreidfull hart thus speirit wicht Wallace.
At Schir Rannald for the Charter of peis,
Newoy he said, thir wordis ar nocht leis.
It is leuit in Corsbie in the kist,
Quhair thou it laid, thair of nane vther wist.
Wallace answerit, had we it heir to schaw,
And thay be fals we sall nocht enter aw.
Deir Sone he said, I pray the pas agane,
Thocht thou wald send, thy trauell war in vane.
Bot thou or I, can nane it bring this tyde,
Gret grace it was, maid him agane to ryde.
Wallace returnit, ruke nane with him bot thre,
Nane of thame knew this Indenture bot he.
Unhap him led, forbid him culd he nocht,
Of fals desait this gude knicht had na thocht.
Schir Rannald raid, but resting to the toun,
Wittand na thing of all this fals tressoun.
That wickit Signe sa reullit that Plancit,
Saturne was than into his hiest stait.
Abone Juno in his Melancoly,
Iuppiter, Mars, ay cruell of Inuy.
Saturne as than auancit his nature,
Of Tyranny he power had and cure.
Rebellis reullis in mony seir Regioun,
Trubillous wedder, makis mony schippis to drou
His

His dyching is with Pluto in the Se,
 As of the land full of Iniquitie.
 He walkis weir, full of Pestilence,
 Filling of wallis with cruell violence.
 Popsoun is ryse, among thir vther thingis,
 Suddand slauchter of Emprouris and Kingis.
 Quhen Sampson pullit to ground the Pillair,
 Saturne was than into the hiest Speir.
 At Thebes als of his power thay tell,
 Quhen Phiozar sank throw the eirth to hell.
 Of the Troianis he had full mekill cure,
 Quhen Achilles at Troy slew gude Hector.
 Burdeous schent, and mony Cieteis mo,
 His power zit, it hes na hap to ho.
 In braid Bertane feill vengeance hes bene sene,
 Of this and mair, ze wait weill quhat I mene.
 Bot to this hous that stalwart was and strang
 Schir Rannald come and nicht nocht tary lang.
 Ane balk was knit all full of raipis kene,
 Sic ane Tolbuith sen syne was neuer sene.
 Strang men was set the entre for to hald,
 Nane nicht pas in, bot ane as thay war cald.
 Schir Rannald first to mak fewtie for his land,
 The knicht went in, and wald na langer stand.
 Ane rynnand cord thay slippit our his heid,
 Hard to the balk, and hangit him to deid.
 Schir Wice the Blair nixt efter in he past,
 Unto the deith thay haistit him full fast.
 Be he enterit, his heid was in the snair,
 Tit to the balk, hangit to deith richt thair.
 The thrid enterit, greit pietie was for thy,
 Ane gentill knicht Schir Reill of Montgomery
 And vther feill of landit men about,

The Seuint

Mony zeid in, bot na Scottis come out.
Of Wallace part thay put to that derf deid,
Mony Craufurd sa endit in that steid.
Of Carryk men Kennedeis slew thay als,
And kynd Campbellis, that neuer had bene fals.
Thir Rebellit nocht contrair pair richteus croun,
Sutheroun for thy yame put to confusioun.
Barklayis, Boydis, and Stewartis of gude kyn,
Na Scot eschaipit that tyme that enterit in.
Upon the balk thay hangit mony pair,
Besyde thame deid, in ane nuik kest thame thair.
Sen the first tyme, that ony weir was wrocht,
To sic ane deith sa mony zeid thair nocht.
Upon ane day throw curst Saronis seid,
Vengeance of this out throw that kynrent zeid.
Grantit it was fra the greit God of heuin,
Sa ordanit, that law suld be thair steuin.
To the fals Saronis for thair fell Judgement,
Thair wickitnes ouir all the world is went.
Ze Nobill men that ar of Scottis kynd,
Thair piteous deith, ze keip it in your mynd.
And vs reuenge quhen we ar set in thrang,
Dollour it is, heiron to tary lang.
Thus aughtene scoir, derfly to deith thay diche,
Of Barrounis bald, and mony worthie knicht.
Quhen thay had slane the worthiest was thair,
For walk pepill thay wald na langer spair.
Into ane garth kest thame out of that steid,
As thay war boine, spulzeit bair and deid.
Gude Robert Boyd vnto ane Tauern zeid,
With twentie men, that doughtie war in deid.
Of Wallace hous full cruell in Intent,
He gouernit thame, quhen Wallace was absent.

Keirle

Keiellie returnit with his Maister agane,
Cleland and Boyd, that mekill was of mane
Stein of Ireland went furth into the streit,
The trew woman full sone with him culd meet.
He speirit at hir, quhat happinnit in the Air?
Sorrow scho said, is na thing ellis thair.
Feiritly scho said, allace quhair is Wallace?
Fra us agane he passit at Kyncace.
Ga warne his folk, and haist thame of the toun,
To keip him self I salbe red dy boun.
With hir as than na mair tary he maid,
To his fellowis he went withoutt in baid.
And to thame tauld of all this greit missair,
To Laglane wod thay botunit without mair.
Be this Wallace was cumand wounder fast,
For his freindis he was full sair agast.
Unto the Bern sadly he culd persew,
To enter in, for he na perrell knew.
This trew woman, bpon him loud can call,
O feirs Wallace, feill tempest is befall.
Our men is slane feill tempest is to se,
As bestiall houndis hangit ouir ane tre.
Our trew Barrounis be twa and twa past in,
Wallace weipit, for greit loir of his kyn.
That with vnies vpon his hors he baid,
Maist for to speir to this woman he raid.
Deir Nece he said, gif thow the treuth can tell,
Is myne Gme deid, or how the cace befell.
Out of zone Bern forsuith I saw him bozne,
Naikit laid law, on cald eirch me beforne.
His frosty mouth I kyssit in that steid,
Richt now manlyke, bair and brocht to deid.
And with ane clath I couerit his Lichame,

[The Sewint

For in his lyfe he did neuer woman schame.
His Sister Sone, thow art worthie and wicht,
Reuenge his deith, for Goddis lufe at thy micht.
Als I sall help, as I am woman trew,
Deir wicht he said, greit God gif yat thow knew
Gude Robert Boyd, quhair euer thow can him so
William Craufurd, als gif he leuand be.
Adam Wallace wald help me in this stryfe,
I pray to God send me thame all on lyfe.
For Goddis saik bid thame sone cum to me,
The Justice Innis thow spy for cheritie.
And in quhat feir that thay thair ludging mak,
Sone efter that we sall our purpos tak.
Into Laglane, quhilk hes thair succour bene,
Adew merkat, and welcum woddis grene.
Hei of as than, to hir he spak na mair,
His byrdill turnit and fra hir can he fair.
Sic murning maid for his deir worthie kyn,
Him thocht for baill his byrist neir byrist in twyn.
As he thus raid, in greit anger and tene,
Of Inglis men thair followit him systene.
Wicht waillit men, that toward him culd dravo,
With ane Maissar, to teiche him to the Law.
Wallace returnit in greif and matalent,
With his sword drawin amang yame sone he wēt
The myddill of thame he mankit sone in twa,
Ane vther thair vpon the heid can ta.
The thrid he straik, and throw the coist him clais,
The feird to ground richt derfly down he draif.
The fyft he hit with greit Ire in that steid,
Without reskew dzeidles he left thame deid.
Than his thre men had slane the tother fyfe,
Fra thame the laif eschaupt with thair lyfe.

Fled

fled to thair Lord, and tauld him of this case,
To Laglane wod than rydis with Wallace.
The Sutheroun said, quhat ane that he hit richt,
Without mercy dreidles to deith was dicht.
Weruell thay had, sic strenth in ane suld be,
Ane of thair men at ilk straik he gart de.
Than demit thay, it suld be Wallace wicht,
To thair langage, maid answer ane auld knicht.
Forsooth he said, be he eschapiit this Air,
All your new deid is eiking of our cair.
The Justice said, quhen thair sic rumour rais,
Ze wald be feirit, and thair come mony fais.
That for ane man me think so w lyke to be,
And wait nocht zit, in deid gif it be he.
And thocht it war, I comyt him bot full licht,
Quha bydis heir, ilk gentill man salbe knicht.
I think to deill thair landis hail to morne,
To sow about, that er of Ingland borne.
The Sutheroun drew to pair ludgeing but maie
Four thousand hail that nicht was into Air.
In greit Bernis biggit without the Toun,
The Justice lay with mony bauld Barroun.
Than he gart cry about thay wanis wyde,
Na Scottis beirne amang thame thair suld byde
To the Castell he wald nocht pas for eis,
Bot soiornt thair with thing yat micht him pleis
Gret purueyance be sey was to thame brocht,
With wyne and aill, the best that couth be bocht.
Na watche was set, becaus thay had na dout,
Of Scottis men that leuand was without.
Laubourit in mynd thay had bene all that day,
Of aill and wyne, aneuch chosin had thay.
As beistlye folk tuke of thame sell na keip,

The Seuint

In thair bairns sone staid the sleuthfull sleip.
Throw foul gluttony in swair swappit like swolne
Thair Chistane was greit Bacchus god of wine.
This wyle woman lang tyme amang yame was
Feill men scho warnit, and gart to Laglane pas.
Hir self forrest, quhill thay with Wallace met,
Sum comfort than into his hart was set.
Quhen he thame saw, he thankit God of micht,
Tythingis he askit the woman tauld him richt.
Sleip and as swyne at all zone fals menze,
Na Scottis man is in zone cumpany.
Than Wallace said, gif thay all drunken be,
I call it best with fyre for thame to se.
Of gude men than, thre hundred to him socht,
The womā had tald thre tiew Barges yat brocht
Out of the Toun with nobill aill and breid,
And vther stut, als mekill as thay micht leid.
Thay eit and drank, the Scottis men that mocht
The Nobillis than Jop hes to Wallace brocht.
Sadly he said, deir freindis now ze se,
Our kyn ar slane, thair of is greit pietie.
Throw foull murthet, the greit despite is moir,
Now sum remeid I wald we set thairfor.
Suppois that I was maid wardane to be,
Part ar away, sic chargis put to me.
And ze ar heit cūmin of als gude blude,
And richteous borne be auentur and als gude.
Als fordwaird, fair, als likly of persoun,
As ever was I, thair for conclusioun.
Lat vs cheis spue of this gude cumpany,
Syne caullis cast quha sall our maister be.
Wallace and Boyd, and Craufurd of Renoun,
And Adam als, than Lord of Ricardtoun.

his father than was vespit with sickness,
 God had him tane into his lest and grace.
 The fyft Auchinlek, in weir ane Nobill man,
 Camillis to cast, about thir fyue began.
 It wald on him, for ocht thay wald deuyse,
 Continually quhill thay had cassin thryse.
 Than Wallace rais and out ane sword can draw.
 He said I awo to the maker of awo.
 And to Marie his Mother Virgine cleir,
 My Unkillis deith, now salbe sauld full deir.
 With mony ma of our deir worthie kyn,
 first of I eit, of drink we sall begyn.
 for sleuth nor sleip, sall neuer remaine with me,
 Of this tempest, quhill I auengit be.
 Than all inclynit richt humbill of ane accord,
 And him ressaue as thair Chiftane and Lord.
 Wallace ane Lord, he may be clepit weill,
 Thocht rurall folk thair of haue lytill seill.
 Thay deme na Lord, bot landis be thair part,
 Had he the world and be wretchit of hart.
 He is na Lord bot to the worthynes,
 It can nocht be but fredome Lordynes.
 At the Roddis, thay mak full mony ane,
 Quhill worthie ar, thocht landis thay haue nane.
 This discussing we leif Heraldis to end,
 Unto my mater breidly I will wend.
 Wallace commandit ane Burges for to get,
 fyne talk ancuch, that his deir Acee might set.
 At ilk yet quhair Sutheroun war on ra w,
 And twentie men he gart sone widdris thra w.
 ilk man upon thair arme ane pair thre w,
 Unto the Toun full fast thay can persew.
 The woman past befor thame subtelly,

27
The Seruint
 Talkit ilk yet, thay nedit nocht ga by.
 Than festnit thay the durris with widdreis fast,
 To stapill and help with mony sicker cast.
 Wallace gart Boyd neir hand the Castell ga,
 With fyftie men aye Jeopardy to ma.
 Gif ony Ischit, the fyre quhen that thay saw,
 All fast to the yet he ordanit thame to draw.
 The laif with him about the Bernis zeid,
 This trew woman him seruit weill in neid.
 With lynt and fyre, that haistie kendill wald,
 In euerilk nulk thay festnit bleissis bald.
 Wallace commandit to all his men about,
 Na Sutheroun man that thay suld lat brek out.
 Quhat euer he be, reske to nane of that kyn,
 Fra the reid fyre, him self fall pas thairin.
 The lemand lo w sone lanxit vpon bicht,
 Forsuith he said, this is ane plesand sight.
 To our hartis it salbe sum redres,
 Warthit away, thair power war the leg.
 Unto the Justice, him self on loud can caw,
 Lat vs to borch our men fra your fals Law.
 That leuand ar, and chaipit fra your Air,
 Deik nocht thair land, the vnlaw is our sair.
 Thow had na richt, it salbe on the sene,
 The rumour rais with cait full cry and bene.
 The baill fyre bynt, richt bymly vpon lose,
 To slepand men thair walkning was vnsof.
 The richt without was a vofall for to se,
 In all the world na greitar pane micht be.
 Than thay within sufferit for to dwell,
 That euer was wrocht bot purgatorie or hell.
 Ane pane of hell weill neir it micht be cald,
 Waid folk in fyre hamperit in monysald.

Feill biggingis bynt pat worthy war and wolche
 Gat nane away, knaif, Capitane, nor knicht.
 Quhen brandis fell of ruse treis yame amang,
 Sum rudely rais in bitter painis strang.
 Sum nakit bynt bot belchis all away,
 Sum neuer rais bot smozit quhare yai lay.
 Sum ruschit fast to air gif yai nicht wou,
 Blyndit in fyre pair dedis war full dym.
 The reik fylit with filth of carioun,
 Amang the fyre richt fowll of infectioun.
 The pepill beir it like wode beistis in that tyde,
 Within the wallis rampand on ather syde.
 Rumist with reuth, and mony ane grisly grane.
 Sum grymly grat quhill thair life days war gane.
 Sum durris socht the entre for to get.
 Bot Scottis men la wysely thame beset,
 Gif ony brak be auenture of that steid.
 With swordis sone bymmyt thay war to deid,
 Or ellis agane be force dzeuin in the fyre.
 Thair chapit nane bot bynt vp bane and lyre.
 The stynk scaplit of deid bodyis sa wyde,
 The Scottis abhorrit neir hand thame for to byde.
 Zeid to the wynd and leit thame cuin allane,
 Quhill the reid fyre had pat fals blude our gane.
 Ane freir Drumlaw was priour than of Air.
 Heuin scoze with him pat nycht take harbery pair.
 In till his Innis for he nicht not thame let,
 Quhill neir mydnycht ane watch on thame he set.
 Him self wolk weill quhill he the fyre saw ryle.
 Sum mendis he thocht to tak of that supplye,
 His byethir br. sone to harnes thay zeid.
 Him self chiftane the remanent to leid,
 The best thay wail of armour and gude geit.

Seuint

Syne wapins tuke richt awfull in affect.
 Thir viij. freirs in thre partis thay ga,
 With swerdis drawin to ilk hors zaid twa.
 Sone enterit in quhare Suthroun sleip and war,
 Upone thame set with strakis sad and sair.
 Feill freikis thair thay freiris dang to deid,
 Sum nakit fled and gat out of that steid.
 The watter socht abaisit out of sleip,
 In to the freir well that was baith lang and deip.
 Feill of thame fell that brak out of that place,
 Drounit to ground and deit withoutin grace.
 Drounit and slane was all that harbyit thair,
 Men callis it the freiris blissing of Air.
 Few folk of bale was leuit. Upon cace,
 In the Castell Lord Deircie fra that place.
 Before the Air fra thyne to Glasgou drew,
 Of men and stuf it was to putney new.
 Zit thay within saw the fyre biend and stout,
 With schozt aduise Ischit and maid na dout.
 The bushment than as wariouris wyse and wicht,
 Leit thame allane and to the hous past richt.
 Boyd wan the port enterit and all his men,
 Keiparis init was left bot nyne or ten.
 The formaist sone him self seisit in hand,
 Mai d quyte of him syne flew all that thay fand.
 Of purueyance in that Castell was naie,
 Schozt tyme befoir fra it Deircie was gane.
 The Erll Arnulf had ressaunt that hald,
 Quhilk in the toun was bynt to pouder cald.
 Boyd gart remane of his xx. men still,
 Him self past furth to wit of Wallace will
 Keipand the toun quhill nocht was leuit thair,
 Bot the wod fyre and belchis bynt full baire.

Of likly men that boyne was of Ingland,
 Be sword and fyre that nycht deit tyue thousand.
 Quhen Wallace men was weill togidder met,
 Gude freyndis he said ze know that thair was set.
 Sic law as this now into Glasgowe town,
 The Bischop Beik and Peirce of renown.
 Thairfor I will in haist we hiddet fair,
 Of our gude kyn sumpart is loissit thair.
 He gart full sone the Burges to him call,
 And gais command in generall to thame all.
 In keeping thay suld tak the hous of Air,
 And hald it hail quhill tyme that we heir mair.
 To byde our King Castellis I wald we had,
 Cast we down all we may be demit our bad.
 Thay gart meit cum for he had fastit lang,
 Litill he tike syne bounit thame to gang.
 Hors thay cheis that Suthoun had brocht thair
 Anew at will and of the town can fair.
 Thre hundreth hail was in his company,
 Richt wounder fast raid this gude cheualry.
 To Glasgowe brig that biggit was of tre.
 Sone passit our of Suthoun micht thame se,
 Lord Peirce wicht that besy was in weir.
 Semblit his men full awofull in affeir,
 Than demit thay all that it was wicht Wallace,
 He had besot eschapit throw mony cace.
 The Bischop Beik and Peirce that was wicht,
 Ane thousand led of men in armour bricht,
 Wallace saw weill quhat nowner semblit thair.
 He maid his men in twa partis to fair,
 Graithit thame weill without the town end,
 He callit Auchinlek for he the passage kend.
 Uncle he said be besy in to weir,

¶ The Seruic

Quethir will ze the Bischopis taill bp beir,
Or pas before and tak his benysoun.
He ansuerit him with richt schoyt prouissoun,
Wanbischopit zit forsuth I trow ze be.
Zour self fall first his blissing tak for me,
For sickerly ze seruit it best to nycht.
To bere his taill we fall in all our nycht,
Wallace ansuerit sen we mon findy gang.
Perell it is and ze byde fra vs lang,
For zone ar men will nocht be sone agast.
Fra tyme we mett for Goddis saik hy zow fast,
Our sindering I wald na Suthzoun saw.
Behynd thame cum in thow the north eist raw,
Gude men of weir ar all Northumbirland.
Thay partit thus take vthir be the hand,
Auchinlek said we fall do that we may.
We wald lyke euill to byde ocht lang away,
Ane busteus staill betuir vs sone mon be.
Bot to the richt Almychty God haue Es.
Adam Wallace and Auchinlek was bown.
Scuyn scoze w thaim on the bak syde of the town,
Richt fast thay zaid quhill thay war out of sight.
The tothir part arrayit thame full richt,
Wallace and Boyd the plane streit bp can ga.
Suthzoun interualit because thy saw na ma,
Thair Ensenze cryit vpon the Percyis syde.
With Bischop Beik that baldly durst abyde,
Ane fair semblay was at thair meting sene.
As fyre on fynt it fairit thame betuene,
The hardie Scottis richt awfully thame abaid,
Broch feil to ground thow weid & weil was maid.
Weirrit plaittis with poyntis stik of steill,
Be force of hand gart mony cruell kneill.

The strang flour rais as reik abone thame fast.
 O myll throw Sone vp to the clowdis past.
 To help thame self ilk ane had mekill need.
 The wourthy Scottis stude in ane felloun dreed.
 Zit furthwart fast thay preissit for to be,
 And thay on thame greit wonder was to se.
 The Peirepis men in weir war vlit weil,
 Richt feirly faucht and sonzeit nocht adeill.
 Adam Wallace and Auchinlek come in,
 Ane part of Suthzoun richt sadly thay twyn.
 Returnit to thame as nobill men of weir,
 The Scottis gat rouine and mony down thay beir.
 The new countir assailzeit thame sa fast,
 Throw Inglis men maid stoppis at the last.
 Than Wallace self in to the felloun thrang.
 With his guid Sward that heuie was and lang.
 At Peirepis face with ane guid will he bair,
 Baith bane, a brayne, the fruscht steill throw schair.
 Thre hundreth men quhan Lord Peirecy was de.d,
 Out of the gait the Bischop Beik thay leid.
 For than thame thocht it was na tyme to hyde,
 By the freir Kirk to ane wod thair besyde.
 In that forest forluth thay taryit nocht,
 On fresch heis to Bothuell sone thay socht.
 Wallace followit with wourthy men and wicht.
 Forsochtin thay war and trauellit all the nycht,
 Zit feill thay slew in to the chace that day.
 The Bischoppis self and guid men gat away.
 Aymeir Wallange reskewit thaim in that place,
 That knicht full oft did greit harne to Wallace.
 Wallace began that nycht at ten hours in Air,
 On day be it. in Glasgow semblit thair.
 Be ane our none at Bothuell yet he was.

The Sevine

Repentit Wallace oꝝ he wald foꝛthir pas.
Spne turnit agane as weill witnessis the bulk,
To Dundas raid and thair resting he tuik.
Tald guid Schir Johne of thir tythingis in Air,
Greit mane he maid he was nocht with him thair.
Wallace sojornit in Dundas at his will,
Fyue dayis out, quhill tythingis come him till.
Out of the hicht quhair guid men war foꝛloꝛne,
Foꝛ Buchane rais, Athole, Menteith, and Loꝛne.
Upone Argyle, ane fellone weir thay mak,
Foꝛ Edwardis saik this thay can undertak.
The Knicht Campbell in Argyle than was still,
With his guid men aganis King Edwardis will.
And kepit fre Lochaw his heritage,
Bot Makfadzeane than did him greit outrage.
This Makfadzeane to Inglismen was sworne,
Edward gais him baith Argyle and Loꝛne.
Fals Johne of Loꝛne to that gift can accord,
In Ingland than he was ane new maid Loꝛd.
Thus falsly he gais out his heritage,
And tike at London of Edward ane greit wage.
Duncane of Loꝛne zit foꝛ the Landis strais,
Quhill Makfadzeane ourset him with the lais.
Put him on foꝛce to guid Campbell the Knicht,
Quhilk in to weir was wyse, wourthy, and wiche.
This Makfadzeane was enterit in Scotland,
And mervailously that Tyrant tike on hand.
With his power the quhilk I spak of Air,
Thir thre Loꝛdschippis all semblit to him thair.
Fyftene thousand of cursit folk in deid,
Of all gadering in oist he had ro leid.
And mony of thame was out of Irland brocht,
Barnis noꝝ wyse thay pepill spairit nocht.

waistie the land als fer as thay micht ga,
 Thay beistly folk couth nocht bot byrne and sla,
 In to Lochaw he enterit suddandly,
 The guid knicht Campbell saw guid Defence for thy.
 To Crag Hummyr with thre hundreth he reid,
 That strenth thay held for all thair cruell deid.
 Syne brak the brig that thay micht nocht our pas,
 Bot thro'w ane furd quhair narrow passage was.
 Abandonuly Campbell aganis thame baid,
 Fast vpon a wse that was baith deip and braid.
 Makfadzeane was vpon the tothir syde,
 And thair on force behufit him for to byde.
 For at the furd he durst not enter out,
 For guid Campbell micht set him than in dout.
 Makfadzeane socht and ane small passage fand,
 Had he layser thay micht pas of that land.
 Betwix ane Roche and the greit watter syde,
 Bot four in front thay micht nane gang nor ryde.
 In to Lochaw was beistis greit plente,
 And quhill he thocht thair with his oist to be.
 And vthir stuf that thay had with thame brocht,
 Bot all his cost auailit him richt nocht.
 Duncane of Lorne has sene this suddand eace,
 Fra guid Campbell he went to seik Wallace.
 Sum help to get of thair torment and tene,
 Togidder befor in Dunde thay had bene.
 Lennand at Scolc in to thair tender age,
 He thocht to slak Makfadzeanis his curage.
 G. nichell thair with Duncane furth him richt,
 Ane gyde he was and fute man wounder wiche.
 Sone gat thay wit quhair Wallace ligit was,
 With thair complaynt to his presence thay pas.
 Erll Malcolme als the Lennor held at peis,

The seuint
with his guld men to Wallace can he preis.
To him thair come guid Richard of Lundy,
In to Dundas he wald na langar ly.
Schir Johne the Grahame als bounit him to ryde,
Makfadyeanis weir sa greuit him that tyde.

How Wallace slew Makfadyean. Ca.ij.

Than Wallace thocht his greit power to se,
In quhat array he reultit that cuntre.
The Rukbie than keipit with greit wrang,
Strucling Castell that staluart was and strang.
Quhen Wallace come be south it in ane baill,
To Erll Malcolme he said he wald it sail.
In diuers partis, he gart disseuer his men,
Of thair power that Suthroun suld nocht ken.
Erll Malcolme baid in buschment out of sight,
Wallace with him tuk guid Schir John ye Knicht
And ane hundreth of wyse weir men but dout,
Throw Strucling raid gif ony wald Ische out.
Toward the Brig the ganest way thay pas,
Quhen Rukbie saw quhair that thair power was,
He tuk sein scoir of Archearis that war thair,
Upone Wallace thay followit wounder sair.
That feill bikker did tham mekill deir,
Wallace in hand grippit ane nobill speir.
Agane returnit and hes the formast flane.
Schir John the Grahame that mekil was of mane
Amang thame raid with ane guid speir in hand.
The first he slew that he befor him fand,
Upone ane vchir his speir in so punder zaid.
Ane swerd he drew, quhilk helpit him in heid.
Inglis Archearis upone thame can renew.

That

That his guid Hors with arowis sone thay slew.
On fute he was quhen Wallace has it sene.
He lichtit sone with men of Armes kene.
Amang the rout fechtand full wounder fast,
The Inglisinen returnit at the last.
At the Castell thay wald haue bene full fane,
Bot Erll Malcolme with men of mekill mane,
Betwix the Suthroun and the zettis zeid.
Mony thay slew that douchty was in deid.
In the greit preis Wallace and Rukkie met,
With his guid sword ane straik vpon him set.
Dersly to deid the auld Rukkie he draif,
His tua sonnys eschaipit amang the laif.
In the Castell be auenture thay zeid,
With threttie men na ma chaipit that deid
The Lennox men with thair guid Lord that was,
Fra the Castell thay said thay wald nocht pas,
For weill thay wist it micht nocht haldin be.
For na lang tyme for thy thus ordanit he.
Erll Malcolme tuke the hous to keip that tyde,
Wallace wald nocht fra his first purpose byde.
Instance he maid to this guid Lord and wyse,
Fra thyne to-pas he suld on na kyn wyse.
Quhill that he had Striueling the Castell strang,
Trew men him tauld thay micht nocht hald it lang.
Than Wallace thocht was maist on Makfadzeane
Of Scottis men he had slain mony ane,
Wallace auowit that he suld wokkin be.
On that Re bald or ellis thairfoir de,
Of tyranny King Edward thocht him guid,
Law borne he was and als of sympill bluid.
Thus Wallace was sair greuit in his entent,
To this iourney richt earnestfully he went.

Seuint

At Striueling Byig assemblit to him richt,
 Twa thousand men that wourthy war and wicht,
 Towart Argyle he bounit for to ryde,
 Duncane of Lorne was thair trew sicker gyde.
 Of auld Rukkie the quhilk we spak of Air,
 Twa sonnys on lyfe in Striueling leuit thair.
 Quhen thair Brethir consauit all at richt.
 This hous to hald that thay na langar micht,
 For cause quhy thay wantit men and meit,
 With Erll Malcolme thay maid thame for to treit.
 Grace of thair lyfis and thay that with thame was,
 Gaif ouir the hous syne couth in Ingland pas.
 On the thrid day that Wallace fra thame raid,
 With King Edward full mony zeir thay baid.
 In Bruceis weir agane come in Scotland,
 Striueling to keip the ane of thame tike on hand.
 Mentoun of Bruce is oft in Wallace buik,
 To fend his richt full mekill pane he tuk.
 Quhatfore suld I heir ony tary ma,
 To Wallace furth now schortly will I ga.
 Duncane of Lorne Gilnichell fra him send,
 Ane spy to be for he the cuntre kend.
 Be our party was past Strath fillane,
 The small fute folk began to irk ilkane.
 And hoys als on force behufit to fail,
 Than Wallace thocht that company to waill.
 Guid men he said this is nocht meit for us.
 In brokin array and we cum on thame thus,
 We may tak skaith and harme our fais small,
 To thame in lyke we may nocht assembill all.
 Tary we lang ane plane feild quhill thay get.
 Upone thame sone sa weill we may nocht set.
 Part we man leif us followand to be,

With me sall pas our power in to thre,
 five hundred first to him self has he tane.
 Of westland men war wourthy kna twain ilkane.
 To schir Johne the Grahame als mony ordan he,
 And five hundred to Richard of Lundie,
 In that part was Wallace of Ricardtown.
 In all gude deid he wes ay reddy boun,
 five hundred left and nicht not with thame ga.
 Suppois that thay to byde wes woundir wa,
 Thus Wallace oist begouth to tak the hicht,
 Our ane montane syne passit out of sight.
 In Glendochar thair spy met thame agane,
 With Lord Campbell then was our folk richt fane.
 At thair meeting greit blythnes nicht be sene,
 Thre hundred led that cruell war and kene,
 He comfort thame and bad thame haue na dreid.
 Zone beistly folk wantis wapnis and weid,
 Sone will thay fle scharly and we persew.
 Be Loch Douchar full suddandly thame drew.
 Than Wallace said ane lyfe we sall all ta,
 For heir is nane will fra his fallow ga.
 The spy thay send the entre for to se,
 Upon the Mos ane Scurreour sone fand he.
 To scout the land Makfadzeane had him send,
 Out of Cragmore that day he thocht to wend.
 Gilnichell fast vpon him followit thair,
 With ane guid Swerd that weill & scharly schair
 Maid quyte of him that tythingis tald he nane,
 The out spy thus wes loissit fra Makfadzeane.
 Than Wallace oist vpon thair fuit thay licht.
 Thair hors thay lest thocht thay war neuer sa wicht.
 For Mos and Crag thay nicht na langat dre,
 Than Wallace said quha gangis best lat se.

The Sentint

Throw out the mos delruerly thay zeid,
Synne take the hals quhair of thay had maist dreid.
Endlang the schore ay thre in front thay past,
Quhill all within thair semblit at the last.
Lord Campbell said we haue cheist this hald,
I trow to God thair walknyng sall be cald.
Heir is na gait to fle zone pepill can.
Bot rochis heich and watteris deip and wan.
Auchtene hundreth of douchty men in deid,
On the greit oist but mair proces thay zeid,
Fechtand in front and mekill maistrie maid,
The frayit folk buskit withoutin baid.
Rudly to ray thay ruschit thame agane,
Greit part of thame was men of mekill mane.
Gude Wallace men sa stoutly can thame steir,
The battall on bak fyue aket breid thay beir.
In to the stout seill tyrant gart thay kneill,
Wallace in hand had ane guid stat of steill.
Quhom euer he hit to ground bymle thame bair,
Roumit him about ane large rude and mair.
Schir John the Graham in deid was richt worthy.
Guid Campbell als, and Richard of Lundy.
Adam Wallace and Robert Boyd in feir,
Amang thair fais quhair dedis war sauld deir.
The felloun stout was awfull for to se,
Makfadyeane than sa greit debait maid he.
With Irland men hardie and corageous,
The stalwart stryfe richt hard and perillous,
Abundance of blude fra woundis wyde and wan.
Strikkit to deid on ground lay mony man.
Tua hours large in to the stout thay stand,
The ferrest thay aneich of fechtynge fand.
That Jop him self well wist nocht quha sould woun,

Bot Wallace men wald nocht in soulder troyne.
To help thame self thay war of hardy will,
Of Irland blude full fellonly thay spill.
With fell sechtung maid sloppis throw the thrang,
On the fals part our wicht weimen sa dang.
That thay to hyde nicht haue na langar nicht,
The Irland folk than maid thame for the sicht.
In Craggis clam, and sum in watter flet.
Tua thousand thair dzounit withoutin let,
Borne Scottis men baid still in the feld.
Kest wapnis thame fra and on thair kneis kneild.
With pietuous woce thay cryit on Wallace,
For Goddis saik to take thame in his grace.
Gruit he was bot reuth of thame he had,
Restait thame fair with countenance full sad.
Of our awin blud we suld haue greit piete,
Luk ze slay nane of Scottis will zoldin be,
Of outland men lat nane chaip with the lyfe.
Maksadzeane fled for all his felloun stryfe.
Unto ane Caill within ane clift of stane,
Under Cragmoir with systene is he gane.
Duncane of Lorne, his leif at Wallace ast,
On Maksadzeane with worthie men he past.
He grantit him to put thame all to deid,
Thay lest nane syne bot brocht Wallace his heid.
Upone ane speir throw the feild it bair,
The Lorde Campbell, syne hynt it be the hair.
Heich on Cragmoir he maid it for to stand.
Still on ane stane for honour of Irland.
The Lysait men that war of Scotland borne,
Sone at his faith he gart thame be suorne.
Restoit thame that wald cum to his leis.
He lest slay nane that wald cum to his peis.

The Seuint

After this deid in Lorne syne couth he fair,
He wolle the land had bene in mekill cair
In Ardcatan ane counsall he gart cry.
Quhair mony man come to his Senzeoury.
All Lorne he gais to Duncane that was wicht,
And bad him hald in Scotland with the richt.
And thow sall brout this land in heritage,
Thy brothir sone in London has greit wage.
Zit will he cum he sall his landis haif,
I wald tyne name that Veritie nicht saif.
Mony trew Scot to Wallace couth persew,
At Ardcatane fra feill strenchis thay drew.
Ane guid knicht come and with him men sexty,
He had bene oft in mony strang ieoperdy.
With Inglis men and sonzeit nocht adeill,
Ay fra chair faith he sendit him full weill.
Keipit him fre thowcht King Edward had sworne,
Schir Johne Ramsay that richteous was bozne,
Of Ouchterhous and bthir landis lord,
And Schirref als as my buke will record.
Of nobill blude and auld ancestrie,
Continewit weill with wourthy Cheualrie.
In to Stroonchane lang tyme he had bene,
At greit debait amang his enemyis bene.
Richt wichtly wan his leving in to weir,
To him and his Suthzoun did mekill deir.
Weill he eschewit and sufferit greit distres,
His sone was callit the flour of courtlynes.
As witnessis weill in to this schoyt trecty,
After the Buice quha reidis that history,
He reullit weill baith in to weir and preis,
Alexander Ramsay to name he hecht but leis.
Quhen it was weir to armes he him kest,

Undir

Under the Crown he was one of the best.
In tyme of pear to courtlynes he zeld,
Bot to gentrice he tuke nane vther heid,
Quhat gentill man had nocht with Ramsay bene,
Of courtlynes thay comptit him not ane prene.
Fredome and trueth he had as men wald as,
Sen he began nane better Squyar was.
Roxburgh ald he wan richt manfully,
Syne held it lang quhill tratouris tresonabill.
Causit his deith I dar nocht tell zow how,
Of sic thingis I will ga by as now.
I hane had blame to say the suthfastnes,
Thairfoir I will bot lichtly ryn that cais.
Bot it be thing that planely sclanderit is,
For sic I trow thay suld nocht demena mis.
Of Alexander as now I say na moir,
His fader come as I tald zow befoir.
Wallace of him richt full grett comfort haig,
For he weill couth do harmyng to his fais.
In weir he was richt mekill for to pyse,
Besy and trew baith, sober, wicht and wyse.
The guid Prelat als to Ardcharane socht,
Of his Lordschip as than he broukit nocht.
This wourthy Clark cumin of the lynage,
Of Siuclare blude nocht fourtie zerc of age.
Chosin he was be the Papis consent,
Of Dunkeld Lord was maid with guid entent.
Bot Inglisinen that Scotland grippit haill,
Of benefice thay leit him brouk bot small.
Quhen he saw weill thairfoir he nicht nocht mute,
To sail his lyfe thre zercis he dwelt in Bute.
Leffit as he nicht and keptit ay guid part,
Under saultie of James than Lord Stewart.

Seuin

To gud Wallace quhilk Scotland wan with pane,
 Resto it this Lord to his leuing againe,
 And mony ma that lang had bene ourthratwin.
 Wallace thame put richteously to thair awin.
 The small oist als quhilk I spak of Air.
 In to the hicht that Wallace leuit thair.
 Come to the feild quhair Makfadzeane had bene,
 Take that was left baith weid and wapnis schene.
 Throw Lorne syne past als gudly as thay can,
 Of thair nomber thay had not loiffit ane man.
 On the sife day wan to Ardchatane,
 Quhair Wallace baid with guid men mony ane.
 He welcunit thame bpone ane gudly wyse,
 And said thay war richt mekill for to pyse.
 All trew Scottis he honorit in to weir.
 Gaif that he wan, him self keipit na geir.

How Wallace wan Sanct Johnstoun. Ca. liij.

When Wallace wald na langar soiorne thair,
 Fra Ardchatan out throw the land thay fair.
 Towart Dunkeld with guid men of renoun.
 His maist thocht than was of Sanct Johnstoun.
 He callit Ramsay, that guid knyght of greit baill.
 Sadly auyfit besocht him of counsaill
 Of Sanct Johnstoun now haue I rememberance
 Thair haue I bene and loiffit men throw chance.
 Bot ay for ane we gart ten of thame de,
 And zit me think that is na mendis to me.
 I wald assay fra this land oz we gang,
 And lat thame wit thay occupie heit wrang.
 Than Ramsay said that toun thay man not keep,
 The wallis ar lawt suppois the dykis be deip.

Ze haue ane to that fall thame cummer sa,
 fill vp the Dyke that we may planely ga.
 In haill bastell ane thousand ouir atanis,
 fra this power, thay fall nocht hald zone wantis.
 Wallace was glaid that he sic comfort maid,
 furth talkand thus vnto Dunkeld thay raid.
 Thre dayis thair thay ludgeit with plesance,
 Quhill tyme thay had forsene thair ordnance.
 Ramsay gart big strang Bastailzeis of tre,
 Be gude wichtis the best in that cuntre.
 Quhen pai war wrocht, betaucht yame mē to leid
 The watter down, quhill thay come neir yat steid.
 Schir Johne Ramsay richt gudely was pair gyde
 Reullit thame weill, at his will for to byde.
 The greit Dist than about the village past,
 with eird and stane thay fillit dykis fast.
 flaikis thay laid on tymmer lang and wicht,
 Ane roune passage to the wallis thay dicht.
 Feill Bastailzeis richt starkly vp thay rais,
 Gude men of armes sone to assailze gais.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, and Ramsay yat was
 The Turat brig allegit in all pair micht. (wicht,
 And Wallace self at mid syde of the toum
 with men of armes that was to bargane boum.
 The Sutheroun men maid greit defence yat tyde
 with Artailze that felloun was to byde.
 with Tablaster, ganze, and stanis fast,
 And hand gunnis richt bymle out thay cast.
 Funzeit with speiris at men of armis bene,
 The Nobill Scottis that worthy ay hes bene:
 At hand straikis fra thay togidder met,
 with Sutheroun blude thair wappinnis sone pai
 Zit Inglismen yat worthy war in weir, (wet.

[The Seuint

Into the stour richt baldly can thame beir.
Bot all for nocht auailit thame thair deid,
The Scottis throw force vpon yame in thay zeid
Ane thousand men our wallis zeid haistely,
Into the toun rais hiddeous noyis and cry.
Ramsay and Grahame the Turat sit hes wpr,
And enterit in, quhair greit stryfe did begyn.
Ane trew Squyar quhilk Rothue hecht to name,
Come to ye assait with gude Schir John de Gra:
Threttie with him of men yat preuit weill (hame.
Among thair fais with wappuinis stik of steill.
Quhen that the Scottis assemblit on ather syde,
As Sutheroun was that nicht thair dynt abyde
Twa thousand fore was fulzeit vnder feit,
Of Sutheroun blude thay stikkit in the streit.
Schir John Stewart saw weill the toun was
Tuis him to flicht, & wald na langer stynt. (tynt,
In ane licht Barge, and with him men sextie,
The watter down socht succour at Dundie.
Wallace baid still, quhill the seird day at mozne,
Add left nane thair that was of Ingland borne.
Riches thay gat of gold and vther gude,
Pleneist the toun, agane with Scottis gude.
Rothuen he left, thair Capitane to be,
In heritage gait him the office of fe.
Of all Stratherne and Schires of the toun,
Synce in ye North gude Wallace maid him boun.
In Abirdene he gart ane counsall cry,
Trew Scottis men suld assemblil haistely.
To Cowper he raid, to besy that Abbay,
The Inglis Abbot was fled fra thyne away.
Bishop Sinklair without langar abaid,
Met thame at Glamis, synce furth with yame he
(raid.

Into Brichten thay ludgeit all that nicht,
 Some on the morne Wallace gart graith at richt,
 Displayit on breid the Baner of Scotland,
 In gude array, with Nobill men at hand.
 Gart planely cry that sauit suld be nane,
 Of Sutheroun blude, quhair yai might be ouertane
 In plane battell throw out ye Heirnis thay ryde
 The Inglis men that durst thame nocht abyde,
 Befor the Dist full feirtily thay fle,
 To Dunottar ane strenth within the se.
 Na farther thay might wyn out of the land,
 Thay assemblit thair quhil yai war four thousand
 To ye Kirk yai ran, yai thocht girth to haue tane,
 The laif remanit vpon the Roch of stane.
 The Bischop than began tretie to ma,
 Thair lysis to get, out of the land to ga.
 Bot thay war rad, and durst nocht weill assy,
 Wallace in fyre gart set all haistely.
 Bynt vp the Kirk, and all that was thair in,
 Attour the Roch the laif ran with greit dyn.
 Sum hang on craigis richt duilfully to de,
 Sum lap, sum fell, sum flotterit in the se.
 Na Sutheroun on lyfe was leuit in that hald,
 And thay within, thay bynt in powder cald.
 Quhen this was done, thay fell on kneis down,
 At the Bischop askit absolution.
 Than Wallace leuch, said I forgif zow all,
 At ze weirmen that repentis for sa small.
 Thay rewit vs nocht into the toun of Air,
 Our trew Barrounis, quhen yat yat hangit yat,
 To Abirdene than sailly can thay pas,
 Quhair Inglis men besy sittand was.
 Twe hundreth Schippis, yat Ruther buir and Air

¶ The Seuint

To curs thair gudis in haurin was byrband thair.
 Bot Wallace Dist come on thame suddandly,
 Thair schaipit name of all that greit naup.
 Bot fell seruandis in thame was leuit nane,
 At ane Chisep the Scottis is on thame gane.
 Turk out the geir, syne set the Schippis in fyre
 The men on land, thay byrut baith bane and tyre.
 Zeid nane away bot Priestis, wyfis and barnis,
 Hard thay debait, thay chaipit nocht but harmis.
 Into Buchane Wallace maid him to ryde,
 Quhair Lord Be winout was ordant to abyde.
 Erll he was maid bot of schoyt tyme besoir,
 He brukit it nocht for all his busteous schoir.
 Quhen he wist weill that Wallace cūmand was,
 He left the land, and couth to Slanis pas.
 And syne be Schip fled in Ingland agane,
 Wallace raid thow the North land into plane.
 At Cromartie fell Inglismen thay flew,
 The worthy Scottis vnto him couth persew.
 Returnt agane, and come to Abirdene,
 With his blyth Dist vpon the Lammes euin.
 Stabillit the land as him thocht best suld be,
 Syne with ane Dist he passit to Dundie.

**¶ How Wallace laid ane Seige to Dundie, and
 how he gaif battel at the big end of Struiling
 to Kirkingham yat was Thesaurar to Edward
 King, and to ye Erll of Marraue. Ca. iiii.**

¶ Art set ane Seige about the Castell strang,
 I leif hun thair, and farther I will gang.
 Schir Armer Wallace haustit him full fast
 Into Ingland with his hail household past.

Bothwell

Bothwell he left was Murrays heritage,
 And tuik him than bot to King Edwardis wage.
 Thus his awin land forsuik for ever mair,
 Of Wallace deid greit tythingis tald he thair.
 Als Inglismen sair murnit in thair mude,
 That loissit heir baith lyfe landis and gude.
 Edward as than couth nocht in Scotland fair,
 Bot Kirkinghame that was his Thesaurair.
 With him ane Lord, than Erll was of Warrane,
 He chargit thame with numberis mony ane.
 Richt weill besene in Scotland for to ryde,
 At Struiling still, he ordanit thame to byde:
 Quhill he micht cum with ordinance of England,
 Scotland agane he thocht to tak on hand.
 This Dist past furth, and had bot lytill dreid,
 The Erll Patrik ressauit thame at Tweid.
 Malice he had at gude Wallace befoir,
 Lang tyme bypast, and than Incessit moir.
 Bot throw ane cace it hapnit of his wyfe,
 Dunbar fra him scho held into that stryfe.
 Throw the supple of Wallace into plane,
 Bot he be meane gat his Castell agane.
 Lang tyme or than, and zit he couth nocht ceis,
 Agane Wallace he preuit in mony preis.
 With Inglismen suppleit thame at his micht,
 Contrait Scotland yat wrocht full greit vnricht.
 Thair musture than was awfull for to se,
 Of fechtand men thousandis war settie.
 To Struiling brig past or thay lykit to byde,
 To Erll Malcolm ane Seige thay laid yat ryde
 And thocht to keip the command of thair King,
 Bot gude Wallace wrocht for ane vther thng.
 Dundie he left, and maid ane gude Chistane,

[The Senint

With twa thousand to keip that hous of stane.
 Of North land men, and dwellaris of Dundie.
 That samin nicht, to Sanct Johnstoun went he.
 Upon the mozne to Schiref mure he raid,
 And thair ane quhyle in gude array he baid.
 Schir Johne ye graham said we haif undertane
 With les power, sic thing that weill is gane.
 Thā Wallace said, quhair sic things cūmis of neid
 We suld thank God, that makis vs to speid.
 Bot neir the brig my purpois is to be,
 And wrik for thame sum subtil Jeopardie.
 Ramsay answerit, the brig we may keip weill,
 Of way about, the Sutheroun hes lytill feill.
 Wallace send Jop, the battell for to set,
 The Tuifday nixt, to fecht withouttin let.
 On Setterday vnto the brig thay raid,
 Of gude plane buird, was weill & Joyntly maid.
 Gart wachis wait, that nane suld to thame pas,
 And wicht he tuk, the subtillest that thair was:
 And ordanit him to saw the buird in twa,
 Be the my d trest, that nane might ouir it ga.
 On Charnall bandis naillit it full sone,
 Synce fillit with clay, as na thing had bene done.
 The tother end he ordanit for to be
 How it suld stand vpon the Rollaris of tre.
 Quhen ane war out, that the laif down suld fall,
 Him self vnder, he ordanit thair with all.
 Bund on the trest, in ane Cradill to sit,
 To lous the pyn quhen Wallace leit him wit.
 Bot with ane horne quhen it was tyme to be,
 In all the Dist na man suld blaw bot he.
 The day approchit of the greit battall,
 The Inglis men for power wald nocht fail.

By set thay war, agane ane of Wallace,
 fyftie thousand maid thame to battell place.
 The remanent baid at the Castell still,
 Baith feild and hous thay thecht to tak at will.
 The worthy Scottis vpon the tother syde,
 The plane feild tuik, on fuit maid thame to byde.
 Hew Kirkinghame the vangard than led he,
 With twentie thousand of lyklye men to se.
 Threttie thousand the Cell of Warrane had,
 Bot he did than, as the wyse man him bad.
 All the first Dist befoir him ouir was send,
 Sum Scottis man that weill the maner kend:
 Bad Wallace blaw, and said thay war anew,
 He haistit nocht, bot sadly couth persew.
 Quhill Warranis Dist, thich on the byg he saw,
 Fra Top the horne he hint and couth it blaw:
 Sa asperly, and warnit gude Johne wricht,
 The Kollar out he straik with greit slicht.
 The laif zeid down quhen the pynnis out gais,
 Ane hiddeous cry amang the pepill rais.
 Baith hors and men into the watter fell,
 The hardy Scottis that wald na langer dwell:
 Set on the laif with straikis sad and fair,
 Of thame thair ouir, as than souerit thay wair.
 At the foir bzeist thay pzenit hardely
 Wallace and Grahame, Boyd, Ramsay, & Lundy.
 All in the stour fechtand face to face,
 The Sutheroun oft bak reirit in that place.
 At the first straik syue aiker braid and mair,
 Wallace on fuit, ane greit scharp speir he bair.
 Amang the thickest of the preis he gais,
 On Kirkinghame ane straik he chosen haig.
 In the birneis that polist was full bricht,

The Seuint

The prunzeand heid the plaitis peirsit richt.
Throw the body stikkie him but reskew,
Derly to deith that Chistane wes adew.
Baith man and hors at that straik he bair down,
The Inglis Dist quhilk war in battell boun:
Comfort thay tynt quhen pair Chistane was slane
And mony ane to fle began in plane.
Zit worthy men baid still into that steid,
Quhill ten thousand war brocht vnto the deid.
Than fled the laif, and nicht na langer byde,
Succour thay socht in mony diuers syde
Sum eist, sum west, and sum fled to the North,
Seuin thousand large, atanis flotterit in Forth
Plungit in deip, Drowit without mercie,
Nane left on lyfe of all that fell menze.
Of Wallace Dist na man was slane of baill,
Bot Andro Murray into that strang battail.
The South part van pat saw pair men was tynt
Als feirly fled as fyze dois fra the synt.
The place thay left, Striuling Castell and toun,
Toward Dunbar, in greit haist maid yame boun.
Quhe Wallace dist had woun ye feild throw nicht
Tuik vp the brig and lowlit gude Johns wricht.
On the flearis syne followit wounder fast,
Erll Malcolme als out of the Castell past.
With Lennor men to stuf the chace gude speid,
Ay be the way thay gart feill Sutheroun bleid.
In the Torwod thay gart full mony de,
The Erll of Mearne that can full feirly fle:
With Corspatrik that graithly was his gyde,
Unchangit hors out throw the land thay ryde.
Straicht to Dunbar, bot few with thame pai leid
Mony war slane our sleuthfully that fled.

The Scottis hors had run wounder lang,
 Mony gais ouir, and nicht na farther gang.
 Wallace and Grahame euer togidder baid,
 At Hadingtoun full greit slauchter thay maid.
 Of Inglismen quhen thair hors tyrit had,
 Quhen Rasey come, gude Wallace was sul glaid.
 With him was Boyd and Richard of Lundy,
 Thre thousand haill was of gude Cheualry.
 And Adam Wallace, als of Ricardtoun,
 With Erll Malcolme yame fand at Hadingtoun.
 The Scottis men on slauchter taryit was,
 Quhill to Dunbar, the twa Chistanis couth pas.
 Full sytefull war for thair contrary cace,
 Wallace followit quhill thay gat in that place.
 Of thair best men, and Kirkinghame of Renoun,
 Threttie thousand was deid but redemptioun.
 Besyde Beltoun Wallace returnit agane,
 To follow mair than was it bot in vane.

In Hadingtoun ludgeing he maid all nicht,
 Upon the morne to Struiling passit richt.
 On ye Assumptioun day befell this cace,
 Ay louit be our Lord of his gude grace.
 Conuoyar oft, he was to gude Wallace,
 And helpit him in mony syndrie place.
 Wallace in haill sone efter this battaill,
 Ane greit aith tuik of all the Barrounis haill.
 That with gude will wald cum to his presence,
 He hecht thame als to byde at thair defence.
 Schir Johne Menteith was yan of Arrane Lord
 To Wallace come, and maid ane plane concord.
 With witnes thair, with his aith he him band,
 Lawtie to keip to Wallace and Scotland.

The Seuint

Quha wald nocht with fre will to richt apply,
 Wallace be force, puneist thame rigorously.
 Part put to deith, part set in presoun strang,
 Greit word of him throw baith yir Realmes rang
 Dundie thay gat, sone be ane schozt tretie,
 Bot for thair lyfis thay fled away be see.
 Inglis Capitanis that hous had in hand,
 Left Castellis fre, and stall out of the land.
 Within ten dayis, efter this tyme was gane,
 Inglis Capitanis in Scotland was leit nane.
 Except Berwik and Rorburgh Castell wicht,
 Zit Wallace thocht to bying thame to the richt.

That tyme thair was ane worthy trew Ber
 To name he hecht Cristal of Setoun. (roun
 In Jedburgh wod, for saistie he had bene,
 Agane Sutheroun full weill he couth contene.
 Edward couth nocht, fra Scottis faith him get,
 Thocht he him gais ane mulzeou of gold weill met
 Herbottill fled fra Jedburgh Castell wicht,
 Towart Ingland, thair Setoun met him richt.
 With fourtie men Cristall in bargane baid,
 Agane seuin scoir, and mekill maistrie maid.
 Slew that Capitane, and mony cruell man,
 Full greit riches in that Journey he wan.
 Houshald and gold, as thay suld pas away,
 The quhilk besoir thay keipit mony day.
 Jedburgh he tuk, and Rothuen leuit he,
 At Wallace will thair Capitane to be.
 Bald Setoun syne to Louthiane maid repair,
 In this storie ze may heir of him mair.
 And into Bruce, quha lykis for to reid,
 He was with him in mony cruell deid.

Gude Wallace than full sadly can deuise,
 To reull the land with worthy men and wyse.
 Capitaneis he maid, and Schireffis yat was gude
 Part of his kyn, and of trew vther blude.
 His deir Cousing in Edinburgh ordanit he,
 With trew Craufurd, that ay was full worthie.
 Keipar of it, with Nobill men at wage,
 In Hanwell than he had gude heritage.
 Scotland was fre, that lang in baill had bene,
 Wallace it wan fra our fals enemeis bene.
 Greit Gouvernour in Scotland he couth ring,
 Wait and ane tyme, to get his richteous King.
 Fra Inglis men, that held him in bandoun,
 Lang wzangoussly, fra his awin richteous Croun.

The aucht part of pis bulke declairis how Wal-
 lace put Corsparrick out of Scotland. Ca. 1.

I Due monethis yus, Scotland stuid in gude rest
 Ane counsaill cryit, yaine thoct it was ye best.
 In sanct Johnstoun quhair it suld haldin be
 Assemblit Clerk, Bartrun, and Burges fre.
 Bot Corsparrick wald nocht cum at thair call,
 Baid in Dunbar, and maid scoyne at thame all.
 Thay spak of him, feill Lordis in yat Parliament
 Than Wallace said, will ye heirto consent:
 Forgiu him fre, all thing that is bypast,
 Sa he will cum, and grant he hes trespass.
 Fra this tyme furth keip lawtie to our Croun,
 Thay grant thairto, Clerk, Burges, and Barroff.
 With hail consent thair wyting to him send,
 Richt lawly thus, thay thame to him commend.
 Besocht him sau, as ane than of the land,

The Auchte

To cum and tak sum Gouvernance on hand.
Lichtly he leuch, in scozne as it had bene,
And said he had sic Message seildin sene.
That Wallace now, as Gouvernour sall King,
Heir is greit falt of ane gude Prince and King.
That King of Kyle I can nocht vnderstand,
Of him I held neuer zit ane fur of land.
That Bachiller trowis, for Fortoun schawis hir
Thair with to lest it sall not lang be weil. (quheil
Bot to zow Lordis, and ze will vnderstand,
I mak zow wyse, I aucht to mak na band.
Als fre I am in this Regioun to King
Lord of myne awin, as euer was Prince or King.
In England als greit part of land I haif,
Hantrent thair of thair will na man me craif.
Quhat will ze mair, I warne zow I am fre,
For zour Summoundis ze get na mair of me.
To Sanct Johnstoun this writ he send agane,
Before the Lordis was manifest in plane.
Quhen Wallace hard the Erll sic answer makis
Ane greit heit throw curage than he takis.
For he wist weil thair suld be bot ane King
Of this Regioun atanis for to King.
Ane King of Kyle, for that he callit Wallace,
Lordis he said, this is ane vncouth cace.
Be he sufferit, we haue war than it was,
Thus rais he vp, and maid him for to pas.
God hes vs thoillit to do sa for the laif,
In lyfe or deith, in faith we sall him haif.
Or gar him grant quhome he haldis for his Lord,
Or ellis war schame, in storie to record.
I vow to God, with eis he sall nocht be,
Into this Realme, bot ane of vs sall de.

Les than be cum and knaw his richieous King
 In this Regioun weil baith we sall nocht ring.
 His lichtly scoone he sall repent full soir,
 Bot power saill o: I sall end thairsoir.
 Sen in this eird is ordanit me na rest,
 Now God be Judge the richt he knawis best.
 At that counsall langer he tarvit nocht,
 With twa hundreth fra sanct Johnstoun he socht.
 To the Counsall maid Instance o: he zeid,
 Thay suld contene, and of him haue na dreid.
 I am bot ane, and for gude caus I ga,
 Towart Kingorne the ganest way thay ta.
 Upon the moirne ouer forth south thay couth pas
 On his beyage he haistit wounder fast
 Robert Lawder at Mussilburgh met Wallace,
 Fra Inglismen he keipit weil his place.
 Couth nane him treit, knicht, Squyar, nor Lord,
 With King Edward for to be at concord.
 On Erll Patrik to pas he was full glaid,
 Sum said befor the Bas he wald haue had.
 Gude men come als, with Cristall of Sctoun,
 Than Wallace was four hundreth of Renoun
 Ane Squyar Lyle that weil the cuntre knew,
 With twentie men to Wallace couth persew.
 Besyde Lynitoun, and to thame tald he than,
 That Erll Patrik with mony Lpklie man:
 At Cokburnis peth he had his gaddering maid,
 And to Dunbar wald cum withouttin baid.
 Than Lawder said it war the best think me,
 Fallit to pas in Dunbar o: he be.
 Wallace answerit we may at laiser ryde,
 With 3000 power he thinkis bargane to byde.
 And of ane thing, ze sall weil vnderstand,

[The Aucht

Ane hardyer Lord is nocht into this land.
 Nicht he be maid, trew steidfast to ane King,
 Be wit and force he can do mekill thing.
 Bot wilfully he lykis to tyme him sell,
 Thus raid thay furth, and wald na langer dwell.
 Be eist Dunbar, quhair men thame tald on cace,
 How Erll Patrik was warnit of Wallace.
 Reir Innerwik cheisit ane seild at wail,
 With nyne hundreth of lyklye men to wail.
 Four hundreth was with Wallace in the richt,
 And thay anone appochit to thair sight.
 Greitfalt thair was of gude tretie betuene,
 To mak concord, and that full sone was sene.
 Without rehairs of action in that tyde,
 On ather part togidder fast thay ryde.
 The stour was strang, and wounder perillous,
 Content lang with deidis Cheualtrous.
 Mony thair deit of cruell Scottis blude,
 Of this tretie the mater is nocht gude.
 Thairfoir I ceis to tell the destruction,
 Pietie it was, and all of ane Natioun.
 Bot Erll Patrik the seild left at the last,
 Richt few with him to Cokburnis peth yair past.
 Aggreuit sair that his men thus was tynt,
 Wallace returnit, and wald na langer stynt,
 Towart Dunbar, quhair swift men him tald,
 Na purueyance was left into that hald.
 Nor man of fence, all had bene with thair Lord,
 Quhen Wallace hard the sicker trew recorde:
 Dunbar he tuik all hail at his bandoun,
 Gail it to keip to Cristall of Sctoun.
 Quhilk suffit it weill, with men and gude bittail
 Upon the moine, Wallace that wald nocht fail
with

with thre hundreth to Cokburnis peth he socht,
 Erll Patrik Ischit, for byde him wald he nocht.
 Hone to the Park Wallace ane range hes set,
 To Bonkill wod Corspatrik fled but let.
 And out of it, to Forhame passit he,
 Quhen Wallace saw it micht na better be:
 To Caldstreame raid, and ludgeit him on Tweid,
 Erll Patrik than in all haist can him speid:
 And passit by o: Wallace power rais,
 without resting in Ettrik Forrest gais.
 Wallace followit, bot he wald nocht assaill,
 Ane range to mak, as than it micht nocht baill.
 Out few he had, the strength was thick and strang
 Twelf myle on breid, and thairto twyis als lang.
 Into Cokholme Erll Patrik baid at rest,
 For mair power Wallace past in the west.
 Erll Patrik than him graithit haistlie,
 In England past, to get him thair supple.
 Out throw the land richt eirnistly couth pas,
 To Anthonie Beik, that Lord of Durame was.
 Wallace him put out of Glasgowe befor,
 And slew Berse, thair malice was the moir.
 The Bischop Beik gart sone greit power ryse,
 Northumbicland, vpon ane awfull wyse.
 Thay ordanit Bruce in Scotland for to pas,
 To wryn his awin, bot euill dissaut he was.
 Thay gart him trow that Wallace was Rebelle,
 And thocht to tak the Kinrik on him sell.
 For fals thay war, and cuer zit hes bene,
 Lawtie and treuth was euet in Wallace sene.
 To fend ye richt was all he tuk on hand,
 And thocht to bring, the Bruce fre to his land.
 Of this mater as now I tary nocht,

The Aucht

With strang power Sutheroun togidder socht.
 Fra Ovis watter assemblit haill to Tweid,
 The land Dist was threttie thousand in Deid.
 Of Themis mouth send Schippis be the see,
 To keip Dunbar that nane suld thame supple.
 Erll Patrik past with twentie thousand but let,
 Befoir Dunbar ane stalwart Seige he set.
 The Bischop Beik, and Robert Bruce baid still,
 With ten thousand, in Roxane at thair will.
 Wallace be this, that fast was lauborand
 In Louthiane come with gudz meu fyue thousad
 Richt weill besene into thair armour brycht,
 Thocht to reskew the Setoun bald and wicht.
 Under Zester that first nicht ludgeit he,
 Hay come to him with ane gude Cheualrie,
 In Doun Forrest all that tyme he had bene,
 He had the cūming of the Sutheroun sene.
 Fyfte he had of wise men into weir,
 Thay tald Wallace of Patrikis greit affeir.
 Hay said forsuith, and ze nicht him ouirset,
 Power agane richt sone he may nocht get.
 My counsall is, that we gif him battall,
 He thankit him of comfort and counsall.
 And said freind Hay in this caus that I wend,
 Sa that we wyn I rek nocht for to end.
 Richt suith it is that anis we mon de,
 Into the richt quha suld in terrour be?
 Erll Patrik thair ane Messinger gart pas,
 Tald Anthonie Beik that Wallace cūmand was.
 Of this tythingis the Bischop was full glaid,
 Ane mendis of him full fane he wald haue had.
 But mair prolong throw Laumyz mure yai raid,
 Acir the Spot mure in buschment still he baid.

Quhair Erll Patrik than ordanit for to be,
 Wallace of Beik, but warrit than was he.
 Zit he befor was nocht haistie in deid,
 Bot than he put baith him and his in dreid.
 Upon swyft hors scurriouris raid betuene,
 The cūming than of Erll Patrik hes sene.
 The hous he left, and to the mure is gane,
 Ane plane feild thair, with his Dist hes he tane.
 Gude Setoun syne, Ischit with few menze,
 Part of his men into Dunbar left he.
 To Wallace raid was on the richteous syde,
 In gude array, to the Spot mure thay ryde.
 Sum Scottis dzed, the Erll sa mony was,
 Twentie thousand agane sa few to pas.
 Bot Jop persauit, he bad Wallace suld byde,
 Tyne nocht your men, bot to sum strenth ze ryde.
 And I sall pas to get to w power mair,
 Thir ar our gude, thus lightly for to wair.
 Than Wallace said, in treuth I will nocht fle,
 For four of his, ay ane quhill I may be.
 We ar our neir, sic purpois for to tak,
 Ane dangerous chace thay nicht upon us mak.
 Heir is twentie, with this power to day,
 Wald him assay, suppois I war away.
 Mony thay ar, for Goddis saik be we strang,
 Zone Sutheroun folk, in stour wil not byde lag.

¶ (†) ¶

How Corspatrik brocht in Scotland Bischop
 Beik and Robert the Bruce, and how Wal-
 lace gais thame battell, and put thame out of
 Scotland. Ca. ij.

M. i.

The Rucht

The byme battell brathy on ather syde,
 Greit reird yair rais ouir all quhair pat pai
 The sair seblie, quhe pai togidder met (ryde.
 Feill strakis thair thay sadly on vther set.
 Munzeand speiris throw plaitis peirist fast,
 Mony of hors down to the ground thay cast.
 Sadillis thay tearn of hors but maisteris thair,
 Of the south syde syue thousand down thay bair.
 Gude Wallace Dist the fowrest cūmerit sa,
 Quhill yat the laif was in will away to ga.
 Erell Patrik baid, sa cruell of Intent,
 All hail his Dist tusk of him hardiment.
 Aganis Wallace in mony stour was he,
 Wallace knew weill that his men wald nocht fle.
 For na power that leuand was on lyfe,
 Quhill thay in heill micht be ay ane for fyfe.
 In that greit stryfe mony was handillit hair,
 The feill dyntis, the cruell hard debait.
 The feirs stryking maid mony ane greuous wound
 Upon the eird the blude maid to abound.
 All Wallace Dist into ane compas baid,
 Quhair sa thay turnit full greit slauchter pai maid
 Wallace and Grahame, Ramsay full worthy,
 The bald Setoun, and Richard of Lundy.
 And Adam Wallace, als of Ricardoun,
 Baith Hay and Lyle, with gude men of Renoun.
 Boyd, Barblay, Baird, & Lawder yat was wicht
 Feill Inglismen, derly to deith thay dicht.
 Bot Erell Patrik full feirly saucht agane,
 Throw his awin hand mony he put to pane.
 Our men on him thzang fordwact into thra,
 Maid throw his Dist feill sloppis to and fra.
 The Inglismen began planely to fle,

Chan

Than Bischop Beik full suddandly thay se.
 And Robert Bruce, contrair his native men,
 Wallace was wa, fra tyme he couth him ken.
 Of Bruceis deidis he was aggreuit mair,
 Than all the laif, that day that semblit thair.
 The greit buschment atanis brak on breid,
 Ten thousand haill that douchtie war in deid.
 The fearis than with Erll Patrik releuit,
 Thay faucht agane quhair mony war mischeuit.
 Quhen Wallace saw, the buschment brokin was,
 Out of the feild, on hors thay thocht to pas.
 Bot he saw weill his Dist sound in thair weid,
 He thocht to fray the founest or he zeid.
 The new cūmin Dist about thame semblit pair,
 On ather syde, with straikis sad and sair.
 The worthy Scottis sa feirly faucht agane,
 Of Anthonis men mony haue thay flane.
 Bot that tyran sa blis was in weir,
 On Wallace Dist thay did full mekill deir.
 And the bald Bruce sa cruelly wrocht he,
 Throw strenth of hand seill Scottis he gart de.
 To resist Bruce, Wallace he preissit fast,
 Bot Inglis men sa thick betur thame past:
 And Erll Patrik in all the haill he mocht,
 Throw out the stour to Wallace sone he socht.
 On the Besane ane fellow straik him gaif,
 Keruit the plait, with his scharp groundit glaif.
 Throw all the stuf, and woundit him sum deill,
 Bot Wallace thocht he suld be bengit weill.
 Followit on him, and ane straik effillit fast,
 Bot ane Hailand reklessly betur thame past.
 Upon ye heid gude Wallace hes him tane,
 Throw heid and bryane in sunder straik the bane.

The Aucht

Drid to the ground at that straik he him draif,
 Thus Wallace was disseuerit fra the laif.
 Of his gude men, amang thame him allane,
 About him socht feill enemeis mony ane.
 Strikkit his hors, to ground behuilit him licht,
 To fend himself als wyselie as he micht.
 The worthy Scottis, that micht na langer byde,
 With sair hartis out of the feild thay ryde.
 With thame in feir, thay weind Wallace had bene
 On fuit he was, amang his enemeis kene.
 Gude roume he maid about him into byeid,
 With his gude sword that helpit him in neid.
 Was nane sa strang, that gat of him ane straik,
 Efter agane maid neuer ane Scot to waik.
 Erll Patrik than that had greit craft in weir,
 With speiris ordanit, gude Wallace down to beir.
 Anew thay tuik, was hail into the feild,
 To him thay zeid, thocht he suld haue na beild.
 On ather syde fast prunzeand at his geir,
 He he wit of heidis, and wyselie couth him weir.
 The worthy Scottis of this full lytill wist,
 Socht to gude Grahame, quhe yai pair Chistane
 Lawder & Lyle, & Hay yat was ful wicht, (mik.
 And bald Ramsay, quhilk was ane worthy knicht
 Lundy and Boyd, and Cristall of Setoun,
 With fyue hundreth that war in bargane boun.
 Him to reskew full ruidly in thay raid,
 About Wallace ane large roume thay maid.
 The Bischop Beik was braitly borne to eird,
 At that reskew thair was ane felloun reird.
 Or he gat by, feill Sutheroun thay slew,
 Out of the preis, Wallace thay can reskew.
 Sone horsit him, vpon ane Cuirser wicht,

To wart

Towart ane strenth, rydis in all thair micht.
 Richt wyselie fled, reske wand mony man,
 The Erll Patrik to stuf the chace began.
 On the flearis, thair lytill harme thay wrocht,
 Gude Wallace folk away togidder socht.
 Thir fyue hundreth, ye quhilk I spak of air,
 Sa awfully abandounit thame and sair.
 Na followar durst, out fra his fellow ga,
 The gude flearis sic turning in thay ma.
 Four thousand haill had tane the strenth befoir,
 Of Wallace Dist, his comfort was the moir.
 Of Glascow that Forrest thocht to hald,
 Erll Patrik turnit, thocht he was neuer sa bald:
 Agane to Beik, quhen chaipit was Wallace,
 Curssand Fortoun of his mischancefull cace.
 The feild he wan, and seuin thousand was loist,
 Deid on that day for all the Bischoppis boist.
 Of Wallace men, fyue hundreth slane I ges.
 Bot na Chistane, his murning was the les
 Neir euin it was, bot Beik wald nocht abyde,
 In Launmyr mute thay turnit in that tyde.
 Thair ludgeing tuik, quhair he thocht maist auail:
 For weill he trowit, the Scottis wald assail:
 Upon the feild quhair thay gais battell last,
 The cuntrie men to Wallace gadderit fast.
 Of Edinburgh with Craufurd that was wicht,
 Four hundreth come into thair armour brycht.
 To Wallace raid, be his ludgeing was tane,
 Of Tenidail come gude men mony ane.
 Out of Jedburgh with Rothuen at that tyde,
 Togidder socht, fra mony diuers syde.
 Schir William pan, yat Lord was of Dowglas
 With him four score, that nicht come to Wallace.

¶ The Nucht

Twentie hundred of new men met that nicht,
 Upon yair fais, to venge thame at thair micht.
 At the first feild thir gude men had nocht bene,
 Wallace wachis thair aduersaris hes sene.
 Into quhat wyse thay had thair lndgeing maid,
 Wallace bowuit, efter Supper but baid.
 In Laumyz mure thay passit haistely,
 Sone to array zaid this gude Cheualry.
 Wallace thame maid in twn partis to be,
 Schir Johne re Grahame, a Setoun ordanit he,
 Lawder and Hay, with thre thousand to ryde,
 Him self the lair, tith wyselie for to gyde.
 With him Lundy, baith Ramsay and Dowglace,
 Barklay and Boyd, and gude Adam Wallace.
 Be this the day approcht wounder neir,
 And brycht Titan, in presence can appeir.
 The Scottis Dist sone semblit into sight,
 Of thair enemeis thay war nocht reddy dight.
 Out of array feill of the Sutheroun was,
 Richt awfully Wallace can on thame pas.
 At this entre the Scottis sa weill thame bair,
 Feill of thair fais to deith was bytunit thair.
 Redles thay rais, and mony fled away,
 Sum on the ground was smoitit quhair yai lay.
 Greit noyis and cry was raisit thame amang,
 Gude Grahame come in, yat stalwart was a strag
 Fra Wallace men war weill togidder met,
 On the South part sa awfully thay set.
 Incontrair thame thay frayit folk nicht not stad
 Atanis thair fled, of Sutheroun ten thousand.
 The worthy Scottis wrocht vpon sic ane wyse,
 Jop said him self yat yai war mekill to pyse.
 Zit Bischop Beils that felloun tyran strang,

Waid

Baid in the flour, richt awfully and lang.
 Ane knicht Skeltoun, that cruell was and kene,
 Befoir him stuid, into his armour schene.
 To fend his Lord, full worthely he wrocht,
 Lundy him saw, and sadly to him socht.
 With his gude sword, ane akwart straik him gais
 Throw Desane stuf, his craig in sunder draif.
 Quhair of the laif war stoniest in that steid,
 The bald Skeltoun of Lundyis hand was deid.
 Than fled thay all, and micht na langer byde,
 Patrik and Beik away with Bruce can ryde.
 Fyue thousand held into ane sloop away,
 To Forhame hous in all the haist thay may.
 Our men followit, that worthy war and wicht,
 Mony flear derfly to deith thay dichte.
 Thir thre Lordis to the Castell thay socht,
 Full feill thay wissit, that was of England brocht.
 At this Journey twentie thousand thay tynt,
 Drownit and slane, with speir and swordis dynt.
 The Scottis at Tweid, than haistit thame sa fast
 Feill Sutheroun men to worang suitdis thay past.
 Wallace returnit, in Forhame quhen yai wait,
 For worthy Bruce his hart was wounder sair.
 He had leuer haue had him at his large,
 Fre till our Crown, than of fyne gold so charge.
 Hair pan in Troy was quhen ye Greikis it wan.
 Wallace passit, with mony awfull man.
 Our Patrikis land, and waitit wounder fast,
 Tulk out greit gudis, and placis down can cast.
 His freidis twelf that Met hampys was cald,
 Wallace gart brek thay buirly biggingis balo.
 Baith in the Mers and als in Louthiane,
 Except Dunbar stand and he leuit nane.

The Aucht

To Edinburgh than vpon the aucht day,
Upon the mozne Wallace without delay:
To Perth he past, quhair ane Counsall was set,
To the Barrounis he schewit withouthin let.
How his greit bow richt weill eschewit was,
To ane maister he gart Erll Patrik pas.
Becaus he said, of Scotland he held nocht,
To King Edward, to get supple he socht.
The Lords was blyith, and welcūmit weill wals
Thankand greit God of his fair happy race. (lace
Wallace tuik stait to Gouverne all Scotland,
The barnage haill maid him ane oppin band.
Than delt he land to gude men him about,
For Scotlandis richt had set pair lyfis in dout.
Stanetoun he gais to Lawoder in his wage,
The knicht Wallange aucht it in heritage.
Than Birgem cruik he gais Lyle yat was wicht
To Skryngeour als, full gude rewarid he dight.
Syne Wallace toun and vther landis pair till,
To worthy men he delt with nobill will.
To his awin kyn, heritage name gais he,
Bot office haill that euerilk man micht se.
For couetise, thair couth na man him blame,
He baid rewarid, quhill the King suld cum hante.
Of all he did, he thocht to byde the Law,
Besoir his King, maister quhen he him saw.
Scotland was blyith, in Dolour had bene lang,
In ilk ane part to gude laubour thay gang.

How Wallace past in Ingland, and remanit
pair thre quarteris of ane year, and come hame
agane but battell. Ca. iij.

Be this

B E this the tyme of October was past,
 November neir approcht wounder fast.
 Tythingis thair come, King Edward greuit
 with his power in Scotlād thocht to pas. (was
 for Erll Patrik had geuin him sic counsall,
 Wallace gat wit, and semblit power haill.
 Fourtie thousand on Rossing mure thair met,
 Lordis he said, this is King Edwardis set.
 In contrair richt to seik vs in our land,
 I hecht to God, and to now be my hand.
 I sall him meit for all his greit barnage,
 within England to fend our heritage.
 His fals Desyre sall on him self be sene,
 He sall vs find in contrair of his ene.
 Sen he with wrong hes riddin this Regioun,
 we sall pas now in contrair of his Crown.
 I will nocht bid greit Lordis with vs fair,
 for myne Intent I will planele declair.
 Our purpos is, outhet to wyn or de,
 Quha zeildis him sall neuer ransomit be.
 The Barrounis than, him answerit worthely,
 And said thay wald pas with thair Cheualry.
 Him self and Jop prouydit that menze,
 Twentie thousand of waillit men tuik he.
 Harnes and hors, he gart amang thame waill,
 Wappinns ane w, that micht for thame awaill.
 Graithit thir men, that cruell war and kene,
 Better in weir, in warld couth nocht be sene.
 He bad the laif on laubour for to byde,
 In gude array fra Rossing mure thay ryde.
 At pair muster gude Wallace couth thame as,
 Quhat mysteris ma in ane power to pas?
 All of ane will, as I trow set at we,

The Aucht

In plane battell can nocht discomfist be.
Our Realme is pure, waistit with Sutheroun
So wyn on yame gold or vther gude. (blude
The Dist Inclynit all with humbill will,
And said thay suld his bidding than fulfill.
The Erll Malcolme, with Ireland men is gane,
Bot name of reull on him he wald tak nane.
Wallace him knew, ane Lord yat was worthy,
At his counsall he wrocht full steidfastly.
Starker he was, gif thay had battell sene,
For he befoir had in gude Journays bene.
Ane man of strenth, that hes gude wit with all,
Ane haill Region may comfort at his call.
As manly Hector wrocht into his weir,
Aganis ane hundreth comptit was his speir.
Bot that was nocht thro his strenth anerly,
Sic reull he led of Nobill Cheualry.
Thir exemplis war worthy for to ken,
Hector I leif, and speik furth of our men.
The knicht Campbell maid him to that beyage,
Of Lochoe cheif, that was his heritage.
The gude Ramsay furth to that Journey went,
Schir Johne the Grahame, fordwart in his In-
Wallace Cousing, Adam full worthy was, (tent.
And Robert Boyd, furth blyithly can yai pas.
With Auchinlek, and Richard of Lundy,
Lawder and Hay, and Setoun full worthy.

This Royall Dist but resting furth thay raid,
To Brokis feild, a pair ane quhyle yai baid.
Tha Wallace tuk, with him fourty but lels,
To Roxburgh zet raid sone or he wald ceis.
Sutheroun meruellit, gif it suld be Wallace,

without

Withouth assouerance, come to persew that place.
Of Schir Rauf Gray sone presence couth he as,
And warnit him thus, farther oz he wald pas.
Our purpos is in Ingland for to ryde,
A tyme we haif of Seissing now to byde.
Tak tent and heir of our cūming agane,
Gif ouir this hous, send me the keyis in plane.
Thus I command befoir thir witnes large,
Gif thow will nocht, remane with all the charge.
Bot this be done, thow force and I tak the,
Out ouir this wall, thow sall be hangit he.
With that he turnit, and to his Dist can wend,
This ilk command, to Berwik sone he send.
With gude Ramsay, yat was ane worthy Knicht,
The Dist but mair, full awollully he dicht
Began at Tweid, and spairit norht thay fand,
Bot bynt be force, all hail Northumberland.
All Durame town thay bynt by in ane gleid,
Abbayis thay spairit, & Kirkis quhair yat yat Reid.
To Zork thay raid, but baid oz thay wald blyn,
To byrne and slay, of thame he thocht na syn.
A sin thay thocht, the samin to lat vs feill,
Bot William Wallace quit our querrell weill.
Forthis thay wan, and small Castellis kest down.
With asper wappinnis payit thair ransoun.
Of prelsoneris thay lyait nocht to keip,
Quhome yat ouir tuis, thay maid thair freindis to
A sutheroū lauit, for all pair greit riches, (weip.
All sic trustrie he callit bot wretchitnes.
Unto the zettis, and Subuerbis of the town,
Braithly yat bynt, and brak pair biggingis down.
At the wallis assailzeit systene dayis,
Quhil King Edward scud to yame in this wayis.

¶ The Aucht

Ane knicht, ane Clerk, and ane Squyar of peis,
And prayit him fair of bryning for to ceis.
And hecht battell of fyftene dayis war past,
Souerance sa lang gif him lyk it he ast.
And als he speirit, quhy Wallace tuk on hand
The felloun stryfe in defence of Scotland?
And said he meruellit, in his wit for thy,
Aganis England, was of sa greit party.
Sen ze haue maid mekill of Scotland fre,
It war gude tyme for to lat malice be.
Wallace hes hard the message say thair will,
With manly voce richt thus he said thame till.
Ze may knaw weill, that richt aneuch we hail,
Of his Souerance I keip nocht for to craif.
Be caus I am ane natie Scottis man,
It is my det to do all that I can.
To fend our Kingrik out of dangering,
To his desyre we will grant in sum thing.
Our Dist sall ceis, for chance that may betyde,
Thir fyftene dayis, bargane for to abyde.
And sall do nocht, les than it muse in zow,
In his respite my self couth neuer trow:
King Edwardis writ, vnder his Seill yai gais,
Be fourtie dayis that thay suld battell hail.
Wallace than gais, this credence to thair King,
Thair leif thay tuk, syne passit but resting.
And tald him hail how Wallace leit thame feill,
Of yair Souerance he keipit nocht adeill.
Sic reullit men, sa awfull in effect,
Ar nocht Cristinit, as he leidis in weir.
The King answerit, and said it suld be kend,
It cumis of wit, enemies to commend.
Thay ar to dzeid, richt greitly in certane,

Sadly

Sadly thay think of harmis that thay haue tane.
 Leif I thame thus, at counsall with thair king,
 And of the Scottis agane to speik sum thing.

Wallace tranoyntit vpon the secund day,
 fra Zork yai past, richt in ane gude array.
 North west yai went, in battell buskit boun
 Thair ludgeing tuk besyde Northallartoun.
 And cryit his pear, thair mercatis for to stand,
 Thay fourtie dayis, for pepill of England.
 Quha that lykit, ony bittall to sell,
 Of all thair schoir war mekill for to tell.
 Schir Rauf Rymont Capitane of Miltoun was,
 with greit power be nicht ordanit to pas
 On Wallace Dist, to mak sum Jeopardie,
 feill Scottis men, that dwelt in that countrie
 wist of this thing, and gadderit to Wallace,
 Thay maid him wyse of all this felloun cace.
 Gude Lundy than, to him he callit thair,
 And Hew ye Hay of Lochozquhart was Air.
 with thre thousand, yat worthely had wrocht,
 Syne priuatly on fra the Dist thay socht.
 The men he tuk, that come to him of new,
 Gydis to be, for thay the cuntrie knew.
 The Dist he maid in gude quyet to be,
 Ane space fra thame he buskit priuatlie.
 Schir Rauf Rymont, with seuin thousand come in
 On Wallace Dist, ane Jeopardie to begin.
 The buschment brak, or thay the Dist come neir,
 On Sutheroun men, ye worthy Scottis ca steir.
 Thre thousand hail war braithly brocht to ground,
 Journey thay socht, and sickerly hes found.
 Schir Rauf Rymont was stikkit on ane speir,

¶ The Aucht

Thre thousand flane that woorthy war in weir.
The Sutheroun wist quhen thair Chiftane was
To Miltoun fast yai fled in all thair mane. (Flane
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualry,
Amang Sutheroun thay enterit suddanly.
Scottis and Inglis, into the toun atanis,
Sutheroun men schot, & braithly kest down flanis
Of thair awin men richt feill thair haue yai flane,
The Scottis about, that war of mekill mane.
Up Greissis ran, and seist all the toun,
Derfely to deith, the Sutheroun dang thay down.
Wallace thair heg fundin full greit riches,
Jowellis and gold, wappinnis, and harnes.
Spulzeit the toun of wyne and of vittail,
To his Dist send, with cariage of greit waill.
Thre dayis still 'within the toun he baid,
Syne brak down werk, that woorthely was maid.
Wyfis and barnis thay put out of the toun,
Na man he sauit that was of that Natioun.
Quhen Scottis had sene, and tursit thair Desyre,
Wallis thay brak, and set the laif in fyre.
The tymmer werk thay bynt vp all in plane,
On the feird day to his Dist raid agane.
Gart cast ane dyke, that micht sum strengthing be,
To keip the Dist fra suddand Jeopardie.
Chan Inglis men was richt greittly agast,
Fra North and South, unto thair King yai past.
At Dunfrayt lay, and held ane Parliament,
To gif battell the Lordis couth nocht consent.
Bot Wallace war, of Scotland crownit King,
Thair counsall fand, it was ane perrillous thing.
For thocht thay wan, thay wan bot as thay wait.
And gif thay tynt, loist England euer mair.

In case it war put in the Scottis hand,
And this decret thair wit amang thame fand.
Gif Wallace wald bpon him tak the Crown,
To gif battaill thay suld be redde boun.
The samin message to him thay send agane,
And thair Intent thay tald to him in plane.
Wallace thame chargit, fra his presence absent,
His Counsall callit, and schew thame his Intent.
He and his men desyre battell to haif,
Be ony wyse, of Ingland our the laif.
Him self said first, that war ane our hie thing,
Aganis my faith, to reis my richteous King.
I am his man, borne natiue of Scotland,
To weir the Crown, I will nocht tak on hand.
To send the Realme, it is my det be skill,
Lat God abone rewarde me as he will.
Sum bad Wallace bpon him tak the Crown,
Wyle men said nay, it war derisoun.
To Crown him King but voce of Parliament,
For thay wist necht gif Scotland wald consent.
Uther sone said, it was the wrangous place,
Thus demit thay of mony diuers case.
The knicht Campbell of wit ane worthy man,
As I said air, with thame was present than.
Hard and answerit, quhen mony said thair will,
This war the best wald Wallace grant thair till.
To Crown him King Solempnitly for ane day,
To get ane end of all our lang delay.
The gude Erll Malcolme, said yat Wallace micht
As for ane day, in fence of Scotlandis richt.
Thocht he relussit it lest andly to beir,
Resaue the Crown, as into feir of weir.
The pepill all, to him gaif thair consent,

The Micht

Malcolme of ald was Lord of Parliament.
 Zit Wallace thoillit, and leit thame say pair will
 Quhen thay had demit be mony diuers skill:
 In his awin mynd he abhorrit with this thing,
 The cōmounis cryit mak Wallace crownt King.
 Than semblit he, and said it suld nocht be,
 At termis schozt, ze get na mair of me.
 Under cullour our answer we man mak,
 Bot sic ane thing I will nocht on me tak.
 I will zow suffer, to say that it is swa,
 It war ane scozne the Crown on me to ta.
 Thay wald nocht lat, the message of England
 Cum thame amang, or thay suld vnderstand.
 Twa knichtis past to the message agane,
 Maid yame to trow Wallace was crownt in plane
 Gart yame traist weil, yat yis was suithfast thing
 Deliverit thus, thay passit to the King.
 To Dunfret went, and tald that thay had sene,
 Wallace Crownt, quhair of yat Lordis war tene.
 In barrat wor, in Parliament quhair thay stude,
 Than said thay all, thir tythingis ar nocht gude.
 He did sa weil in thir tymes befoir,
 And now thair King, he will do mekill moir
 Ane fortunate man, na thing gais him agane,
 And we gif battell, we sall repent with pane.
 Ane vther said, and battell will he haue,
 Or stroy our land, na tresour may vs saue.
 In his conquest, sen first he couth begyn,
 He sellis nocht, bot takis that he may wynn.
 For Inglismen he settis na dome bot deid,
 Price nor pennys may mak vs na remeid.
 Ane wodstok sayis, ze wrik nocht as the wyse,
 Git that ze tak the anter of suppyle.

For thocht we wyn all that ar in England,
 The laif ar stark aganis us for to stand.
 Be Wallace saif, bther thay comyt bot small,
 For thy me think, it war the best of all.
 To keip our strenthis of Castellis & wallit toun,
 Sa we sall fend the folk of this Region.
 Thocht North be bynt, better of souerance to be,
 Than set all England on ane Jeopardie.
 Thay grantit all as Woodstok can thame say,
 And thus thay put the battell to delay.
 And kest thame hail for bther gouernance,
 Aganis Wallace to wick sum ordinance.
 Thus Wallace hes in plane discomfeist hail,
 Aganis King Edward all his hail battall.
 For throw falsset and his subtiltie,
 Thay thocht he suld for greit necessitie:
 And salt of fude, to steill out of the land,
 Than this decreit thair wit amang thame fand.
 Thay gart the King cry all thair mercat down,
 Fra Trent to Tweid, throuchfair and fre toun.
 That in thay boundis na man suld vittall leid,
 Sic stuf or wyne, vnder the pane of deid.
 This same decreit thay gais in Parliament,
 Of Scottis furth to speik is myne Intent.
 Wallace lay still, quhill fourtie dayis war gane,
 Abydand thame, bot apperance saw he nane.
 Battell to haue as thair pomeis was maid,
 He gart display agane his baner braid.
 Repreuit Edward, richt greitly of this thing,
 Bauchillit his Seill, blew out on this fals King.
 As reccyand, turnit bak and zaid his gait,
 Than Wallace maid full mony biggingis hait.
 Thay raisit fyre, bynt vp Northallartoun,

¶ The Aucht

I gaue throw Zork schyze baldly maid yame boff.
 Dystroyit the land, als far as euer thay ryde,
 Seuin myle about, thay byynt on ather syde.
 And wrocht ye Sutheroil mony werkād wound,
 Balicis spilt, greit Towris can confound.
 Wedowis weipit, with sorow in thair sang,
 Madynnis murnit, with greit mening amang.
 Thay spairit nocht, bot women and the kirk,
 The worthy Scottis of laubour wald nocht Irk.
 Gai to Abbaris richt largely of thair gude,
 To all kirk men thay did na thing bot gude.
 The tempoꝝall land thay spulzeit at thair will,
 Gude Gardingis gay, and greit Orchartis pai spl
 To Zork thay went, thir weirmen of Renoun,
 Ane Seige thay set richt sadly to the Toun.
 For greit defence thay garneist thame within,
 Ane felloun salt without thay can begin.

¶ The Seige of Zork. Ca. liij.

Deuydit the Dist in four partis about,
 With wachis fell, that na man suld Isch out
 Abone the toun vpon the south part syde,
 Thair wallace wald, and gude Lundy abyde.
 Erll Malcolmne syne at the west zet abaid,
 With him ye Boyd pat gude Journevis had maid
 The knicht Campbell, of Lochow pat was Lord,
 At the North zet, and Ramsay maid thame forð.
 Schir John ye graham pat worthy was in weir
 Auchinlek, Craufurd, with full manly effeir.
 At the east port baldly thay boun to hyde,
 Ane thousand archearis vpon the Scottis syde.
 Discreit thame amang the four party,

fyue thousand bowmen in the toun for thy.
 Within the wallis arrayit thame full richt,
 Twelf thousand ma, that semelie was to sight.
 Than said Wallace, and zone war on aue plane,
 In feild to fecht, me think we suld be fane.
 Than sailzeit thay, richt fast on euerie syde,
 The worthy Scottis, that baldly durst abyde.
 With speir and scheild, for gunnis had yai nane,
 Within the dykis yai gart feill Sutheroun grane.
 Arrowis thay schot, richt seirs as ony fyre,
 Out our the wallis, that flawmit in greit Ire.
 Throw birneis brycht with heidis of fyne steill,
 The Sutheroun blude, of freindschip nane yai feil.
 Our schynand harnes schot the blude sa schene,
 The Inglismen that cruell war and kene.
 Keipit thair toun, and fendit thame full fast,
 Faggaldis of fyre amang the Dist thay cast.
 With pik and tar of feill Sowis thay lent,
 Mony war hurt or thay fra the wallis went.
 Stanis of Springhaldis thay cast out sa fast,
 And gaddis of Irne maid mony groine agast.
 Bot neuertheles the Scottis yat war without,
 The toun full oft, thay set into greit dout.
 Thair Bulwerk bynt, richt bymly of the toun,
 Thair Barnekin wan, a greit garrettis kest down.
 Thus sailzeit thay, on ilk syde with greit micht,
 The day was gane, and cumyn was the nicht.
 The wery Dist, than drew thame fra the toun,
 Set out wachis, for resting maid thame boun.
 Wisch woundis with wyne, of yame yat was vna
 For nane was deid, of greit mirth yai about (soud
 Feill men war hurt, bot na murning thay maid,
 Confermit the Seige, and steidfastly thay baid.

The Nucht

Quhen that the Sone on morrow rais by bricht,
 Befor the Chistanis assembleit thay full richt.
 And said amendis of the toun thay suld tak,
 For all the fence yat the Suthervun nicht mak.
 Arrayit agane, as thay began befoir,
 About the toun thay sailze wonder soir.
 With felloun schot out our the wallis full schene,
 Feill Inglismen that cruell war and kene.
 With schot war slane, for all thair targis strang,
 Bustit helmys, mony to ground thay dang.
 Byrn byrnand fyre thay kest to euerie zet,
 The entres thus in perrell oft thay set.
 The Defendaris war of full greit Defence.
 Keipit thair toun, throw strenth and violence.
 All thus the day thay draif vnto the nicht,
 To Pauillounis bownit mony wery wicht.
 All Jrk of weir, the toun was strang to win,
 Of actailze and Nobill men within.
 Quhen that yai trowit ye Scottis war all at rest,
 For Jeopardy the Inglismen thame kest.
 Schir Johne Moroun, was knowin worthy &
 Schir William Leis graithit yame & nicht (wicht
 With fyue thousand, weil garnist and sauage,
 Upon the Scottis, thay thocht to mak skirnage.
 And at the zet Ischit out haistely,
 On Erll Malcolme, and his gude Cheualry.
 To chak the wache Wallace and ten hes bene,
 Rydand about, and hes thair cūning sene.
 He gart ane blaw was in his company,
 The teddy men arrayit thame haistely.
 Feill of the Scottis Jlk nicht in harnes baid,
 Be ordinance, for thay sic reull had maid.
 With schort auyse togidder at thay went,

Upon

Upon yair fais, quhair fell Sutheron war schent
 Wallace knew weil, the Erll to haistie was,
 For thy he sped him in the preis to pas.
 Ane sword of weir into his hand he bair,
 The first he hit, the craig in sunder schair.
 Ane vther akwart on the face tuk he,
 Baith neis and front, in the feild gart he fle.
 The hardy Erll befor his men our past,
 Into the preis, quhair fell war fechtand fast.
 Ane scheir and sword, he bair drawin in hand,
 The first was fey, that he befor him fand.
 Quhen Wallace and he was togidder set,
 Thair lest it nane agane thame that thay met.
 Bot outhir deid, or ellis fled thame fray,
 Be this the Dist all in ane gude array:
 With the greit scry, assemblit thame about,
 Than stuid the Sutheron in ane felloun dout.
 Wallace knew weil the Inglis men wald fle,
 For thy he preisit in the thickest to be.
 Hewand full fast on quhat Seigis he focht,
 Aganis his dynt, fyne streill auailit nocht.
 Wallace of hand, sen Arthur had na maik,
 Quhome he richt hit, was ay deid at ane straik.
 That was weil knawin in mony places quhair,
 Quhome Wallace hit, yat deitit ye scottis na maik
 Als all his men, did cruelly and weil,
 That come to straik, yat micht ye Sutheron fell.
 The Inglis men fled, and left the feild p. anely,
 The worthie Scottis wrought thair sa hardely.
 Schir Johne Mortoun in yat place he was deid,
 And twelf hundred, but ouy maik remeid.
 Thir mony war left in the feild and flane,
 The lair returnit in to the town agane.

The Ruche

And rehoie full fair, that euer pai furth couth foud,
Amang yame was full mony ane werkād wound
The Dist agane ilk ane to thair waird raid,
Commandit wache, and na mair noyis maid.
Bot restit still quhill that the brycht day dew,
Agane began, the toun to sailze new.
All thus thay wrocht with full greit worthynes,
Allailzeit fair, be wit and hardynes.
The Distis bittall worth skant and sailzeit fast,
Thus lay thay thair, quhil diuers dayis war past.
The land waistit, and meit was nane to win,
Bot that wist nocht the folk that was within.
Thay dzed full fair for thair awin veruysoun,
For Soucrance prayit the power of the toun.
To speik with Wallace thay desyrit fast,
And he appeirit, and speirit quhat thay ast.
The Hair answerit, said we wald pay ransoun,
To pas your way, and deir na mair our toun.
Gret schame it war that we suld zoldin be,
And tounis haldin of les power than we.
Ze may nocht wryn, vs lang thocht yat ze byde,
We sall gif gold, and ze will fra vs ryde.
We may gif battell, durst we for our King,
Sen he hes lest, it war our hie ane thing.
To vs to do, without his ordinance,
This toun of him we hald in gouernance.
Wallace answerit, of your gold rek we nocht,
It is for battell that we hidder socht.
We had leuer haue battell of England,
Than all the gold that gude King Arthur fand.
On Mount Michell, quhen he the Giant slew,
Gold may be gaue, bot worschip is ay new.
The King promeist, that we suld battell haif,

His wȳt thairto vnder his Seill thay gair.
 Letter of band, ze se may nocht auair,
 Us for this tyme he thocht to gif battall.
 We think we suld on his men wrokin be,
 Upon our kyn, mony greit wraig wrocht he.
 His deuill lyke deid he wrocht into Scotland,
 The Mair said Schir, richt thus we vnderstand.
 We haue na charge quhat our King garris vs do,
 Bot in this kynd we sall be bound zow to.
 Sum part of gold to gif zow with gude will,
 And nocht efter to wait zow with nane ill.
 Be na kin meane the power of this toun,
 Bot gif our King mak him to battell boun.
 Into the Dist, was mony worthy man,
 With Wallace na, nor rekkyn now I can.
 Better it was, for at his will thay wrocht,
 Thocht he was best, zit vther lak we nocht.
 All seruit thank, to Scotland ever mair,
 For manheid wit, the quhilk thay schewit thair.
 The haill counsall thus demit thame amang,
 The toun to Seige, thay thocht it was to lang.
 And nocht ane way to wyne it with na sight,
 The counsall fand, it was the best thay might.
 Sum gold to tak, sen that thay get na mair,
 Syne furth away into thair beyage fair.
 Than Wallace said, my self will nocht consent,
 Bot gif this toun mak vs this plane content:
 Tak our baner, and set it on the wall,
 For our power thair Realme hes riddin all.
 Zoldin to be, quhen we think thame to tak,
 In Ingland lang residence and we mak.
 This answer sone, thay send vnto the Mair,
 And thay consentit, the remanent that was thair.

The Rucht

The baner tuk by, and set it on the toun,
 To Scotland was, hie honour and Renoun.
 That baner thair, fra vii. houris buto none,
 Thair finance maid, deliuerit gold full sone.
 Fyue thousand pundis, all gude gold of England
 The Dist restant, with vittall aboundand.
 Baith breid and wyne, richt glaidly furth yat gail
 And vther stuf, that thay lykit to haif.
 Twentie dayis out, the Dist remanit thair
 Bot want of vittall gart thame fra it fair.
 Zit still in pear, the Dist ludgeit all yat nicht,
 Quhill on the moyne, the Sone was ryssin bricht.
 In till Apryll among the Schawis schene,
 Quhen that the ground was cled in tender grene.
 Plesand it war to ony Creature,
 In lustie lyfe this tyme for to Indure.
 The gude women, had fredome largely,
 Bot lude was skant, thay nicht get nane to by.
 Turrit Tentis, and in the cuntrie raid,
 On Inglis men full greit heirschip thay maid.
 Wynt and brak down, biggingis spair thay nocht
 Richt worthy Wallace, law to ground yame brocht
 All Wydiame land thay brynt by in ane fyre,
 Brak Parkis down, distroyit all the Schyre.
 Wyld Deir thay slew, for vther beistis was nane,
 Thir wirmen tuk of vennyfoun gude wane.
 Towart the south, thay turnit at the last,
 Hard biggingis bair, als far as euer thay past.
 The commons all, to Londoun ar thay went,
 Befor the King, and tald him thair Intent.
 And said thay wald, bot he gart Wallace ceis,
 Forsais thair faith, and tak thame to his peis.
 An Htraid thair, than durst to Wallace pas,
 Quhair of

Duhaif of the King greitly aggrenit was.
 Thus Edward left his pepill into baill,
 Contrair Wallace he wald nocht gif battall.
 For byde in feild, for nocht that thay can say,
 Gais our the caus, to Londoun past his way.
 At men of wit, this questioun heir I as,
 Among Nobillis gif euer ony was.
 Sa lang in Ingland throw force or throw cace,
 Sen Brutus deit, but vittall bot Wallace.
 Greit Julius, the Emperre had in hand,
 Twyis on force was put out of Ingland.
 Wicht Arthur als, first of weir quhen he preuit,
 Als twyis yai faucht, suppois thay war mischeuit.
 A wofull Edward durst nocht wicht Wallace byde
 In ane plane battell, for all Ingland sa wyde.
 In Londoun lay, and tnik him to his rest,
 And bzab his bow quhilk hald ze for the best?
 Deme as ze list gude men of discretioun,
 Richt clair it is to resolue this questioun.
 To my sentence now breifly will I pas,
 Duhan Wallace yug throw Zork schyre tournad
 Vittall as than, was nane left in the land, (was.
 Bot in housis, quhair it micht be warrand.
 The Oit heirof, abaisit was to byde,
 Fra fude skantit, na plesance was that tyde.
 Sum bad turne hame, & sum wald farther maie,
 Wallace callit Jop, and said to him richt thair.
 Thow knawis the land, quhair maist aboundace
 Be thow our gode, and yai we sall nocht mis. (is
 Vittall to find, that I wait wounder weill,
 Thow hes I traist of Ingland mekill feill.
 The King and his, to starr strenthis ar gane,
 Bot Jeopardie now perrell haue we nane.

[The Aucht

Than Jop said Schir, be ze gydit be me,
The plentiest part of England ze sall se.
Of wyne and quheit, thair is in Rochemōt Schyre
And vther stuf of fude as ze desyre.
Quhair of I trow, ze salbe weill content,
The Dist was glaid, and hidderwart thay went.
Mony trew Scot was semblit in that land,
To Wallace come, weill ma than nyne thousand.
Of presone part sum had in laubour wrocht,
Fra ather part full fast to him thay socht.
Wallace was blyth of our awin native kin,
That come to him of baill that thay war in.
And all the Dist of comfort was blythar,
Fra thair awin folk was multipland mair.
In Rochemont Schyre thay fand abundance,
Of bzeid and aill, with vther purueyance.
Bak Parkis down, and slew beistis mony ane,
Of wyld and tame, forsuith thay spairit nane.
Throw out the land thay past in gude array,
Ane semely place sa fand thay in thair way.
Quhill Raunswauch hecht as Jop him self tald
Jehew was Lord, and Capitane in that hald.
Fyue hundreth men war semblit in that place,
To sail thame self and thair gude fra Wallace.
Ane Royall steid fast by ane forest syde,
With Turatis fair, and garratis of greit pryde.
Bcildit about, richt lykhe to be wicht,
With fyue greit Towris weill biggit to the hicht.
Feill men about, on wallis buskit bene,
In gude armour, that burnist was full schene.
The Dist past by, and bespit bot that place,
Zit thay within ou loud desyit Wallace.
And Trumpetis blew, with mony weirlyke soun,

Than

Chan Wallace said, had we zone gallandis down
On the plane ground, thay wald mair sober be,
Chan Jop said Schir, ze gart his brother be.
In Herald weid, ze wait on Tynno hill,
Wallace answerit, sa wald I with gude will.
Had I him self, bot we may nocht him deir,
Gude men man thoill, of harlottis scoirne in weir.
Schir John ye graham wald at ane bicker bene
Bot Wallace sone the perrell hes foir sene.
Commandit him to lat his feirsnes be,
We haue na men to waist in sic degre.
Wald we thame harne, I knaw ane uther gait,
How we with fyze, within sall mak thame hait.
For fyze hes bene ay felloun into weir,
On sic ane place it may do lytill deir.
Thair bulwark auld, I se of widdereit aik,
Wat it in fyze, thay nicht nocht stand ane straik.
Housis and wod, heir is aneuch plentie,
Quha he wis best of this forest lat se.
Pull housis down, we sall nocht wane adeill,
The auld tymmer, will gar the grene byrn weill.
At his command full besely thay wrocht,
Greit wod in haist about the place thay brocht.
The Bulwerk wan, thir men of armes bricht,
To the Barmkin, laid tymmer by on hicht.
Chan bowmen schot, to keip thame fra the cast,
Bot thay about had festint fyris fast.
Wemen and barnis, on Wallace loud thay cry,
On kneis thay fell, and askit him mercy.
At ane quarter quhair fyze had nocht ouirtane,
Thay tuk thame out fra that Castell of stane.
Syne bet the fyze with brandis byrn and bald,
The reid low rais full hte abone that hald

The Nucht

Barrellis of pik, for fence was hungin thair,
 All straik in fyre, thair mischeif was the mair.
 Quhen the byrme fyre atouit the place was past,
 Than thay within, nicht nouthir schuit nor cast.
 Als bestiall of nolt and hors within.
 Among the fyre thay maid ane hideous din.
 The armit men in harnes was sa hait,
 Sum down to ground, duscheit but mair debait.
 Sum lay sum fell, into the felloun fyre,
 Smoitrit to deith, and bynt vp bane and lyre.
 The fyre brak in at all oppinis about,
 Rane baid on loft, sa felloun was the dout.
 Fehew him self lay rudely fra the bicht,
 Throw all the fyre, can our the Barnikin licht.
 With ane gude sword, Wallace strais of his heid,
 For hunt it vp, and curst it fra that steid.
 Fyue hundred men, that was into that place,
 Gat nane away, bot deit without in grace.
 Wallace baid still, with his power that night,
 Upon the moirne the fyre had sailzeit nicht.
 Besoir the zet, quhair it was bynt on byeid,
 Ane rod thay maid and to the Castell zeid.
 Straik down the zet, & tulk that thay nicht win,
 Towellis and gold, greit riches was thairin.
 Spuilzeit the place, and lest nocht ellis thair,
 Bot beikis, bynt, bodis and wallis bair.
 Than tulk thay hir that was wyfe to Fehew,
 Gail hir command, as scho was woman trew.
 To turs that heid to Londoun to King Edward,
 Scho it ressaunt, with greit sorow in hart.
 Wallace him tell, thir chargis to hir gail,
 Say to your King, bot gif I battell wail:
 At Londoun zettis we sall assaillze sail,

In this

In this moneth we think for to be thair.
Traist in ye treuth will God we fall nocht fail,
Bot I desist throw charge of our counsall.
The south west part of Ingland we sail se,
Bot he seik pear, or ellis bergane with me.
Upon ane tyme he chargit me on this wise,
Richt busteously to mak to him seruice.
Sic fall he haue, as he vs caus hes maid,
Than mouit thay, withouttin mair abaid.
Deluerit scho was fra this Cheualry,
Toward Londoun scho dight hir ernistly.
Unto the toun but mair proces scho went,
Quhair Edward lay sair mouit in his Intent.
His Neworis heid, quhen he saw it was brocht,
Sa greit sorrow sadly vpon him socht.
With greit vneis, vpon his feit he stude,
Weipand in wo, for his deir tender blude.
The Counsall rais, and prayit him to ceis,
We lois Ingland, bot gif we purches peis.
Than Wodstok said, this is my best counsall,
Tak peice ane tyme as for our aduin auail.
Or we tyne mair, we flaik of our curage,
Efter ze may get help be your barnage.
The king grantit, and bad yame message send,
Na man was thair, that durst to wallace wend.
The Quene appeirit, and saw this greit distance,
Weill bozne scho was of the richt blude of France.
Scho trowit weill, pairfoir to speid the eirair,
Hir self purpoist in that Message to sair.
Als scho forthocht that the king tuk on hand,
Agane the richt, sa oft to reis Scotland.
And teill men said, the vengeance hapnit sair,
Of greit murther, his men maid into Air.

The Rucht

Thus demit thay the counsall thame amang,
 To this effect, the Quene bowrit to gang.
 Quhen scho hes sene ilk man forsak this thing,
 On knets scho fell, and askit at the King.
 Souerane scho said, gif it your willis be,
 That I desyre zome Chistane for to se.
 For he is knawin, baith hardy, wys, and trew,
 Perchance he wald erar on women rew.
 Than on your men, thay haue done him sic deir,
 Quhen he thame seis, it muistis him ay to weir.
 It may nocht skaith, suppois I do na baill,
 To help this land, I wald mak my traillaill.
 The Lordis all, of hir desyre was fane
 Unto the King maid Instance into plane:
 That scho nicht pas, the King with akwart will,
 Half into Ire he gair consent thair till.
 Sum of thame said, the Quene luifit Wallace,
 For the greit voce of his hie Nobilnes.
 Ane hardy man, that is lyklye with all,
 Greit fauour will of Fortoun to him fall.
 Ane wemen, is sene in mony place,
 Sa happinnit, in this tyme of Wallace.
 In his ryfing, he was ane luifar crew,
 And cheifit ane, bot Inglis men hir flew.
 Zit said thay nocht, the Quene wald on hir tak,
 As for his lufe sic trauell for to mak.
 Now lufe or leif, or for help of thair land,
 I mak recheirs, as I in Scripture fand.
 Scho graithit hir, vpon ane gudly wys,
 With gold and geir, and folk at hir deupse.
 Ladyis with hir, nane vther wald thay send,
 And auld Preistis, that weill the cuntrie kend.
 Leif I the Quene to message reddy dight,

And

And speik farther of Wallace trauell richt.

The worthy Scottis amāg pair enemeis raid,
 Distruction greit, vpō yame haif pai maid.
 Waistit the land, about on ather syde,
 Na weirman than, durst in thair wayis abyde.
 Thay Ransonit nane, bot to the deith thame dicht
 In mony steid maid syris braid and bycht.
 The Dist was blyth, and in ane gude estat,
 Na power was, that wald mak thame de bait.
 Greit riches wan, of gold and gude thair till,
 Leuing aneuch to tak at thair awin will.
 In awfull feir thay trauell throw the land,
 Maid biggingis bair, yat thay besoir thame sand,
 Greit Barmkinis brak, of steidis stark & strang,
 Thir wicht weirmen of trauell thocht nocht lang.
 South in the land richt cruikly thay socht,
 To Sanct Albanis, bot harme pair did yat nocht.
 The Pryour send, thame wyne and bennyoun,
 Refreschit the Dist with fude in greit fushoun.
 The nicht appeirit, quhen thay war at that place,
 Thay herbiyt than, fra thyne ane lytill space.
 Cheistit ane steid, quhair thay suld byde all nicht,
 Tentis on ground and Hauillounis proudlyicht.
 Into ane dail, besyde ane Riuer fair,
 On ather syde quhair wylde beistis maid repair.
 Set watchis out, that wylle couth thame keip,
 To Supper went, and tymouly couth sleip.
 Omeit and drink, thay eis with sufficiace,
 The nicht was schort, our drai the dirful chace.

How the Quene of England come and spak
 with Wallace. Ca. v.

The Aucht

The mery day sprang fra the Orient,
 with beinis bricht, Illuminit ye Occident.
 Efter Tytan Phebus bypysit fair,
 Reich in the Spheir the Signis maid declair.
 Zephirus began his michtie morrow cours,
 The sweet vapour did fra the ground resours.
 The donk dew down fra the heuin did baill,
 In euerie meid, baith firth, forest, and daill.
 The fresche Reuer amang the Rochis rang,
 Throw grene branchis, quhair bydis biythly sag.
 With Joyous voce, in heuinly harmony,
 Than Wallace thocht it was na tyme to ly.
 He blissit him, syne suddandly vp he rais,
 To tak the air, out of his Tent he gais.
 Maister Johne Blair was reddy haistellie,
 To Goddis seruice bowit richt reuerentlie.
 Quhen that was done Wallace couth him array,
 In his armour, quhilk was baith gude and gay.
 His schynand scheild, yat burneist was full bene,
 His leg harnes, that claspit was full clene.
 Pulanis greis, he claspit on full fast,
 Ane clois birny, with mony sicker cast.
 Brist plait Braissaris, yat worthy war in weir,
 Besyde him furth, Top couth his Basnet beir.
 His glitterand gluisfis grauin on ather syde.
 He semit weill in battell for to byde.
 Ane gude girdill, and syne ane buirly brand,
 Ane staf of steill he grippit in his hand.
 The Dill him blissit, and prayit God of his grace,
 Him to conuoy fra all mistemperit cace
 Adam Wallace, and Boyd furth with him zeid,
 Endlang ane Riuer out throw ane sureist meid.
 And as thay walk atouir the feildis grene,

Out of the South, yai saw quhair yat ye Quene.
 Towart the Dist come rydand soberly,
 fyftie Ladyis war in hir company.
 Maillit of wit, and Demit of Renoun,
 Sum wedowis war, and sum of Religioun.
 And seuin Preistis, that enterit war in age,
 Wallace to sic did neuer greit outrage.
 Bot gif to him yai maid ane greit offence,
 Thus thay approachit on towart thair presence.
 At the Pauilloun quhair thay the Lyoun saw,
 To ground thay licht, and syne on kneis yai saw.
 Praying for peice, thay cry with pietous cheir,
 Erll Malcolme said, our Chiftane is nocht heir.
 He bad hir ryse, and said it is nocht richt,
 Ane Quene on kneis, to ony lawer wicht.
 Up be the hand, the gude Erll hes hir tane,
 Atour the bent, to Wallace ar thay gane.
 Quhen scho him saw, scho wald haue kneillit doff
 In armes sone he claucht yis Quene with Croun.
 And kissit hir withoutrin wordis moir,
 Sa did he neuer to na Sutheroun befor.
 Madame he said, richt welcum mot ze be,
 How pleissit zow, our Disting for to se?
 Richt weill scho said, of freindschip we hane neid,
 God grant ze wald, of our necessair to speid.
 Suffer we mon, suppois it lyke vs Ill,
 Bot traistis weill it is contrair our will.
 Ze sall remane with this Lord I man gang,
 Fra zour presence we sall nocht tary lang.
 The Erll and he, vnto the Pauilloun zeid,
 With gude auyse to deme mair of this deid,
 The counsall sone, Wallace gart call thame to,
 Lordis he said, wait ze quhat is ado.

[The Micht

Of thair cūming my self hes na plesance,
And thairfoir man we wirk with ordinance.
Wemen may be contempning into weir,
Amang suillis, that can nocht thame forbeir.
I say nocht this, be thir, nor be the Quene,
I trow it be bot gude that scho will mene.
Crempill tak, of lang tyme passit by,
At Runsy baill, the tressoun was planely.
Be wemen maid, yat Ganelone with him brocht,
And Turkey wyne, forbeir than couth thay nocht.
Lang vse in weir, gart thame desyre thair will,
Quhilk brocht King Charlis to felloun lois & Ill.
The flour of France, without redemption,
Throw that foull deid, was brocht to confusioun.
Command your men, thairfoir in priuat wyse,
On pane of lyfe thay wirk nocht on sic gyle.
Nane speik with yame bot wyse men of greit baill
That Lordis ar, and swoyne to this counsall.
His charge thay did, als gudly as thay mocht,
This ordinance throw all the Dist was wrocht.
He and the Erll baith to the Quene thay went,
Kessaut hir fair, and brocht hir to ane Tent.
To Dinner bownit, als gudly as thay can,
And seruit was with mony lyklye man.
Gude purueyance the Quene had with hir brocht.
Ane assay scho tuik of all that gude hir thoht.
Wallace persaut, and said we haue na dreid,
I can nocht trow Ladyis will do that deid.
To poyssoun men for all Ingland to wyn,
The Quene answerit, gif poyssoun be thairin:
Of ony thing quhilk is brocht heir with me,
Upon my self, first sorrow ze sal! se.
Done efter meit ane Marschell gart all absent,

Bot Lordis and thay, that to the counsall went:
 Ladyis appeirit in presence with the Quene,
 Wallace askit quhat hir cūming micht mene,
 For peice scho said, that we haue to ȝow socht,
 This byrmand weir in baill hes mony brocht.
 Ze grant vs peice for him that deit on tre,
 Wallace answerit, Madame that may nocht be.
 Ingland hes done sa greit harmis to vs,
 We may nocht pas, and lichtly leif it thus.
 Zes said the Quene, for cristin folk we ar,
 For Goddis sailk sen we desyre na mair.
 We aucht haue peice, he said that we deny,
 The perfite caus, that sall I schew for quhy.
 Ze seik na peice bot for ȝour awin auail,
 Quhen yat ȝour King had Scotland grippit haill
 For na kin thing that he befoir him fand,
 He wald nocht theill the richt blude in our land.
 Bot rest thair rent, synce put thame self to deid,
 Ransoun of gold micht mak vs na remeid.
 His fell fals weir sall on him self be sene,
 Than soberly to him answerit the Quene.
 Of thir wzangis amendis war maist fair,
 Madame he said, of him we ask na mair.
 Bot that he wald hyde vs into battall,
 And God be Judge, he kennis the mater haill.
 Sic thing scho said, it war nocht gude think me,
 Peice now war best, and it micht purchest be.
 Wald ze grant peice, and trewis with vs tak,
 Throʷ all Ingland we suld gar prayeris mak:
 For ȝow and yame, yat in the weir war loist,
 Than Wallace said, quhair sic cūmis throʷ boist:
 Prayer of foȝe, quhair sa that it be woȝht,
 To vs helpis, outhet lyill oȝ nocht.

The Auchit
 warly scho said, thus wyse men hes vs kend,
 Ay efter weir, peice is the finall end.
 Quhairfoir ze suld of zour greit malice ceis,
 The end of weir is cheritie and peis.
 Peice is in heuin, with blis and lest andnes,
 We sall beseik the Lord of his hie grace:
 To command peice, sen we may do na mair,
 Madame he said, or zour prayer cum thair:
 Wendis of Ingland we think yan for to haue,
 Quhat set zow thus, on weir sa God zow saue.
 Fra violent weir, that ze think nocht to dwell,
 Madame he said, the treuth I sall zow tell.
 Efter the dait of Alexanderis King,
 Our land thre zeir stuid desolat but King.
 Keipit full weill at concord in gude stait,
 Throw twa pat clamit thair hapnit greit debait.
 Sa ernistfully accord thame nocht thay can,
 Zour King thay askit for to be thair our man.
 Sclaly he staid in strenthis of Scotland,
 The Kingrik syne he tuik at his awin hand.
 He maid ane King aganis our richteous Law,
 For he of him suld haue the Regioun aw.
 Contrair this band, war all the hail barnage,
 For Scotland zit, was neuer in thirlage.
 Greit Julius, that tribute tuik of all,
 His wyning was, in Scotland bot richt small.
 Than zour fals King, vnder collour but mair,
 Throw band he maid, to Bruce that is our Air.
 Andid that King quhilk he besoir had maid,
 Throw all Scotland, with greit power pai raid.
 To Bruce sen syne he keipit na cunnand,
 He said he wald nocht gang and conquers land:
 To uther men, and thus the cace befell,

Than

Than Scotland throw he demanit him sell.
 Slew our Eldaris, greit pietie was to se,
 In presoun syne, lang tyme thay presonit me.
 Quhill I was than, cassin out for deid,
 Thankit be God he send me sum remeid.
 Wengit to be, I preut all my micht,
 Feill of that kin, to deith syne haue I dicht.
 The rage of youth gart me desyre ane wyfe,
 That rewit I sair, and will do all my lyfe.
 Ane Traitor knight but mercy gart hir de,
 Ane Hesselrig, bot for despyte of me.
 Than rang I furth in trauell weir and pane,
 Quhill we redemit part of our land agane.
 Than your counsall desyreit of us ane trew,
 Quhilk maid Scotland full graithly for to rew.
 Into that peice thay set ane subtill Air,
 Than xviii. scoir to deith thay hangit thair.
 That Nobillis war, and worthy of Renour,
 Of coit armouris, eldest in that Regioun.
 That deith we think to venge in all our micht,
 The woman als, that dultfully was dicht.
 Out of my mynd that deith will neuer flyde,
 Quhill God me tak fra this fals world sa wyde.
 On Sutheroun sen, I can na pietie haif,
 Your men in weir I neuer think to saif.
 The brycht teiris was pietie to behald,
 Brist fra his ene quhen he his taill had tald.
 The Quene weipit for pietie of Wallace,
 Allace scho said, wa worth the wickit cace.
 In warpit tyme that Hesselrig was bozne,
 Mony worthy throw his deith at forlorne.
 He suld haue pane that saikles sic ane sleuch,
 England sen syne hes bocht it deir aneuch

The Rucht

Thocht scho had bene ane Quene or ane Princes,
 Madame he said, als God gif me gude grace:
 Princes or Quene, of quhat stait sa thap be,
 Into hir tyme scho was als deir to me.
 Wallace scho said, of this talk we will ceis,
 The mendis heirof is gude prayer and peis.
 I grant he said, of me as now na mair,
 This is richt nocht bot eiking of our cair.
 The Quene fand weill langage na thing hir bet,
 Scho trowt with gold, that he micht be ouirset.
 Thre thousand pund of synest gold sa reid,
 Scho gart be brycht to Wallace in that steid.
 Madame he said, na sic tribute we craif,
 Ane vther mendis we wald of Ingland haif.
 Or we retorne tra this Regioun agane,
 Of your fals blyde that hes our Eldaris flane.
 For all the gold, and riches in your King,
 Ze get na peice but desyre of your King.
 Quhen scho saw weill gold micht hir nocht releif,
 Sum part in sport scho thocht him for to prais.
 Wallace scho said, ze war clepit my lufe,
 Mair abundantly I maid me for to prufe.
 Traisting thairfor your rancour for to slak,
 Me think ze suld do sum thing for my saik.
 Richt wyselie he, maid answer to the Quene,
 Madame he said, and veritie war sene:
 That ze me lufie, I aucht zow lufe agane,
 Thir wordis all ar nathing bot in vane.
 In speiche of lufe, subtill ze Sutheroun ar,
 Ze can vs mok, suppois we get na mair.
 To tak ane lyking, and syne get na plesance,
 Sic lufe as that is nathing to auance.
 In Londoun scho said, for zow I sufferit blame,

Our

Our counsall als will lauch quhen I cum hame.
Sa may thay say women ar feirs of thocht,
To seik freindschip, and syne can get richt nocht.
Madame we wait how ze war hidder send,
Ze trow we haue bot lytill for to spend.
First with your gold, for ze ar riche I wis,
Ze wald bs blind, sen Scottis ar sa nys.
Syne plesand wordis of zow, and Ladyis fair,
As quha suld dryfe the bydis to ane snair.
With ane quhissill pype, for it will freschest call,
Madame as zit, ze may nocht tempt bs all.
Greit part of gude is lest amang our kyn,
In Ingland als we fiud aneuch to wynn.
Abaisit scho was, to mak answer him till,
Deir Schir scho said, sen that it is your will:
Weir oz peice, quhat that zow lykis best,
Lat your hie wit, and gude counsall degest.
Madame he said, now sall ze vnderstand,
The resoun quhy that I will mak na band.
With zow Ladyis, I can na trewis bynd,
For your fals King wald sone heirester fynd:
Quhen he saw tyme to brek it at his will,
And planely say he grantit nocht thair till.
Than had we nane bot Ladyis to repuse,
That sall he nocht, be God that sittis abuse.
Upon women I will na weir begin,
On zow in feild, na worschip is to win.
All the haill pais on him self he sall tak,
Of peice oz weir, quhat we happin to mak.
The Quene grantit his answer sufficient,
Sa did the lair, in plane that was present.
His deliuerance thay held of greit auall,
And stak aneuch, to schaw to thair counsall.

¶ The Aucht

now was the Quene, hir trauell helpit nocht,
The gold scho tuik, that pai had with hir brocht:
Into the Dist richt frely scho it gaif,
To euerie man that lykit for to haif.
Menstrallis, and Heraldis, scho gaif abundantle
Besekand thame, hir freind that thay wald be.
Quhen Wallace saw the fredome of the Quene,
Sadly he said, the suith weill hes bene sene.
Wemen may tempt the wyldest hes bene wrocht,
Zour greit gentrice, it sall not be for nocht.
We zow assure our Dist sall do na thing,
Quhill tyme ze may send Message fra zour King.
Gif it be swa, that he accord and we,
Than for zour sake it sall the better be.
Zour Heraldis als, sall sailly cum and ga,
For zour fredome, we sall trubill na ma.
Scho thankit him, of his grant mony spise,
And all the Ladyis vpon ane gudly wyse.
Gladly thay drink, the Quene and gude Wallace,
Hir Ladyis als, and Lordis in that place.
Hir leif scho tuik, for outtin langer baid,
Fyue myle that night south to ane Honry raid.
Upon the morne to Londoun passit thay,
In Westmynster, quhair that the counsall lay.
Wallace answer scho gart schaw to the King,
It needis nocht heir, now mair reheirs this thing.
The greit commend that scho to Wallace gaif,
Besoir the King in presence of the laif.
To crew Scottis, it suld greitly appreis,
Thocht Inglismen thair of had lytill eis.
Of worschip, wit, manheid and gouernance,
Of fredome, treuth, key of remembrance.
Scho callit him thair, into thair hie presence,

¶ Theche

Thocht contrair thame he stude at his defence.
Sa Chistane lyke, scho sayis as he is sene,
Into Ingland I trow hes neuer bene.
Wald ze of gold gif him this Realms rent,
fra honour he, will nocht turne his Intent.
Assuerit ze ar, quhill ze may message mak,
Of wyle Lordis sum part I reid zow tak.
To purches peice withoutin wordis mair,
for all Ingland may reu his raid full sair.
Zour Heraldis als, to pas to him hes leif,
In all his Dist thair sall na man thame greif.
Than thankit thay the Quene for hir trauell,
The king and Lordis that war of his counsell.
Of hir answer the King appleisit was,
Than thre greit Lordis thay ordanit to pas:
Thair counsall haill hes fund it for the best,
Tre wis to tak or ellis thay get na rest.
Ane Herald went in all the haist he may.
To Juane baill, quhair that the Scottis lay.
Conduct to haue, till thay had said thair will,
The counsall sone ane Conduct send thame till.
Agane he past with Souerance to his king,
Than cheisit thay thre Lordis for this thing.
The bene Clifford, that than was wardane haill
Bewmont, Woodstok, all men of mekill baill.
Quhat thir thre wrocht, ye laif suld stand pair till,
The Kingis self was geuin thame at thair will.
Sone thay war brocht to speiking with Wallace,
Woodstok him schewit furth mony subtile cace.
Wallace hes hard thair Sophismis euerilk deill,
As zit he said, me think we mene bot weill.
In wraung ze hald, and dois us greit outrage,
Of housis part that is our heritage.

The Rucht

Out of this peice, in plane I mak thame knawin,
 Thame for to wyn, sen that thay ar our awin.
 Rorburgh, Berwik, yat ouris lang tyme hes bene
 Into the handis of your fals king I wene.
 We ask heir als be vertew of this band,
 Our awin zoug king be wzang led fra Scotlād.
 We sall thame haue withouttin wordis mair,
 To his desyre the Lordis grantit thair.
 Richt at his will thay haue consentit baill,
 For na kyn thing, the peice thay wald nocht faill.
 The zoug Randall, that than in Londoun was,
 The Lord of Lorne in this band he can as.
 The Erll of Buchane, bot than in tender age,
 Ester he grew ane man of greit bassalage.
 Cumyng and Foullis he gart delyuer als,
 Quhilk ester was, to King Robert full fals.
 Wallange fled our, a durst nocht byde yat mure,
 In Picardy to ask him was na bute.
 Bot he wald erar haue had that fals knicht,
 Than ane thousand of fynest gold sa brycht.
 The Wyce he askit, bot he was had away,
 Befoir that tyme, to Calice mony ane day.
 King Edward preuit yat pai nicht nocht him get,
 Of Glocester his Uncle had him set.
 That Calice had, haill into his keiping.
 Wallace that tyme gat nocht his richteous King.
 The Erll Patrik als fra Londoun thay send,
 With Wallace to gang, as weill befor is kend.
 Of this mater ane finall gouernance,
 To King Edward he gait by his legeance.
 And tuk to hald of Scotland euer mair,
 With full glaid hart Wallace ressaunt him pair.
 Thay honourit him richt reuerently as Lord,

The

The Scottis was all reioysit of that concord.
 Ane hundreth hors, with young Lordis of Renou,
 To Wallace come, all fred of that presoun.
 Under his Seill King Edward yon gart send,
 For to gif ouir, and mak ane small end
 Roxburgh, Berwik, quhill war of mekill baill.
 To Scottis men, and all the boundis haill.
 For syne zeir trewis thay promeist be yair band
 Than Wallace said, we will pas neir Scotland.
 Or ocht be Seillit, and thairfor mak vs boun,
 Agane we will besyde Northallartoun.
 Quhair King Edward first battell hecht to me,
 As we began thair sail it endit be.
 Greit weil the Quene he chargit the Messager
 It is for hir that we leif our beyage.
 Ane day he set, quhen thay suld meit him thair,
 And seill the peice withouttin proces mair.
 Upon the morne the Dist but mair anyse,
 Cranoyutit north vpon ane gudly wyse.
 To the set tryst that Wallace had thame maid,
 The Inglis message come but mair abaid.
 Thay seillit the peice without langer delay,
 The message than vpon the Secund day:
 To Londoun went in all the haist thay can,
 The worthy Scottis with mony gudly man:
 To Bamburg come, with all thair power haill,
 Sertie thousand all Scottis of greit vaill.
 Ten dayis befor Alhallowis euen thay fure,
 On Lammes day thay lichtit on Carhame mure.
 Thair ludgeit thay, with plesance as thay mocht,
 Quhill on the morne that Preistis to yame brocht
 In Carhame Kirk, and seissit in his hand,
 Roxburgh keyis as thay had maid cūmand:

¶ The Aucht

And Berwik als, quhilk Inglismen had lang,
Thay fred the folk in England for to gang.
For thair lyfis Ichit of ather place,
Thay durst nocht weill byde reknung of Wallace.
Capitane he maid, in Berwik of Renoun,
That worthy was, gude Cristall of Setoun.
Keeper he maid to Roxburgh Castell wight,
Schir John Ramsay, ane wyse & worthy knight.
Syne Wallace self with Eyll Patrik in plane,
To Dunbar raid, and restourt him agane.
In his Castell, and als his heritage,
With the consent of all the haill barnage.
Quhen Wallace was aggreit and this Lord,
To reull the Realme he maid him gudly forð.
Scotland atour fra Ros to Sulway sand,
He raid it thryis, and statute all the land.
In the Lennor, ane quhyle he maid repair,
Schir John Menteith ane quhyle was Capitane
Als twyis befor he had his Gossop bene, (thair,
Bot na freindschip betwix thame syne was sene.
Twa monethis still he dwelt in Dunbartane,
Ane hous he foundit vpon ane Roch of stane.
Men left he thair to big it to the hicht,
Syne to the Marche, agane he rydis richt.
Into Roxburgh thay cheissit him ane place,
Ane gude Towr thair, he gart big in schozt space.
The Kingrik stude in gude worschip and eis,
Was nane sa greit durst his nichtbour displeis.
The abill ground gart laubour thristely,
Uittall and frute thair grew abundantly.
Was neuer befor sen this was callit Scotland,
Sic welth and peice atanis in the land.
He send Jop twyis to Bruce in Huntingtoun,
Besekand

Beseikand him, to cum and tak his Crown.
 Counsall he tuik at fals Saronis allace,
 He had neuer hap, in lyfe to get Wallace.
 Thre zeir as thus, the Realme stude in gude peis
 Of this saying me wourthis for to reis.
 And farther furth of Wallace will I tell,
 Into his lyfe quhat auenture zit befell.

Their endis the first Conqueis of Scotland.



The Rynt part of this buik declairis how
 Wallace past in France. Cap. 1.

A Ne Royall King that Regnit into France,
 Greit worschip hard, of Wallace gouernance.
 The proues, price, and of his worthy deid,
 Als furthwart fair, commendit of manheid.
 Baith humbill, trew, and pruisit weill of pryce,
 Of honour, treuth, and boyd of couetyce.
 That Nobill King Regnand in Royaltie,
 Had greit delyte this Wallace for to se.
 And knew richt weill schoztly to vnderstand,
 The greit suppyse, and ourset of Ingland.
 He meruellit als, of Wallace small power,
 That but ane King tuik sic a Realme to steir.
 Aganis Ingland, and gart thair malice ceis,
 Quhill thay despyt with gude will to tak peis.
 And richt anone ane Herald gart he call,
 In schozt termis he hes reheirsit all.
 Of his Intent compleitly to ane end,

¶ The Aynt
Syne in Scotland, he bad him he suld wend.
And he wrait richt with verray greit honour,
To William Wallace as ane Conquerour.

D Louit leid, with worschip wyse and wicht,
Thow verray help, in halding of thy richt.
Thow richt reskewar of thy native land,
With Goddis grace aganis thy fais to stand.
In defence helpar, of thy righteous blude,
O worthy birth, and blissit be thy fude.
As it is red of Prophecy besorne,
In happy tyme for Scotland thow was borne.
I the beseik with all humilitie,
My clois letter, thow wald consaif and se.
As your brother I cristynit King of France,
To the beirar, ze heir and gif credance.
The Herald him bowuit, and to ye Schip is gane
In Scotland sone, he cumis into ane.
Bot Herald lyke he seikis his presence,
On land he went, and maid na residence.
In euerie steid quhair he presumit thair,
Sa on ane day, he fand him into Air.
In gude cfeir, and manlyke cumpany,
The Herald than with honour reuerently.
Hes salust him, vpon ane gudely maneir,
And he agane with humbill hamely cheir:
Reslaui him, into richt gudly wyse,
The Herald than, with worschip to Deuyse:
Be tuis to him the Kingis wryte of France,
Wallace on kne, with lawly obeysance.
Richt reuerently for worschip of Scotland,
Quhen he it red, and had it vnderstand:
At this Herald he askit his credance,

with asper speche, and manly countenance.
And he him tald, as I haif said besoir,
The kingis desyre, quhat neidis wordis moir?
The hie honour, and the greit Nobilnes,
Of your manheid weill knatwin in mony place.
Him lykis asweill your worschip to auance,
As ze war borne ane leige man of France.
Sen his Regioun is flour of Realmis sene,
Als the greit band of kyndnes zow betwene.
And sen this Realme standis in sic saistie,
It war worschip his presence for to se.
Wallace consauit, without in tarying,
The greit desyre of this gude Nobill King.
Syne to him said, sa God of hevin me saue,
Heirefter sone, ze sall ane answer haue.
Of your desyre that ze haue schewit me till,
Welcum ze ar with ane fre harty will.
The Herald baid vnto the twentie day,
With Wallace still, in gude weillfair and play.
Consumit the tyme with wirschip and plesance,
Be gude auyse maid his Deliueraunce.
With his awin hand he wrait vnto the King,
All his Intent as tuiching to this thing.
Richt riche rewaird he gais the Herald to,
And him conuoyit, quhen he had leif to go.
Out of the toun with gudly company,
His leif he tuik, and went vnto the sey.
Gude Wallace than hes maid his purueyance,
His purpos was to se the King of France.
Neirest but weir to Sanct Johnstoun couth fair
Ane counsaill than he had gart ordane thair.
Into his steid, cheisit ane Gouvernour,
To keip the land, ane man of greit honour.

The Aynt

James gude Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Quhilk father was as flozys beiris on hand.
To gude Walter quhilk was of hie parage,
Mariory Bruce syne gat in Mariage.
Thair of as now, to speik I haue na space,
It is weill knawin, thankit be Goddis grace:
And to the Herald withoutt in residence,
How he appeirit vnto the Kingis presence.
Fra the Rochell the land sone hes he tane,
Atour the land he graithit him to gane.
Seikand the King als gudly as he may,
Sa to the Court he passit on ane day.
To Paris went, as peirles of Renoun,
This King that tyme held Palice in that toun.
Quhen he him saw, hes graithly vnderstand,
He speirit tythandis, the weillfair of Scotland.
The Herald said, iuto thir termis schozt,
That all was gude, he had the mair comfort.
Saw thow Wallace the Chifane of that land,
And he said ze, that dar I tak on hand.
Ane worthyar, this day is leuand nane,
In way of weir, als far as I haue gane.
The hie worschip, and the greit Noblines,
The gude weillfair, plesance and worthynes.
The riche rewaird, was michtie for to le,
That for your saik he kyithit vpon me.
And his answer in writ he hes now sent,
The King ressaui, it with ane gude Intent.

A Royall Roy and richteous Crownit King.
Ze knaw this weill, be vther ma than me,
How yat our Realme, standis in perplexite.
The fals Natioun that we ar Neighbouris to,
Quhen

Quhen pleissis thame thay mak vs ay ado.
 Na band may be maid of sic sufficiance,
 Bot ay in it thay find ane variance.
 To wait ane tyme will God that I may be,
 Within ane zeir I will your presence se.
 Of this answer weill pleisit was the King.
 Leif I thame thus in Royaltie to King.
 And glaid comfort richt as I haue zow tald,
 Of Wallace furth I will my purpos hald.

How Wallace past in France, and faucht with
 the Reid Reuar and vincust him. Cap. 11.

I Still Apryll, the ane and twentic day,
 The kalend changit as we vse to say.
 The lustie tyme of Mayis fresche cūming,
 Celestiall greit blyithnes in to bring.
 Principall moneth, forsuith it may be sene,
 The heuinly heuvis vpon the tender grene.
 Quhen auld Saturne his cluddie cours hes gane,
 The quhilk hes bene baith bird and beistis bane.
 Zephirus eik with his sweet vapour,
 He comfort hes be working of natour.
 All fructeous thing into the erd adoun,
 That reullit is vnder the he Region.
 Sober Luna in following of the se,
 Quhen bricht Phebus is in his Chemeis he:
 The Bullis cours sa takin hes his place,
 And Iuppiter was in the Crabbis face.
 Quhen Aries the hait Signe Colerik,
 Into the Ram quhilk hes his roumis rike.
 Thetis had his place and mansioun,
 In Capricorne the Signe of the Lyoun.

CThe Arnt

Sentill Iuppiter with his myld ordinance,
Baith herb and tre reuertis into plesance.
And fresche Flora hir floury mantill spreid,
In euerie baill baith hoip hill and meid.
In this same tyme, for thus myne Authoz sayis,
Wallace to pas of Scotland tuik his wayis.
Be schozt anyse he schuip him to the sey,
And fyftie men tuik in his cumpany.
He leit na word than walk of his passage,
Or Inglis men had stoppit his bepage.
Nor tuik na leif at Lordis of Parliament,
He wist full weill thay wald nocht all consent.
To suffer him out of the land to ga,
For thy anone without witting of ma:
He gart foirse and ordane weill his schip,
And thir war thay past in his fello wschip.
Cwa Wallacis was his kynnis men full neir,
Craufurd, Cleland, to him war haldin deir.
At Kirkeudbright he ordant his passage,
Seymen he set, and gais thame gudly wage.
Ane gude new Barge, richt worthely wrocht for
Thay waitit nocht, of wyne, bittal nor geir. (weir
wit ze thay war ane gudly cumpany,
Of waillit men, had wrocht full hardely.
Boneallies drank richt glaidly on ane morrow
Syne leif thay tuik, & with greit God to borrow:
Boittis war schot, and fra the land thame sent,
With glaid harris atanis in thay went.
Unto the Schip thay rowit haistely,
The Seymen than wirkand full earnestly.
Ankeris wand in, wyslie on ather syde,
Thair leidis kest, and waitit weill the tyde.
Leit Saillis fall, and hes thair cours anone,

Ane

Ane gudly wynd out of the richt airth come.
 Freikis on foirstam reullit weill thair geir,
 Leidis on lebuird, with ane Lo:dly feir.
 Lynis laid out to luik thair passage sound,
 With ful Saill yus, fra Scotland firth yai found.
 Saillit haill ouir, the day and als the night,
 Upon ye mozne quhen yat ye Sone schynit brycht
 Thair Schipmaister vnto the Top is went,
 South eist he saw, that trublit his Intent.
 Sertene Saillis arrayit on ane raw,
 In collour reid, that towart yame couth draw.
 The glitterand Sone vpon thame schewit brycht,
 The sey about Illuminit with the licht.
 This manis Sprite was in ane extasy,
 Doun went he sone, and said richt sorrowfully.
 Allace (quod he) the day that I was borne,
 Without remeid our lyfis ar all forlorne.
 In curssit tyme I tuk this cure on hand,
 The best Chiftane, and reskew of Scotland:
 Quir recklesly I haue tane vpon me,
 With waik power to bring him thro to the see.
 It forcit nocht, wald God I war torment,
 Sa Wallace nicht, with woyschip chaip vnschët.
 Quhen Wallace saw, and hard this manis mane,
 To comfort him, with gude will is he gane.
 Maister he said, quhat hes anoyt the?
 Nocht for my self, this man said pieteoussie.
 Bot of ane thing I dar weill vndertane,
 Thocht all war heir the Schippis in Bertane.
 Dart suld we loig, set Fortoun had it swoyne,
 The best weirman in sey is vs beforne.
 Lefand this day, and King is of the see,
 Wallace sone speirit, wait thow quhat he may be.

[The Ryme

The Reid Reuar thay call him in his style,
 That I him sawe, O warpit be the quhytle.
 For myne awin lyfe I wald na murning mak,
 Is na man borne, that zone Tyrant will tak.
 He saffis nane, for gold nor vther gude,
 Bot slayis and drownis all derly in the flude.
 He gettis na grace, thocht he war King or knicht
 This sextene zeir he hes done greit vnricht.
 The power is sa strang he hes to steir,
 May nane eschape, yat cumis in his danger.
 Wold ze him buird, na buit is to begin,
 The lakeist schip that is his floit within.
 May saill vs down vnto the dulefull deid,
 Than Wallace said, sen thou can na remeid:
 Tell me his feir, and how I sall him know,
 Quhat is his vse, and syne go luge the law?
 The schip men said, full weil ze may him ken,
 Be graith takynnis full cleirly be his men.
 His coit armour is sene in mony steid,
 All battell bowen in rayment all of reid.
 This forrest schip that persewis vs sa fast,
 Him self is in, and will nocht be agast.
 He will tow haill quhen yat thay cum tow neir,
 Withouth tary than man ze stryke and steir.
 Him self will enter first full hardely,
 Thir at the Signis, yat ze sall tak him by.
 Ane bar of Blew into his schynand scheild,
 Ane bend of Ruyte desyrand ay the feild.
 The Reid betakynnis blude and hardyment,
 The Ruyte curage, Incessand his Intent.
 The Blew he beiris, for he is cristin man,
 Sadly him answerit, William Wallace than.
 Thocht he is cristin, this is na cristin deid,

Ga vnder

Ga vnder loft, ye Lord God mot vs speid.
 Baith Schipmaister, and Steirisman also,
 Into the how, but baid he gart thame go.
 His fyfte men withoutin langer rest,
 Wallace gart ray, into thair armour prest.
 Aucht and fourtie on luse buird laid thay la'w,
 William Craufurd than to him can he caw.
 And said thow can sum part of Schipman fair,
 Thow hes bene vlit into the toun of Air.
 I pray the tak this doctrine weill of me,
 Luik that thow stand still straitly be the tre.
 Onhen thay bid stryke, to seruice be thow bane,
 Onhen I the warne, lat down the Saille agane.
 Cleland Cousing cum tak the steir on hand,
 Heir on the waill heir by the fall I stand.
 God gyde our Schip, as now I say na mair,
 The Barge began with ane ful weirlyke fair.
 Him self on loft, was with ane drawin sword,
 And bad pair Steirisman lay endlang the buird.
 On loud he cryit, stryke doggis or ze fall de,
 Craufurd leit draw the Saille a lytell we.
 The Capitane lay in, ful sone and wald not lynt,
 Wallace hes him sone be the gorger hynt.
 On the ouir loft, kest him quhair yat he stude,
 Quhill neis and mouth all ruscht furth of blude.
 Ane forgit knyfe, braitly he braidit out,
 The weir schippis was lappit thame about.
 The Barge clippit, bot thay nocht festnit fast,
 Craufurd drew Saille, schot by and of thame past.
 The Reuar cryit with piteous voce full cleir,
 Grace of his lyfe, for him yat bocht vs deir.
 Mercy he cryit, for him that deit on Rude,
 Laster to mend, I haue spilt mekill blude.

The Ryme

For my trespass I wald mak sum remeid,
Gony sailles I haue gart put to deid.
Wallace wist weill, thocht he to deith war brocht
Fra thame to chaip, on na wyse micht he nocht.
And of his lyfe sum reskew micht he mak,
Ane better purpos, syne sone than can he tak.
And als he rewit, for his lyfe had bene ill,
In Latine tounge richt thus he said him till.
I neuer tuik man that enemye was to me,
For Goddis sailk thy lyfe zit grant I the.
Bai th knyfe and sword, he tuik fra him anone,
Up be the hand, as prisioner hes him tane.
Upon his sword, scharly he gart him sweir,
Fra that day furth he suld him neuer deir.
Command thy men, said Wallace to our peis,
Thair schot of gun, that was nocht eith to reis.
Thay castand war, awfull on ather syde,
The Reid Reuar commandit thame to byde.
Held bp ane gluis in talkning of the trew,
His men beheld and weill that Senze knew.
Left of thair schot, the Signe quhen pat yai saw,
His greitest barge towart him can he caw.
Lat be your weir, thir ar freindis at ane,
I crow to God our werst houris ar gane.
He askit Wallace to do quhat was his will,
With schort auyse, richt thus he said him till.
To the Rochell I wald ze gart thame Sail,
For Inglis men we wait nocht quhat may aill.
He thame commandit for outtin wordis mair,
Turne Sail and wynd, towart the Rochell fair.
For thair will God is our purpos to be,
Luik weill about, for Scurriouris on the se.
His charge thay wrocht in all the haist thay can,
Wallace

Wallace desyrit to talk mair with this man.
 Myselie he speirit, in quhat land art thou borne?
 In France he said, and all my Elders beforne.
 And thair we had sum part of heritage,
 Thocht feirs Fortoun, yus brocht me in ane rage.
 Wallace answerit, how come thou to this lyfe?
 Forsuith he said, bot throw ane suddand stryfe.
 Sa happinit I, into the Kingis presence,
 Quir recklessly to do ane greit offence.
 Ane worthy man of gude kyn and Renoun,
 That throw my deid was put to confusioun.
 Deid of ane straik, quhat neidis wordis mair,
 All mendis it nocht, thocht I repent it sair.
 Throw freind in Court, I chaipit of that place,
 And neuer sen syne couth get the Kingis grace.
 Feill of our kyn thay gart for my saik de,
 Fra tyme I saw it nicht na better be.
 Bot leif the land, that me behuifit on neid,
 Upon ane day to Burdeous I zeid.
 Ane Inglis Schip sa gat we on ane niche,
 For sey laubour, full earnestly vs dicht.
 To me assemblit, mysdoaris viher ma,
 Within schozt space we multiplyt sa.
 Was few that nicht contrait our power gang,
 In tyzannie thus haue we rungum lang.
 Thir sextene zeiris, I haue bene on the se,
 And done greit harmie, thairfoir full wa is me.
 I saifit quhene for gold or greit Ransoun,
 Bot slew and drownit into the sey all down.
 Fauour I did, to folk of sindrie land,
 Bot Frenche men na freindschip in me fand.
 Thay gat na grace, als far as I nicht King,
 Als on the sey I cleipit was ane King.

The Nynt

Now se I weill, that my Fortoun is went,
Unlust with ane, that garris me sair repent.
Quha wald haue said, this samin day at moone,
I suld with ane, thus lichtly down be bozne.
In greit heithing my men wald it haue tane,
My self thocht als, to haue matchit ony ane.
Bot I haue fund the verray plane contrair,
Heir I gif our rubrie for euer mair.
In sic mystreull I sall neuer armes beir,
Bot gif it be in honest vse of weir.
Now haue I tald part of my blis and pane,
For Goddis sake sum kyndnes kyth agane.
My hart will bryk, bot I wit quhat ze be,
Outrageously that hes rebaitit me.
For weill I weind, that leuand had bene name,
Be force or strenth, nicht me as presoner tane.
Except Wallace that hes redemit Scotland,
The best is callit, this day leuand of hand.
Into his weir war worship for to waik,
As now in warld I trow he hes na maik.
Wallace synlit, and said freind it may weill be,
Scotland had neid of mony sic as the.
Quhat is thy name, tell me sa haue thow Seill,
Forsooth he said, Thomas of Longoueill.
Weill bryk thow it, all thus styntis our stryfe,
Schaip to pleis God in mending of thy lyfe.
Thy faithfull freind my self thinkis to be,
And als my name I sall sone tell to the.
For chance of weir, thow suld na murning mak,
As weird will werk, thy fortoun man thow tak.
I am that man, that thow anancis sa he,
And bot schort tyme sen I come to the se.
Of Scotland bozne my rycht name is Wallace,

On kneis fell, and thankit God of his grace.
 I dar abow, that zoldin is my hand,
 To the best man, this day that is leuand.
 Forsuch he said, this pleis me mekill moir,
 Than of flozingis ze gais me sextie scoir.
 Thā wallace said, yow art heir now thro w chace,
 My purpois is to pas now into France.
 Unto the King, sen I am boton to pas,
 To my reward, thy peice I think to as.
 Peice I wald haue, fane of my natue King,
 And na langer into the Realme to King.
 Than thou tak leif to cum far it agane,
 Into thy seruice I think for to remane.
 Seruice he said, Thomas that may nocht be,
 Bot gude freindschyp, as I sall kelp to the.
 Gart draw the wyne, and ilk ane mery maid,
 The Schippis be than was in the Rochell raid.

The Reid Blasoulis, as pat had boorne in weir
 The toun was sone into ane suddand leir.
 The Reid Reuar thay said was at pat had,
 The quhilk thro w strench, micht nane aganis him
 Sum schippis fled, & sum ye land hes tane (stand.
 Clarionus blew, and Trumpetis mony ane.
 Quhen Wallace saw the pepill was on steir,
 He gais command na Schip suld neirar peir.
 Bot his aw in Barge, in the haum gart draw,
 The folk was glaid, quhen thay the baner saw.
 Full weill thay knew, in gold the reid Lyoun,
 Leit vp the port ressaunt thame in the toun.
 Thay souerit him, for all he had thait brocht,
 The Reid Raue into the haum thay socht.
 On land syne went, quhair pat yame lykit to pas,

¶ The Aynt

Richt few wist thair, quhat Scottisman Wallace
 Bot weil pai thocht he was ane gudly mā, (was,
 And honourit him with all the craft thay can.
 Thay four dayis still, Wallace remanit thair,
 Thir men he callit, quhen he was boun to fair.
 He thame comandit vpon that coist to hyde,
 Quhill he thame fred, for chance yat micht betyde.
 Beir zow euilly, quhat gude that euer ze spend,
 Leif of zour awin, quhill I zow tythingis send.
 Gar sell thir Schippis, and mak zow men of peis
 It war gude tyme of wickitnes to ceis.
 Zour Capitane sall pas to the king with me,
 Throw help of God, I sall his warrand be.
 He gart graith him, in suit with his awin man,
 Was na man thair, yat micht weil Thomas ken.
 Lyklye he was, manly of countenance,
 Lyke to the Scottis be mekill gouernance.
 Sall of his toung, for Scottis had he nane,
 In latine weil he micht haue sufficit for ane.
 Thus past thay on, in all the haist thay may,
 To Paris toun thay went vpon ane day.
 Tythingis war brocht of Wallace to the king,
 Sa greit desyre he had of na kin thing.
 As in that tyme quhill he had sene Wallace,
 To mett him self he waitrit vpon cace.
 In ane garding quhair he gart thame be brocht,
 To his presence with manlyke feir thay socht.
 Twa and fyftie atanis kneland down,
 And salust him, as Roy of maist Renoun.
 With reullit speiche in sa gudly auyse,
 All France couth nocht mair nurtour yame deuyse
 The Quene had leif, and come in hir effect,
 For mekill scho hard of Wallace deid in weir.

Quhat

Quhat neidis mair of courtesy to tell,
 Thay keipit weill, that to the Scottis befell.
 Of kingis fair, I dar mak na rehetis,
 My feill mynd, my trubillit Spryte transuers.
 Of the riche seruice, quhat neidis wordis mair,
 Nicht nane be fund, bot I was present thair.
 Sone efter meit, the King to Berlour went,
 With gudly Lordis, thair wallare was present.
 Than commonit thay of mony sundrie thing,
 To speik with him, greit desyre had the King.
 At him he speirit, of weir the gouernance,
 He answerit him with manly countenance.
 To euerie point, als far as he had feill,
 In Latine tounge, richt naturally and weill.
 The King consaut sone be his hie knawlage,
 Quhat weirmen blit be reis in thair passage.
 Into quhat mynd the Reid Reuar than was,
 Meruell he said, how he leit Wallace pas.
 To him he said, ze ar sum thing to blame,
 Ze nicht haue send with our Herald fra hame.
 Efter power, to bring zow throw the se,
 God thank zow Schir, thair of aneuch had we.
 Few men may pas, quhair thay find na perrall,
 Richt quhene may keip, quhair nane is to assaill.
 Wallace he said, thair of meruell haif I,
 Ane Tyrant Regnis in Ire full cruelly.
 Upon the sey, that greit sorrow hes wrocht,
 Nicht we him get, it suld not be for nocht.
 Wont of this land, ane natieue man to me,
 Thairfoir on us, the greitest harme dois he.
 Than Thomas quok, and changit countenance
 He hard the King his euill deidis disauance.
 Wallace beheld, and fenzet in ane part,

¶ The Rynt

Forſuith he ſaid, we ſand nane in that art.
That profferit vs ony ſic vnkynndnes,
Be zour leiſ Schir, I ſpek in hamelynes.
Trow ze be ſicht, ze couth that Squyar knaw,
To lang it war, ſen tyme that I him ſaw.
Bot thir wordis, of him ar bot in vane,
Oz he cum heir, richt gude men will be ſlane.
Than Wallace ſaid heir haue I brocht with me,
Of lyklye men that dwelt in our cuntrie.
Quhilk of all thir wald ze call him maiſt lyke,
Amang thame blent, this Royall Roy maiſt ryke,
Ueſpit thame weill, baith ſtature and curage,
Maner, makdome, thair faſſoun and beſage.
Sadly he ſaid, auysit ſoberly
That largeſt man ye quhilk ſtandis neiſt zow by.
Wald I call him, be makdome to deuſe,
Thir ar na thing bot wordis of office.
Before the King on kne fell gude Wallace,
O Royall Roy, of hie honour and grace.
With waſt wordis I will zow nocht trauall,
Now I will ſpek ſum thingis for myne auall.
Our barrane land hes bene ouerſet with weir,
Be Saronis ſeid, that dois vs mekill deir.
Slane our Eldaris, diſtroyit our righteous blude
Waſtit the land, of gold and vther gude.
And ze ar heir in might and Royaltie,
Ere ze ſuld haue to our aduerſite.
And vs ſupport for kynndnes of the band.
Quhilk is confermit betwix zow and Scotland.
Als I am heir, for zour charge at pleaſance,
My lyſt is bot honeſt cheuaſſance.
Flour of Realmes forſuith is this Region,
To my rewaerd I wald haue greit guardoun.

Wallace

Wallace he said, now ask quhat ze wald haif,
Gude gold or land sall nocht be lang to craif.
Wallace answerit, swa ze grant it to me,
Quhat I wald haue, it sall sone chosin be.
Quhat euer ze ask that is in this Region,
Ze sall it haue, except my wyfe and Crown.
He thankit him of his greit Kinglynes,
All my rewaird salbe asking of grace
Peice to this man, I brocht with me thro to chace
Heir I quyt clame all vther gift in France.
This same is he, gif that ze know him weill,
That we of spak, Thomas of Longoueuill.
Be rigour ze, despyt he suld be slane,
I him restoir vnto your grace agane.
Resseif him fair, as leige man of your land,
The King meruellit, and couth in study stand.
Perfytlic knew, that it was Longoueuill,
He him forgaf, his trespas euery deill.
Bot for his saik that had him bidder brocht,
For gold nor gude, ellis he did it nocht.
Wallace he said, I had leuer of gude land,
Thre thousand pund haue seissit in thy hand.
That I haue said, sall haldin be in plane,
Heir I resseif Thomas to peice agane.
Deir at to me, than cuer he was befoir,
All for your saik, thocht it war mekill moir.
Bot I wald wit how this meruell befell,
Wallace answerit, the treuth I sall now tell.
Than he reheir sit, quhat hapnit on that day,
As ze befoir myne Authoz hes hard say.
Quhen the gude King had hard the suddand cace,
Upon the sey be for sight of Wallace.
The King him held richt wourthe to auance,

¶ The Nynt

Forsuith he said, we fand nane in that art.
That profferit vs ony sic unkyndnes;
Be your leif Schir, I speik in hamelynes.
Trow ze be sicht, ze couth that Squyar knaw,
To lang it war, sen tyme that I him saw.
Bot thir wordis, of him ar bot in vane,
O he cum heir, richt gude men will be slane.
Than Wallace said heir haue I brocht with me,
Of lyklike men that dwelt in our cuntrie.
Quhilk of all thir wald ze call him maist lyke,
Amang thame blent, this Royall Roy maist ryke,
Wespyt thame weill, baith stature and curage,
Maner, makdome, thair fassoun and belage.
Sadly he said, aupsit soberly
That largest man ye quhilk standis neist zow by.
Wald I call him, be makdome to deuise,
Thir ar na thing bot wordis of office.
Before the King on kne fell gude Wallace,
O Royall Roy, of hie honour and grace.
With waist wordis I will zow nocht trauall,
Now I will speik sum thingis for myne auail.
Our barrane land hes bene ouirset with weir,
Be Saronis seid, that dois vs mekill deir.
Slane our Eldaris, distroyit our richteous blude
Waisit the land, of gold and vther gude.
And ze ar heir in micht and Royaltie,
Ere ze suld haue to our aduersite.
And vs support for kyndnes of the band.
Quhilk is confermit betwix zow and Scotland.
Als I am heir, for your charge at plesance,
My lyf is bot honest cheuisance.
Flour of Realmes forsuith is this Region,
To my rewaird I wald haue greit guardoun.

Wallace

Wallace he said, now ask what ze wald haif,
Gude gold or land sall nocht be lang to craif.
Wallace answerit, swa ze grant it to me,
Quhat I wald haue, it sall sone chosin be.
Quhat euer ze ask that is in this Region,
Ze sall it haue, except my wyfe and Crown.
He thankit him of his greit Kinglynes,
All my rewaird salbe asking of grace
Peice to this man, I brocht with, in throw chace
Heir I quytclame all vther gift in France.
This same is he, gif that ze know him weill,
That we of spak, Thomas of Longoueil.
Be rigour ze, desyre it he suld be flane,
I him restoir vnto your grace agane.
Restair him fair, as leige man of your land,
The King meruellit, and couth in study stand.
Perfytlye knew, that it was Longoueil,
He him forgaf, his trespas euery deill.
Bot for his saik that had him bidder brocht,
For gold nor gude, ellis he did it nocht.
Wallace he said, I had leuer of gude land,
Thre thousand pund haue seissit in thy hand.
That I haue said, sall haldin be in plane,
Heir I restair Thomas to peice agane.
Deirar to me, than euer he was befor,
All for your saik, thocht it war mekill moir.
Bot I wald wit how this meruell befell,
Wallace answerit, the treuth I sall now tell.
Than he reheirsit, quhat hapnit on that day,
As ze befor myne Autho: hes hard say.
Quhen the gude King had hard the suddand cace,
Upon the sey be for sight of Wallace.
The King him held richt wourthy to auance,

¶ The Rynt

He saw in him manheid and Gouvernance.
Sa did the Quene and all thir vther Lordis,
Alk wicht of him greit honour than recordis.
He purchest peice for all the power hail,
Fourtene hundred was left at the Rychell.
Gart cry thame fre, trew seruandis to the king,
And neuer agane, forfalt into sic thing.
Quhen Thomas was restoit to his richt,
Of his awin hand the king had maid him knicht
Efter he gais stait to his neirest Air,
And nraid him self with Wallace for to fair.
Thus he bes brocht, thay men fra reis thow cace,
Be suddand chance of him and wicht Wallace.
Thus leif we thame in worschip and plesance,
At lyking still with the gude King of France.

¶ How Wallace past in Guyan. Cap. iij.

Thay twentie dayis he ludgit into rest,
Sa to remane he thocht it nocht the best.
Still into peice, he couth nocht lang indure,
For quhy contrarious it was to his nature.
Richt weill he wist Inglismen occupyt
Guyan that tyme, thairfoir he bes espyt.
Sum Jeopardie vpon thame for to mak,
Sne gudly leif he at the King couth tak.
Of frenche men he wald nane with him call,
At that first tyme for auenture that micht fall.
Bot Schir Thomas that seruice couth persew,
He wist nocht weill gif all the laif was trew.
Of Scottismen than semblit haistely
Ayne hundred sone of worthy Cheualry.
In Guyan land full haistely can ryde,

Raimie fell fyre, and waistit wyningis wyde.
 Forthis thay brak, and stalwart biggingis wan,
 Derby to deith, brocht mony Sutheroun man.
 Ane weirlyke toun sa fand thay in that land,
 Quhill Schemet hecht, yat Inglisme had in had.
 Towart that steid, full sadly Wallace socht,
 Be ony way, assaile gif he mocht.
 Bergane to haue, and he nicht get thame out,
 Greit strength of wod, yair was yat toun about.
 The toun stude als byon ane watter syde,
 Into ane Park, that was baith lang and wyde.
 Thay buskit thame, quhill passit was the night,
 Quhen the Sone rais, four hundreth me he dicht.
 The laif he gart Craufurd in buschement tak,
 Gif thay mysterit ane reske w for to mak.
 Chan Longouell that ay was full Sauage,
 With Wallace past, as ane to that skirnage.
 Thir four hundreth, yat was full weill arrayit,
 Befoir the toun, the plane baneir displayit.
 It was nocht weill than knawin in yat cuntrie,
 The Lyon in gold, yat awfull was to se.
 Ane forray kest, and seissit mekill gude,
 Weirmen within, that wylleie vnderstude.
 Sone Ischit out, the pray for to reske w,
 The worthy Scottis fell Inglisemen thay slew.
 The laif for dreid, fled to the toun agane,
 The forray tuik the pray, and passit in plane.
 Towart the Park, bot power of the toun,
 Ischit agane in awfull barteil boun.
 Ane thousand haill of men in armes strang,
 Few baid within, that nicht to armes gang.
 Chan Wallace gart the forrayaris leif ye pray,
 Assemblit sone into ane gude array.

The Pyne

Ane cruell counter was at that meitting sene,
Of wicht weirmen into thair armour schene.
Feill lest thair lyfe vpon the Sutheroun syde,
Bot nocht for thy, full baldly thay abyde.
Of the Scottis part than worthy men thay flew,
William Craufurd that weill the perrell knew:
Out of the Park he gart the buschment pas,
Into the feild quhair feill men fechtand was.
At thair entre thay gart full mony de,
The Inglisemen was wounder laith to fle.
Full worthely thay wrocht into that place,
Baid neuer sa few sa lang aganis Wallace.
With sic power, that day as he was thair,
On ather syde assaillzeit wounder sair.
Into that flour sa fellounly he wrocht,
That worthy men derfly to deith was brocht.
With pointis peirssit throw plaittis birniss brycht,
Wallace him self, and Schir Thomas the knyght.
Quhome sa thay hit, maid neuer mair delait,
The Sutheroun part was handillit thair sa yait.
Into that place thay micht na langer byde,
Out of that feild with sair hartis thay ryde.
Unto the toun thay fled full haistely,
Wallace followit, and his gude Cheualry.
Fechtand sa fast into the thickest thraug,
Quhill in the toun thay enterit thame amang.
With him Craufurd, and Longoueill ye knyght,
And Richard als, Wallace his Cousing richt.
Fyftene thay war, of Scottis in company,
Thus hapnit thay, amang that greit party.
Ane cruell portar gat vp vpon the wall,
Pullit out the pyn, leit the port Culzeis fall.
The Inglisemen saw, enterit in was na ma,

Upon

Upon the Scottis full hardily thay ga.
 Bot to ane wall thay haue thair bakkis set,
 Sad straikis and sair baldly about thame bet.
 Richard Wallace the Turngrece weill hes sene,
 He followit fast vpon thair portar kene.
 Upon the wall, deid down in ane dyke him draif,
 Gat vp the port, and leit in all the laif.
 Quhen Wallace men, had thus the entre wyu,
 Full greit slauchter agane thay haue begun.
 Thay saifit nane vpon the Sutheroun syde,
 That wappinis bair, or harnes in that tyde.
 Weimen and barnis, the gude thay tuik yame fra,
 Syne gais thame leif in the rowme land to ga.
 The Preistis als, that was nocht in the feild,
 Of agit men that nucht na wappinis weild.
 Thay slew nane sic, for Wallace charge it was,
 Bot maid thame fre, at larges for to pas.
 Riches of gold thay gat in greit plentie,
 Harnes and hors, that nucht thame weill supple.
 With frenche folk pleneist the toun agane,
 On the tent day, the feild thay tuik in plane.
 The Riuer down into the land thay socht,
 On Sutheroun men sul greit maistry yai wrocht.
 Than quhen trew men to the King tald this tair,
 Of frenche men he semblit ane battair.
 Twentie thousand of trew liegis of France,
 His brother thame led, was Duke of Orleans.
 Throo Guyan land, in rayit battell thay raid,
 To follow Wallace, quha maid bot lytill baid.
 For frenche supple to help him in thair richt,
 Neir Burdeous or thay ouirtak him nicht.
 Gude Wallace was thair, & cholin hes ane plane,
 For sū men tauld, yat Burdeous with greit mane.

¶ The Rynt

Within schort tyme thocht battell for to geif,
 Bot fra thay wist, that frenche folk wald releif:
 With greit power for helping of wallace,
 With purpos thay tuk into schort space.
 In Picardy sone message couth thay send,
 Of wallace cūning thay haif tauld to ane end.
 Of Glocester Capitane of Calice was,
 The hardy Erll, and maid him for to pas.
 In Ingland sone, and syne to Londoun went,
 Of wallace deid he tauld in thair Parliament.
 Sum planely said, that wallace brak the peis,
 Myse men said nay, and prayit thame for to ceis.
 Lord Berwmont said, he tuk bot for Scotland,
 And nocht for France, yat sall ze vnderstand.
 Gif our Indenturis speikis of ony mair,
 He hes done wzang the suith ze may declair.
 Woodstok answerit, said ze haue spokin weill,
 Bot contrair richt, yat tauld is euerilk deill.
 Gif zone be he, that band for him and his,
 May na man say, bot he hes wrocht a mys.
 For principally he band with vs the trew,
 And now agane beginnis malice new.
 Schir King he said, gif ze think euer to mak,
 On Scotland weir, on hand now ze suld tak.
 Quhill he is out, or ellis it helpis nocht,
 As woodstok said, the haill counsall hes wrocht.
 Power thay raisit, in Scotland for to ryde,
 Be land and sey, yat wald na langer byde.
 Thair land Dist thay rayit sone in deid,
 Thair vangard tuk the hardy Duke to leid.
 Of Glocester, that of weir had greit feill,
 Of Longcastell the Duke gouernit weill
 The myddill ward, and to the sey thay send,

Schir

Schir John Stewart, pat weil ye northland ked,
 The Knicht Wallange befoir the Dist in raid,
 And sic ane way with euill Scottis men maid.
 Hony Castellis he gart sone zoldin be,
 To Inglisimen, withouttin mair melle.
 Of the best wist, that it was weir in plane,
 Enterit he was into Bothwell agane.
 Schir Johne Stewart that come in be the se,
 Sanct Johnstoun sone gat throw ane Jeopardie
 Dundie thay tuik, and put Scottis men to deid,
 In fyfe fra thame was nocht keipit ane steid.
 And all the south, fra Cheuiot to the se,
 Into the west, thair nicht na succour be.
 The worthy Lord that suld haue governit this,
 God hes him taue, we trow to lest and blis.
 His Sone Walter, that bot ane Child zit was,
 Trew men him tuik, and couth in Arrane pas.
 Adam Wallace, than wist of na supplie,
 To Rauchlie went, and Lindesay of Cragie.
 Gude Robert Boyd in Bute maid residence,
 For haistie dissait, thay tuik thame to defence.
 Schir John ye grahame, in Dundas nicht nocht
 Succour he socht to the Forest of Clyde. (byde,
 The Knicht Stewart, ane Schirck maid of fyfe,
 Schir Aymeiris brother, and gais for terme of lyfe
 Thay landis all, that Wallange aucht befoir,
 Richard Lundy, had greit dreid throw pair schoir.
 He lykit nocht for to cum to thair peis,
 For thy in fyfe thay wald nocht lat him ceis.
 To pas our Tay, as than it nicht nocht be,
 For Inglisimen sair reullit that cuntrie.
 Out of that land he stail away be nicht,
 Auchtene with him, that worthy war & wicht.

The Pynt

And als his Sone, that was in tender eild,
 Bot efter sone, he couth weill wappinis weild.
 At Struiling brig, or that the wache was set,
 Thair passit he, the way withouttin let.
 In Dūdaf mure schir John ye Grahame he socht,
 Ane woman him tald, as yau befoir was woocht.
 Unto ane strenth, he went vpon the moyne,
 Lauerb was tane with zoung Thomas of Thorne.
 Hay and Lundy thay nicht na langer remane,
 Be south Tynto to ludge thay maid in plane.
 Schir John ye grahame gat wit pat yai war pair
 To thame he past, withouttin proces mair.
 Wallange gart bring fra Carlile cariage,
 To stuf Bothwell, baith wyne and gude bernage.
 Lundy and Grahame gat wit of that vittall,
 Richt suddandly thay maid thame to assaill.
 Fyftie thay war of Nobill Cheualry,
 Aganis four scoir of Inglis company.
 Ane Squyar than, keipit the cariage,
 All Brankistuhait haill, that was his heritage.
 Lundy & Grahame, met with yat Squyar wicht,
 Feill Inglismen, derfly to deith thay dicht.
 Sertie was slane vpon the Sutheroun syde,
 And syue Scottis, sa baldly thay abyde.
 Greit gude thay wan, baith gold and vther geir,
 Vittall and hors, thus hapnit in this weir.
 Syne yai haue sene, weill lang yai nicht not lest,
 Into that land, for thy thay thocht it best.
 To seek sum place, in strenth that thay nicht byde
 For Sutheroun folk had pleneist on Ilk syde.
 Lundyis ludge thay lest vpon ane nicht,
 Into the Lennor thay past the way full richt.
 To Cell Malcolme that keipit that cuntrie,

fra Inglismen throw help of thair supplie.
 Setoun and Lyle into the Bas abaid,
 For Inglismen sa greit maistrie had maid.
 That all the South was tane into thair hand,
 And Hew ye Hay thay send into England.
 And vther Airis, to presoun at thair will,
 The Northléd Lordis saw na help come yame till
 Ane Squyar Guthrie, amang yame ordant thay,
 To warne Wallace in all the haist he may.
 Out of Abirbrothok he passit to the se,
 And at the Sluce land takin sone hes he.
 In Flanderis land na residence he maid,
 In France he past, bot Wallace weill abaid.
 On his purpois, in Guyan at the weir,
 On Inglismen he had done mekill deir.
 Quhill gude Guthrie had gottin his presence,
 He haistit fast, and maid na residence.
 He hes him tauld, with Scotland how it stude,
 Than Wallace said, thir tythingis ar nocht gude.
 I had exempill of tymes that is by worne,
 Trewis to bynd, with yame that is manesworne.
 Bot I as than, couth nocht think of sic thing,
 Becaus that we tuik peice with thair fals King.
 Be thair Chancellar the tother peice was bunvin
 And that full sair our foir Elderis hes fundin.
 Under that trew yai gart auchtene scot de,
 That Nobillis war, the best in our cuntrie.
 To the greit God, my abow heir I mak,
 Peice with that King think I neuer to tak.
 He sall repent that he this weir began,
 Thus mouit he with mony Royall man.
 Unto the King, and tald him his Intent,
 To lat him pas the King wold nocht consent.

The Mynt

Quhill Wallace thair, maid proueis be his hand,
 Sif euer agane he thocht to leif Scotland.
 To cum to him, his greit Seill he him gais,
 Of quhat Lordschip that he lykit to hail.
 Thus at the King ane haistie leif tuik he,
 Na man with him he brocht of that cuntrie.
 Bot his awin men, and Schir Thomas ye knichte
 In Flanderis land, thay past with all yair nicht.
 Guthreis Barge at the Sluce couth ly skill,
 To ye sey yai went, with ane sull egir will.
 Baith forth and Tay, thay leif and passit by,
 On the North coast, gude Guthrie was thair gy.
 In Montros haui thay brocht him to the land,
 To trew Scottis it was ane blyith tythand.
 Schir Iohne Ramsay, yat worthy was & wicht,
 Fra Duchtirhous the way he cheisit richt.
 To meet Wallace with men of arms strang,
 For his dwelling, thay had thocht wounder lang.
 The trew Rothuen come als withouttin baid,
 In Birnane wod he had his ludgeing maid.
 Barklay, Bissat, to Wallace semblit fast,
 With thre hundreth to Duchtirhous he past.

(F)(+)(D)

The Tent Buik declairis how Wallace wan
 Sanct Johnstoun be ane Jeopardie. Ca. 1.

The latter day of August fell this cace,
 For the reskew thus ordanit gude Wallace.
 Of Sanct Johnstoun, yat Sutheroun occu-
 Fast toward Tay thay passit and espyt. (pyt
 Or it was day vnder Kynnoull thame laid,

Out

Out of the town, as Scottismen to him said:
 Thair seruandis 3 schit with Cartis, hay to leid,
 Swa was it suith, and hapnit in that steid.
 Than ser thair come, and brocht bot Cartis thre,
 Quhen pai of hay was leidand besylie.
 Guthrie with ten, in handis hes thame tane,
 Pat all to deith, of thame he saifit nane.
 Wallace in haist, gart tak thair vniest weid,
 And sielpke men thay waitit weill gude speid.
 Four was richt gude, Wallace him self tuk ane,
 Ane Russet cloik, and with him gude Rothuen.
 Guthrie, Bissat, and als gude zeinen twa,
 In that ilk fute, thay graithit thame to ga.
 Fyftene thay tuk, of men of armis wicht,
 In ilk Cart fyue, thay ordanit out of sight.
 Full subtellie thay couerit thame with hay,
 Syne to the town thay went the ganest way.
 Thir Carteris had schozt swozdis of gude steill,
 Under thair weid, callit furth the Cartis weill.
 Schir John Ramsay, baid in the buschemet still,
 Quhen myster war, to help yame with gude will.
 Thir trew Carteris past on withouttin let,
 About the brig, and enterit at the zet.
 Quhen thay war in, thair cloikis kest thame fra,
 Gude Wallace than the cheif portar couth ra.
 Upon the heid, quhill deid he hes him left,
 Syne vther twa the lyfe fra thame he rest.
 Guthrie, Bissat, did richt weill in the town,
 And Rothuen als, dang of thair sey men down.
 The armit men, that in the Cartis war brocht,
 Rais vp and weill thair deuoir dewly wrocht.
 Upon the gait thay gart fell Sutheroun de,
 Than Ramsayis spy, hes sene thame get entre.

The Tent

The buschement brak baith brig and port hes woun
Into the toun greit stryfe thair was begun.
Twentie and ane of Ramsay come in plane,
Within the toun had fourtie Sutheroun slane.
The Inglis men to array was nocht gane,
The Scottis as than, laiser leit yame haue nane.
Fra gude Ramsay with his men enterit in,
Thay saiffit nane, was knawin of Sutheroun kin.
And Longouell, ye worthy knicht schir Thomas
Pleuit weil thair, and inony vther place.
Aganis his dynt, few Inglis men nicht stand,
Wallace in him greit faith and kyndnes fand.
The Sutheroun part saw weil ye toun was tynt
Feirly thay fled, as fyre dois of the flynt.
Sum fled, sum fell, into draw dykis deip,
Sum to the kirk, thair lyfe gif thay nicht keip.
Sum fled to Tay, and in small beschell zeid,
Sum derfly deit, and drownit in that deid.
Schir Johne Pleswart at the west zet out past,
To Methuen wod he sped him wounder fast.
Ane hundzeth men the kirk tuk for succour,
Bot Wallace wald na grace grant in that hour.
He bad slay all of cruell Sutheroun kyn,
Thame for to slay, he said it was na syn.
Four hundzeth men within the toun was deid,
Seuin scot on lyfe, chaipit out of that steid.
Wifis and barnis, thay maid thame fre to ga,
With Wallace will he wald slay nane of tha.
Riches thay fand, that Inglis men had brocht new
Pleneist the toun, with worthy Scottis & trew.
Schir Johne Pleswart left Methuen forest strag
Went to the Gask full feill Sutheroun amang.
And syne in fyfe quhair Wallange Schiref was
Maide

Maid Scurriouris sone, out throw ye lād to pas.
 And gadderit men, ane stalwart cumpany,
 To Ardagane he drew thame priuatly.
 Ordanit thame in reddy bergane bowen,
 Agane he thocht to sailze Sanct Johnstoun.
 Quhair Wallace lay, and wald na langer rest,
 Reullit the toun, as than him lykit best.
 Schir Johne Ramsay greit Capitane ordanit he,
 Rothuen Schiref, at ane accord to be.
 This charge he gais, gif men yame warning maid
 To cum to him, withouttin mair abaid.
 And sa yai did, quhen tythingis was yame brocht
 With ane hundzeth Wallace furth fra yame socht.

The Battell of Blak Irne syde Forrest. Ca. ii.

In fyfe he passit, to besy that cuntrie,
 Bot wzang warnit of Inglismen was he.
 Schir Johne Stewart. quhe yai war passit
 Fra the Dyche he sped him haistely. (by,
 Upon Wallace followit with all his micht,
 In Abirneithy tuik ludgeing that first nicht.
 Upon the mozne with systene hundzeth men,
 To Blak Irnesyde, as his gydis couth him ken.
 Quhair Wallace was, and micht na message send,
 To Sanct Johnstoun, to mak this Journey kēd.
 For Inglismen that full subtill hes bene,
 Greit wachis warnit, yat nane micht pas betuene
 Than Wallace said, this mater plesis nocht me,
 He callit to him the Squyar gude Guthrie.
 And Bissat als, that knew full weill the land,
 And askit at yame quhat deid was best on hand.
 Message to mak, our power for to get,

The Tent

With feill Sutheroun we will be unbeset.
And wickit Scottis that knowis this forest best
Thay at the caus that we may haue na rest.
I dreid far mair wallange that is the gyde,
Than all the laif, that cumis vpon that syde.
Than Guthrie said, micht we get anis our Tay,
To Sanct Johnstoun it war the ganest way.
And warne Ramsay, we wald get succour son,
Our suith it is, that can nocht weill be done.
Richt weill I wait, Meschell is leuit nane,
Fra the wod hauin, to ye ferry callit Arrane.
Than Wallace said, the watter awfull is,
My self can swourne, I trow and aill na mys.
Bot currour vse accordis nocht for me,
And leif zow heir, zit had I leuar de.
Throw Goddis grace we sall better eschew,
The strenth is strang, and we ar men anew.
In Elchok Park bot fourtie men war we,
For seuin hundreth, and gart feill Sutheroun de.
Eschaupt weill in mony bulykie place,
Sa sall we heir, throw help of Goddis grace.
Quhill men may fast, we may this wod hard still,
For thy ilk man be of trew hardy will.
And that we do sa nobilly into deid,
Of vs be fund, efter na lak to reid.
The richt is ouris, we suld mair ardent be,
I think to freith this land oz ellis de.
His waillit speiche, with wit and hardiment,
Maid all the laif sa cruell of Intent.
Sum bad tak feild, and gif battell in plane,
Wallace said nay, thay wordis ar in vane.
We will nocht leif, that may be our auantage,
This wod to vs is worth ane zeiris wage.

Of

Of he win tymmer in haist he gart thame tak,
Sillis of Aik, and ane greit Barreris mak.
At ane four front, fast in the forest syde,
Maid ane greit strēth quhair pai purposit to byde.
Stellit thame fast, to treis that growand was,
That thay nicht weil in fra the Barreris pas.
And se thair baill on ather syde about,
Syne cum agane, quhen pai saw pair was dout.
Be that this strenth arrayit was at richt,
The Inglis Dist approachit to thair sight.
Than Psewart come, yat way for to haue wend,
That thay war wont, his gydis sa him kend.
At thair entre, thay thocht to haue passage,
Bot sone thay fand, yat maid yame greit stopage.
Ane thousand he led of men in armis strang,
With fyue hundzeth he gart John Wallage gang.
Without the wood, that nane suld chaip him fra,
Wallace with him had fourtie Archearis thra.
The lair was speiris, full Robill in ane neid,
On thair enemies thay bicker with greit speid.
Ane cruell counter was at the Barreris sene,
The Scottis Defence, sa sicker was and kene.
Sutheroun stude aw, to enter thame amang,
Feill to the ground, pai ouirthrew in that thrang.
Ane rowme was left, quhair part in front nicht
Quha enterit in, agane zeid neuer mair. (fair,
Fourtie thay slew, that ganewart wald haue past
All disarayit, the Dist was all agast.
Ane part of hois throw schot to deith was brocht,
Brak to ane plane, the Sutheroun to thame socht
Than Psewart said, allace how may this be,
And do na harime, our greit rebute haue we.
He callit Wallage, and askit his counfall,

The Tent

Schiref thow art, quhat may vs maist auail.
Bot few thay ar, that makis this greit debait,
Johne Wallange said, this is the best I wait.
To ceis heirof, and remane heir besyde,
For thay may nocht lang in this Forest byde.
Forfalt of fude thay man in the cuntrie,
Than war mair tyme to mak on thame melle.
Or thay be wyn, on force into this stryfe,
Feill that ze leid, sail erar lois the lyfe.
Than Psewart said, this rede I will nocht tak,
And Scottis be warnit, reskew sone wil pai mak
Of this despite amendis I think to haif,
Or de thairfoir in number with the laif.
Into ane range my self on fute will fair,
Nicht hundreth he tuik, the lykliest yat was pair.
Syne bad the laif byde at the Barreris still,
With Johne Wallange to reull yame at his will.
Wallange he said be fordwart in this cace,
In sic ane snair, we couth nocht get Wallace.
Tak or slay him, I promeis be my lyfe,
That King Edward sail mak the Cril of fyfe.
At zone Eist part we think to enter in,
I bad na mair, nicht ze this Barreris wyn.
Fra thay be closit graithly amang vs sa,
Bot meruell be, thay sail na farther ga.
Assail ze sair, quhen ze wit we cum neir,
On ather syde we sall hald thame on steir.
Thus Psewart thair vpon ane awfull wyse,
Wallace hes sene, quhat hes bene thair deuyse.
Gude men he said, vnderstand this deid,
For such he said, thay ar richt mekil to dreid.
Zone Psewart is ane worthy Robill Knicht,
Fordwart in weir, richt hardy, wyse, and wicht.

His

His assaillze he ordanis wounder sair,
 As for to harme, manis wit can do na mair.
 Pleasand it is, ane wyse Chiftane to ga,
 Sa Chiftane lyke, it suld greit comfort ma.
 To his awin men, and thay of worschip be,
 Than for to se ten thousand cowntis fle.
 Sen we ar set, with enemeis on Ilk syde,
 And heir on force mon in this forest byde.
 That all the laif of vs abaisit be,
 Assay the first, for Goddis saik cruellie.
 Craufurd he left, and Longouell the knicht,
 Fourtie with thame, to keip the Barreris wicht.
 With him sertie, all worthy men in weid,
 To meet Dewart, with hardy will he zeid.
 Ane maner of dyke, into the wod was maid,
 Of thortour ryis, baldly he thair abaid.
 Ane downwith baill the Sutheroun to yame had,
 Sone semblit thay, with strakis sair and sad.
 Scharp speiris than, duschand on ather syde,
 Thro w birneis brycht, maid woundis deip & wyde.
 The vantage was, the Scottis thame dantit sa,
 That na Inglismen durst fra his fellowis ga.
 To bryk array, or fornest enter in,
 Of cristynit blude to se it was greit sin.
 For wrongous caus, and hes bene mony day,
 Feill Inglismen in the dyke deid thair lay.
 Speiris full sone, all into splenderis sprang,
 With scharp swordis thay he wit on in thrang.
 Blude bristit out thro w fyne harnes and maill,
 Johne Wallange als, full scharply can assaill.
 Upon Craufurd, and the knicht Longouell,
 With thair power keipit the Barreris weill.
 Maid gude defence, be wit, manheid, and micht,

The Rynt

At the entre feill men to deith thay dight,
 Thus all atanis thay sailzeit ather place,
 Nane that was thair durst turne fra ye Barrace.
 To help Wallace na man of his durst pas,
 To reskew thame, sa fell the sechtung was.
 At ather hand thay handillit war full hait,
 Bot do or de, na succour ellis thay wait.
 Wallace was stad into that stalwart flour,
 Guthrie, Bissat, with men of greit valour.
 Richard Wallace, that worthy was of hand,
 Stewart meruellit, yat contrair yame nicht stad.
 That euer sa few nicht byde in battell place,
 Aganis thame, and machit face for face.
 He thocht him self, to end that mater weill,
 Fast preissit in, with ane gude brand of steill.
 Into the dyke, ane Scottis man gart he de,
 Wallace thairfoir in hart had greit pietie.
 Ane mendis to haue, he followit on him fast,
 Bot Inglis men sa thick betuic thame past:
 That vpon him, ane strait get culd he nocht,
 Wither worthy detfly to deith he brocht.
 Sloppis thay maid throw all the Chensalry,
 The hardy Scottis than wrocht sa worthely.
 Than Sutheroun saw of thair gude men sa drest,
 Langer to byde, yame thocht it nocht the best.
 Four scoir war slane, or thay wald leif the steid.
 And systie als was at the Barreris deid.
 Ane Trumpet blew, and fra the wod thay dra'w,
 Wallange left of, that sicht fra that he saw.
 To sailze mair, thay thocht it was na sperd,
 Withouth the wod to counsall sone thay zeid.
 The worthy Scottis, to reit thame was full faue
 Fell hurtis thay had, bot few of thame was slane.
Wallace

Wallace had all, of gude comfort to be,
Thankit be God, the fairer part hane we.
Zone knicht Dewart hes at greit Journeyis
Sa fair assay I hane bot seildin sene. (beue
I had leuar on Wallange wrokin be,
Than ony man that is of zone menze.
The Scottis all vnto the Barreris zeid,
Stanchit woundis, that couth full braithly bleid.
Sum Scottismen had bled full mekill blinde,
Forfalt of drink, and als wanting of sude.
Sum febillit fast, that had seill hurtis thair,
Wallace thairfor sicthit with hart full sair.
Ane hat he hint to get watter is gane,
Uther refuge as than he wist of nane.
Ane lytill strand he fand that ran him by,
Of cleir watter he brocht thame abundantly.
And drank him self, syne said with sober mude,
The wyne in France me thocht not half sa gude.
Than of the day, thye quarteris was ouir went,
Schir Johne Dewart, hes cassin in his Intent.
To sailze mair, as than he couth nocht preif,
Quhill on the mozne that new men couth releif.
And keip thame in, quhill thay for hunger soir,
Cum in his will, or ellis de thairfor.
Wallange he said, I charge the for to byde,
And keip thame in, quhill I to Cowper ryde.
Thow sall remane with fyue hundzeth at thy will
And I ye mozne with power sall cum the till.
Johne Wallange said, this charge heir I forsait,
Efter this day, all nicht I may nocht waik.
Bot traistis weill, thay will I sche to the plane,
Thocht ze byde als, or ellis de in the pane.
Dewart bad byde, or vnderly the blame,

¶ The Rynt

In the command on gude King Edwardis name.
O heir to God, abow I mak beforne,
And thay brek out to hyng the hie the morne.
Of his command John Wallace had greit dreid
Psewart fra thame with nyne scoir into deid.
Nixt hand the wod, and his gude men of fyfe,
The Scottis was blyith, quhen y pai hard sic stryfe.
Wallace drew neir, his tyme quhen yat he saw,
To the wod syde, and couth on Wallace cauw.
That knicht hes hecht ye morne to hang the hie,
Cum in to us, I sall thy warrand be.
In contrair him, and all King Edwardis might,
Tak we him quyk, we sall him hang on hicht.
Ane gude Lordschip I sall the gif heir Eist,
In this ilk land that thy brother hes leisit.
Wallange was wyse, full sone couth vnderstand,
Be lyklines Wallace suld wyn the land.
And better him war, into the richt to hyde,
Than be in weir vpon the tother syde.
With schoyt auysement, to Wallace in thay socht,
Than Psewart cryit, and said that beis for nocht.
And fals of kynd, thow art of heritage,
Edward on the hes euill wairit greit wage.
Heir I sall hyde, my purpois to fulfill,
Outher to de, or haue the at my will.
For all his speiche, to pas yat wald nocht spair,
With full glaid hart Wallace ressaunt yame pair.
Be that Rothwen, and Ramsay of Renoun,
Be ane trew Scot, yat past to Sact Johnstoun.
Thame warning maid, yat Psewart followit fast
Upon Wallace, than war thay sair agast.
Out of the toun, I schit in all thair might,
With thre hundred, yat worthy war and wicht.

To Blak Irnesyde assemblit in that place,
 As Wallace was gane in to gude Wallace.
 The Knicht Stewart hes weill thair cūming sene
 Ane fair plane feild he cheisit thame betuene.
 Elleuin hundzeth, and four scoir than had he,
 The Scottis men, war syue hundzeth and sertie.
 Thir was bot few, ane plane feild for to tak,
 Out of the wod gude Wallace can him mak.
 He wist na wit of thame that cūmand was,
 Mair hardiment was fra the strenth to pas.
 Bot quhen he hard, Rothuen and Ramsay cry,
 Of Duchtirhous blyith was this Cheualry.
 Nicht thay of gold, haue brocht ane Kingis rent,
 To gude Wallace nicht nocht sa weill content.
 Than to array thay zaid on ather syde,
 In cruell Ire at battell bowne to byde.
 Worthyer men than Stewart semblit thair,
 In all his tyme Edward had neuer mair.
 Bot Stewart saw his number was far ma,
 His power sone he gatt deuyde in twa.
 To fecht in that caus knichtly he thame kend,
 In that Journey outhet to wynn or end.
 The worthy Scottis yat first amang rane baide,
 Full greit slaughter on Inglis men thay maid.
 Into the wod besoir had preuit weill,
 Than on the plane thay sonzeit neuer adeill.
 In curage grew, as thay war new begun,
 Schort rest thay had, fra rying of the Sone.
 Be that Ramsay, and gude worthy Rothuane,
 Throw out the thickest of the preis is gane.
 Sloppis thay maid amang the Inglis men,
 Disseuerit thame be twentie, and be ten.
 Quhen speiris war gane, with swordis of mettell.

[The Tent

To Inglis men thair cūming sauld full deir.
Wallace and his be worthynes of hand,
Feill Sutheroun blude gart licht vpon ye land.
The twa feildis togidder reillit than,
Schir Johne Stewart with mony Robill man.
To help thair Lord thre hundreth in ane place,
About him stude, and did thair besynes.
Defendand him with mony awfull dynt,
Quhill all the outwart of the feild was tynt.
Of commounis part, into the forest fled,
Surcours to seik, thir men sa had thame led.
The Scottis hes sene sa mony in ane rout,
With Stewart stand, that Inueronit him about,
Upon all sydis, assailzeit wounder sair,
The poleist plaitis with poyntis peirsit bair.
The Sutheroun maid defence full cruelly,
All occupyt was this Robill Cheualry.
Schir Johne Ramsay wald thay had soldin bene
Wallace said nay, it is all wrong ze mene.
Ransoun to tak, we can nocht now begin,
On sic ane wyse, this land ze may nocht win.
Zone knicht of auld our enemy hes bene,
Sa fell to vs, of thame I haue nocht sene.
Now he sall be throw help of Goddis grace,
He come to pay his Ransoun in this place.
The Sutheroun saw, and wist planely to de,
Reskew was nane, suppois that thay wald fle.
Freschly thay faucht, as thay had enterit new,
Upon our syde part worthy men thay flew.
Tha Stewart said, allace throw wrongous thing
Our lyfis we lois, for desyre of our king.
That felloun knicht doutit his lyfe richt nocht,
Among the Scottis full manfully he wrought.

Billet

Bisset he straik to deith for outtin mair,
 Wallace preuit with his sword birneist bair.
 At Plewartis hals, he ettillit with greit Ire,
 Thro w pefane stuf, in sunder straik the swyre.
 Deid to the ground he ruschit for all his micht,
 Be Wallace, and thus endit that gude knicht.
 The remanent without mercy thay sla,
 For gude Bisset, the Scottis was wounder wa.
 In handis sum, thay stikkit but remeid,
 Na Sutheroun past with lyfe out of that feild.
 Than to the wod, for thame that lest the feild,
 Ane range thay set thus micht thay get na beild.
 Zeid nane away was contrair our opiniooun,
 Gude Rothuen past agane to Sanct Johnstoun.
 Schir Johne Ramsay to Cowper Castell raid,
 That hous he tuik, for defence nane was maid.
 Wallace, Craufurd, and with yame gude Guthrie
 Richard Wallace had lang bene in mellie.
 And Longouell into Lundois baid still,
 Fastit thay had to lang agane thair will.
 Wallange thay maid thair Stewart for to be,
 Of meit and drink thay fand abundantlie.
 The power fled, and durst na langer byde,
 That was befoir vpon the Sutheroun syde.
 Upon the moirne to Sanctandris thay past,
 Out of the toun that Bischop bowit fast.
 The King of Ingland had him thidder send,
 That rent at will he gail him in commend.
 His kingis charge, as than he durst nocht hald,
 Ane wrangous Pape yat Tyrant micht be cald.
 Few fled with him, and gat away be see,
 For all Scotland, Wallace he wald nocht se.
 Of him as than, he maid bot licht record,

The Tent

Gart restoir him, that thair was richteous Lord.
The worthy knicht that into Cowper laȝ,
Gart spulze it vpon the secund day.
Syne ordanit men, at the command of Wallace,
But mair proces for to cast down the place.
Byndouris gart sone peirs out throw the wall,
Syne puncionis fyit, vnto the gound kest all.
Schir Johne Ramsay syne to Carrell can fair,
Sutheroun was fled, and left bot wallis bare.
Efter Bsewart thay durst nocht tary lang,
The Scottis at large out throw all fyfe pai tag.
Na Inglis men was left in that cuntrie,
Bot in Lochleuin thair baid ane companie.
Vpon that Inche in small housis thay licht,
Castell was nane, bot wallit with watter wicht.
Besyde Carrell semblit Wallace befozne,
His purpos was for to assay kingorne.
Ane knicht Husgrais, Capitane in it was,
Be schozt auple he purposit for to pas.
Etar he wald byde challange of his king,
Than with Wallace to reckin for sic thing.
That hous thay tuik, and lytill tary maid,
Vpon the mozne withoutt in mair abaid.
Atouir the mure, quhair thay the tryst had set,
Ner Scotland well thair ludging tuik but let.
Efter Supper, Wallace bad thame ga rest,
My self will walk, me think it may be best.

The wyrrning of Lochleuin. Cap. iij.

AS he commadit but grunching pai haue done,
Into thair sleip Wallace him grauthit sone.
Wast to Lochleuin as it was ner mydnight.

Auchtene

Auchtene with him, that he had warrit richt
 Thir men weind weill he come to bese it,
 Fellowis he said, I do zow weill to wit.
 Considder weill this place and vnderstand,
 That it may do full greit skaith to Scotland.
 Out of the south, and power cum chame till,
 Thay may tak in, to keip at thair awin will.
 Upon zone Inche richt mony men may be,
 And syne Ische out, thair tyme quhen yat yat se.
 To byde langer heir we may nocht vpon chance,
 Zone folk hes fude, traist weill at sufficance,
 Watter fra thame, forsuith can nocht be fet,
 Sum vther wyle behouis vs for to get.
 Ze sall remane heir at this part all still,
 And I my self the boit sall bring zow till,
 Thair with his weid in haist of castis he,
 Upon zone syde na wache man can I se.
 Held on his sark, and tuk his sword sa gude,
 Bund on his nek, syne lap into the fude.
 And ouir he swame, for letting had he nocht,
 The Boit he tuk, and to his men it brocht.
 Arrayit him weill, and wald na langer byde,
 Bot passit in, and rowit to the tother syde.
 The Inche yat tuk, with drawin swordis in had,
 Thay spairit nane, that thay befor thame sand.
 Straik durris vp, and stikkit men quhair yat lay,
 Upon the Sutheroun this sadly sembill thay.
 Threttie thay slew, that was into that place,
 To mak defence, the Inglis men had na space.
 Thair women syue, was send out of that steid,
 Women nor barnis, he gart neuer put to deid.
 The gude thay tuk, as it had bene thair awin,
 Than Wallace said, fellowis I mak zow knawin

The Tent

The pnteyance that is within this wantis,
 We will nocht tye, gar sembill vs all atanis.
 Lat warne Ramsay, and our gude men Ilkane,
 I will remane quhill that this stuf be gane.
 Send furth ane man thair horsis for to keip,
 Drew by the boit, syne beddis full to sleip.
 Wallace power, heir Scotland well quhillis lay,
 Besoir the Sone thay myllt him away.
 Sum mening maid, and meruellit of that cace,
 Ramsay bad ceis, and murne nocht for Wallace.
 It is for gude, that he is fra vs went,
 That sail ze se, and traist weill werayment.
 My heid to wed, Lochlellin he passit to se,
 Bot in that place, na Inglis men knew he.
 Into this land, betuix this watteris left,
 Tythingis of him, full sone ze sail heir eft.
 As thay about war talkand on this wyse,
 Messaige come, and chargit thame to ryse.
 My Lord he said, to Dinner hes zow cald,
 Into Lochlellin, quhill is ane lyallie hald.
 Ze sail sail weill, thaitfoir put of all sorrow,
 Thay geaithit thame, richt airtly on the morrow.
 And thridde past, of Wallace will to wit,
 Chait semblit in, ane full blyth fellowship.
 Thay lugit yame pair, quhil viij. dayis was at end
 Of mear and drink, thay had aneuch to spend.
 Tussit furth geir yat Sutheroun had brocht pair
 Gart byn the boit, to Sanct Johnstoun pai fair.
 Bischop Sinklar, that worthy was and wyse,
 To Wallace come, and tauld him his anse.
 Thus he desyrit Wallace with him wald ryde,
 And in Dunkeld Soioyne that wynter tyde.
 Bot he said nay, that hald I nocht the best,

And

And Scotland thus, in peice we can nocht rest.
 The Bischop said, planely ze may nocht wend,
 Into the North, for men I reid zo w send.
 I grant (quod he) and cheist aue messingair,
 The worthy Jop was with the Bischop thair.
 And Maister Blair, quhill Wallace come: pai baid,
 With pat gude Lord, pat Nobill cheir, yame maid.
 Wallace send Blair, into his Priestis weid,
 To warne y west, quhair freindis had greit dreid.
 How thay suld pas, or to gude Wallace wry,
 For Inglisinen, that held thame lang in twyn,
 Adam Wallace, and Lindesay that was wicht,
 Rauthlie thay lest, and went away be nucht.
 Throw out the land, to the Lennor thay fair,
 To Erll Malcolm, that welcumit yame full zair.
 Maister Johne Blair, was blyth of that semble,
 Gude Grahame was pair, and Richard of Lodie.
 Als Robert Boyd, that out of Bute thame socht,
 Gat pai Wallace, of na thing than thay rocht.
 Bot Inglisinen betur thame was sa strang,
 That thay in plane, micht nocht weil to him gag.
 Jop passit on, for na thing wald he let,
 Greit power than, as thair he couth nocht get.
 The Lord Cuning, that Erll of Buchane was,
 For auld Jny, he wald lat na man pas.
 That he micht lat in gude Wallace supplie,
 The Erll Patrik at plane feild kepit he.
 Zit pure men come, and preut all thair micht,
 To help Wallace in fence of Scotlandis richt.
 The gude Randall in tender age was kend,
 Part of gude men out of Murray he send.
 Jop passit agane, and come in presence sone,
 Befoir Wallace, and sauld how thay had done.

The Tene

Bot Maister Blair, sa gude tythingis him brocht,
 That of the Cumpng Wallace full lytill rocht.
 Als Inglismen, than had full mekill dreid,
 Fra fyfe was tynt, the war thay trowit to speid.
 The Duke and Erll that tyme in Scotland led,
 Capitans thay maid, in England syne thay sped.
 Wallace him botomit, quhe he thocht tyme suld be,
 Fra Sanct Johnstoun, and tuik with him fyftie.
 Steuin of Ireland, and keirly pat was wiche,
 For Inglismen thay had haldin the richt.
 In waith men weid, and sendit thame richt welll
 To gude Wallace thay war als trew as steill.
 To follow him, thay twa thyocht neuer lang,
 Throw the Dyche, thay maid yame for to gang.
 Of mair power he taryit nocht that tyde,
 To keip the land the laif he gart abyde.
 To Striuking brig, as than he wald nocht pas,
 For strang power of Inglismen thair was.

The wyrrning of Erth. Cap. iiii.

To Erth ferry thay passit priuaty,
 And buskit thame in ane dern steid thair by.
 Ane cruell Capitane in Erth dwelt that zeir.
 In England borne, and hecht Thomlin of weir.
 Ane hundreth men was at his leiding still,
 To bruis that land thay did power and will.
 Ane Scottis fischear quhilk yai had tane beforne,
 Contrair his will, gart him be to thame swoorne.
 In thair seruice thay held him day and nicht,
 Befoir the Sone Wallace gart Jop him dichte.
 And send him furth the passage to espy,
 On that fischear he hapnit suddandly.

All him allane, bot ane boy that was thair,
 Jop hynt him sone, and for na dreid wald spair.
 Be the collar, and out ane knyfe pullit he,
 For Goddis saik this man askit mercie.
 Jop speirit sone, of quhat Natioun art thou,
 Ane Scot he said, bot Sutheroun gart me bow.
 In thair seruice, aganis my will full sair,
 Bot for my lyfe, that I remanit thair.
 To seik fische I come on this North syde,
 Be ye ane Scot, I wald fane with yow byde.
 Than he him brocht in presence to Wallace,
 The Scottis was blyith, quhen yat haue sene yis
 For with his boit yat nicht weil passage haif, (cace
 For ferry craft he thocht nocht for to craif.
 Upon that syde, lang space thay taryit nocht,
 In the south land with glaid harris thay socht.
 Syne brak the boit, quhen thay war laudit thair,
 Seruice of it, Sutheroun nicht haue na mair.
 Than throw the Mos, thay passit full gude speid,
 To the Torwood yat man with thame thay leid.
 The Wedow thair, brocht tythingis to Wallace,
 Of his trew Cme, that dwelt in Donypace.
 Thomlin of weir, in presoun had him set,
 For mair tresour ya nhe befoir nicht get.
 Wallace said Dame he sall weill loust be,
 The morne be none, or ma thairfoir sall de.
 Scho gat thame meit, and in quyet thay baid,
 Quhill it was nicht, syne reddy sone thay maid.
 Towart Erth hall, richt suddandly thame drew,
 Ane strenth thair was, yat weill ye fischear knew.
 Of draw dykis, and full of watter wan,
 Mysellie thairof hes warnit thame this man.
 On the bak syde he led thame priuatlie

The Tent

Fra the watter, as wount to cum was he.
Our ane small brig, gude Wallace enterit in,
Into the hall him self thocht to begin.
Fra the Supper, as thay war boun to ryse,
He salust thame vpon ane awfull wyse.
His men him followit, suddandly atanis,
Haistie sorrow was rasit in thay wanis.
With scheirād swordis, sharply about yame dang
Feill on the flure, was fellit thame amang.
With Thomlin weir, Wallace him self hes met,
Ane felloun straik sadly vpon him set.
Thro weid and swyre, all throu ye coist him clai
The worthy Scottis fast strikit of the laif.
Keipit durris, and to the deith thame dicht,
To chaip away, the Sutheroun had na micht.
Sum wyndois socht for to haue brokin out,
Bot all for nocht, full sey was maid that rout.
About the fyre buschit the blude sa Reid,
Ane hundreth men was flane into that steid.
Than Wallace socht quhair his Uncle suld be,
In ane deip Coif he was set dulefullie.
Quhair watter stude, and he in Irnis strang,
Wallace full sone, the brais vp he dang.
Of that myrk hoill, brocht him with strenth & list,
Bot noyis he hard, of na thing ellis he wist.
Sa blyith befor, in warld he had nocht bene,
And thair with sichit, quhen he had Wallace sene.
In dybis out, the deid bodyis thay kest,
Graitit the place, as that thame lykit best.
Quaid full gude cheir, and wyse wachis thay set,
Quhill neir the day, thay sleip withouttin let.
Quhen thay had sicht, spulzeit the place in hy,
Fand ganand geir, baith gold and Jowalry.

Quir

Oufte all that day in quyet held thame still,
 Quhē Sutheroun come, ressaueit yame with gude
 In yat laubour ye Scottis was sul bane, (will.
 Inglisinen come in, bot nane zeid out agane.
 Wemen and barnis put in presoun and caif,
 Sa thay nicht mak na warning to the laif.
 Steuin of Ireland, and Keirly yat was wiche,
 Keipit the port vpon the secund nicht.
 Befoir the day the worthy Scottis rais,
 Curssit gude geir, and to the Torwod gais.
 Remanit thair, quhill nicht was cūmin on hand,
 Syne bowrit thame in quyet throw the land.
 The wedow sone, fra thay war passit dout,
 Ane seruand send, and leit the women out.
 To pas fra Erth, quhair yat yame lykit best,
 Now speik of thame, that went into the west.

How Wallace bynt the Inglisinen in
 Dunbertane. Cap. v.

Wallace him self was sicker gyde that nicht,
 To Dunbartane the way he cheisit richt.
 Or it was day, for than the nicht was lang,
 Unto the toun full priuatly thay gang.
 Mckill of it Inglisinen occuppit,
 Gude Waailce sone, throw ane dark garth him
 Unto ane hous quhair he was wont to ken, (hyit
 Ane wedow dwelt, that was freind to our men.
 About hir bed, on the bak syde was maid,
 Ane dern wyndo, was nouthir lang nor braid.
 Thair Wallace callit, and sone fra scho him knew
 In haist scho rais, and priuatly him drew:
 To ane clois barn, quhair thay nicht keipit be,

The Tent

Baith meit a drink, scho brocht yame greit plentie.
 Ane gudly gift, to Wallace als scho gait,
 Ane hundreth pund, and mair atouit the laif.
 Ayne Sonis scho had, was likly men and wicht,
 Ane aith to him scho gart thame sweit full richt.
 In peice thay dwelt, in trubill thay had bene,
 And tribute payit to Inglis Capitanis kene.
 Schir Johne Menteith, the Castell had in hand,
 Bot sum men said thair was ane preue band.
 To Sutheroun maid, be meanis of that kucht,
 In thair supplie to be at all his micht.
 Thair of as now, I will na proces mak,
 Wallace that day, ane schozt purpos can tak.
 Quhen it was nicht he bad the wedow pas,
 And mark the duris, quhair Sutheroun dwellid
 Syne efter this, he and his Cheualry, (was.
 Graithit thame weill, and wappinis tuk in hy.
 Went on the gait, quhair Sutherou was on fley,
 Ane greit Distillary our Scottis tuk to keip.
 Ane Inglis Capitane was sittand vp sa lair,
 Quhen he and his, with drink was maid sa hait:
 Ayne men was thair, with him set in his cupage,
 Sum wald haue had gude Wallace in that rage.
 Sum wald haue buid, schir John ye graham throw
 Sum wald haif had guid boyd at sword (iet). (lreth
 Sum wissit Lundy, pat chaipit was in fyle,
 Sum wichter was, nor Setoun van in ityle.
 Quhen Wallace hard, the Sutherou mak sic dyn
 He gart all byde, and him allane went in.
 The laif remanit to heir of thair tyrhance,
 He salust thame with sturdy countenance.
 Fellowis he said, sen I come laif fra hame,
 In trauell I was, in land our vncouth fame.

fra

Fra South Ireland I come in this cuntrie,
 The new conquers of Scotland for to se.
 Part of your drink, and sum gude I wald haif,
 The Capitane than, ane schrewit answer him gaif
 Thow semis ane Scot vnlikly vs to spy,
 Thow may be ane of Wallace cumpany.
 Contrait our King he is ryssin agane,
 The land of fyfe he hes riddin in plane.
 Thow sall heir byde, quhill we wit how it be,
 Be thow of his, thow sall be hangit hie.
 Wallace thocht than it was na tyme to stand,
 His Robill sword he grippit sone in hand.
 Quir thort the face, drew the Capitane in tene,
 Straik all away, that grew abone his Ene.
 Ane vther braithly in the breist he bair,
 Baith braune & bane, ye buiriy blaid thro w schair.
 The laif ruschit vp, to Wallace in greit Ire,
 The thrid he fellit, full derfly in the fyre.
 Steuin of Ireland, and Keirly in that thrang,
 Keipit na charge, bot enterit thame amang.
 And vther ma, that to the Dure can preis,
 Quhill yai him saw, yair culd na thing thame ceis
 The Sutheroun men full sone was brocht to deid
 The blyith Distillar, bad thame gude aill & b Reid.
 Wallace said nay, quhill we haue laiser mair,
 To be our gyde, thow sall befor vs fair.
 And begyn fyre quhair yat the Sutheroun lyes,
 The Distillar sone vpon ane haistie wyis.
 Hynt fyre in hand, and to ane greit hous Reid,
 Quhair Inglismen was into mekill Dreid.
 For thay wist nocht, quhill yat ye Reid low rais,
 As wud beistis amang ye fyre than gais.
 With panis fell, ruschit full sorrowfully,

CThe Tent

The laif without of our gude Cheualry.
At Ilk hous quhair the Distillar began,
Keipit the Duris, fra thame chaipit na man.
For all pair nicht,thocht king edward had swozne
Gat nane away,that was of Ingland bozne.
Bot outhir bynt,oz but reskew was slane,
And sum throw force dreum in the fyre agane.
Part Scottis folk in seruice thame amang,
Fra ony pane frely thay leit thame gang.
Thre hundzeth men was to Dunbertane send,
To keip the land, as thair Lord had thame kend.
Skaithles of thame, for ay was this Region,
Wallace oz Day maid him out of the town.
Unto the Coif of Dunbertane thay zeid,
And all that day,thair sojornit but dreid.
Baith meit and drink the Distillar gart be brocht
Quhē nicht was cūmin,in all ye haist thay mocht
Toward Rosneith full ernistly thay gang,
For Inglismen was in that Castell strang.
On the Garloch thay purpos thame to byde,
Betuir the Kirk,that neir was thair besyde.
And to the Castell full priuatly thay ga,
Under ane bray thay lubgit thame full la.
Under the watter quhair commoun vse had thay
The Castell stuf vnto the Kirk Ilk day.
Ane mariage als,was that day to begin,
All Ischit out,and left na man thairin.
That fence nicht mak,bot seruandis in that place
Thus to that cryst thay passit vpon cace.
Wallace and his drew thame full priuatly,
Neir hand the place,quhen thay war passit by.
Within the hall,and thocht to keip that steid,
Fra Sutheroun men,oz ellis thairfoir be deid.

Compleit

Compleit was maid, the mariage into plane,
Unto Rosmeth thay passit hame agane.
Four scoir and ma, was in that company,
Bot nocht arrayit, as was our Cheualry.
To the Castell thay weind to pas but let,
The worthy Scottis sa hardly on thame set.
Fourtie atanis derfly to ground thay bair,
The remanent effrayit war sa sair.
Langer in feild thay had na micht to byde,
Bot feirfly fled fra thame on ather syde.
The Scottis thair with, weill hes re entre wint,
And slew all thair, that in the hous was fundin.
Syne on the flearis followit wounder fast,
Na Inglisman with lyfe thair fra thame past.
The women sone thay seisit into hand,
Keipit thame clois for warning of the land.
And deid boddis all out of sight thay kest,
Than at gude eis thay maid thame for to rest.
On that purueyance seuin dayis ludgit thair,
At rude coistis, to spend thay wald nocht spair.
Quhen Sutheroun come, thay tuik thame glaidly
Bot out agane thay leit nane of that kin. (in,
Quhat tythingis send the Capitane of yat steid,
Thair seruitouris the Scottis put to deid.
Spuilzeit the place, and lest na gudis thair,
Brik wallis down, and maid the biggingis bair.
Quhen yat had spilt all stane werk yat yat mocht,
Syne kendillit fyre, and fra Rosmeth thay socht.
Quhen thay had bynt all trein werk in yat place
Wallace gart freith the women of his grace.
To do thame harme neuer his purpois was,
Than to Falkland, the worthy Scottis can pas.
Quhair Cril Halcorme, was bydand at defence,

(The Tent

Richt blyith he was of Wallace gude presence.
Than he fand thair ane Nobill company,
Schir Johne ye Grahame, and Richard of Ludy.
Adam Wallace that worthy was and wyse,
Barklay, and Boyd, with men mekill to pryse.
At Cristynnes, yair Wallace Soiozuit still,
Of his mother tythingis was brocht him till.
That tyme befoir, scho had lest Ellerslie,
For Inglisnen scho durst nocht in it be.
Fra thyne disagysit scho past in pilgrame weid,
Sum girth to seik, to Dunfermling scho zeid.
Seiknes scho had, forsuith into that steid,
Deceissit scho was, God tuik hir Sprite to leid.
Quhen Wallace hard yat yir tythingis war trew
How sadnes sa, on ilk syde can persew.
In thank he tuik, becaus it is naturall,
He louit God with sicker hart and haill.
Better him thocht, as it was hapnit sa,
Than Sutheroun suld put hir to vther wa.
He ordanit Jop, and als wa maister Blair,
Thidder to pas, and for na coist to spair.
Bot honorabilly ye Corps put in Sepulture,
At his command thay seruit all the cure.
Doand thairto, as deith requyrit to haif,
With riche entrie, the Corps thay put in graif.
Agane thay turnit, and schewit of hir end,
He thankit God, quhat grace that euer he send.
He seis the world sa full of fantasy,
Comfort he tuik leit all murning ga by.
His maist desyre was for to freith Scotland,
Now will I tell quhat cace yan come on hand.

(G)(+)(D)
U

How

How Schir William Dowglas war the
Castell of Saughair be ane Jeopardie,
and how William Wallace reske wit him
fra the Inglismen, and put thame out of
that part. Cap. vi.

Schir William lang of Dowglasdaill was
Be his first wyfe, as richt is to record (lord
Deceissit than out of this worldly car,
Twa Sonis he had with hir that leuit thair.
Quhill lyklye was, and abill in curage,
To Scuill war send into thair tender age.
James and Hew, sa hecht thir brether twa,
And efter sone thair Uncle culd thame ta.
Gude Robert Keith had thame fra Glasgow com
And ouir the sey, to France he maid him boun.
At study syne he left thame in Paris,
With ane Maister, yat worthy was and wyse.
The King Edward tuk thair father yat knicht,
And held him still, thocht he was neuer sa wicht.
Quhill tyme he had assentit to his will,
Ane mariage als thay haue ordanit him till.
The Lady Ferres of power and hie blude,
Bot thair of come to his lyfe lytill gude.
Twa Sonis he gat on this Lady but mair,
With Edwardis will he tuk his leif to fair.
In Scotland come, and brocht his wyfe in pels,
In Dowglas dwelt, forluth this is na leis.
King Edward crowit that he had steidfast bene,
Fast to thair faith, bot the contrair was sene.
Ay Scottis blude remanit into Dowglas,
Aganis England, that preuit in mony place.
The Saughair was ane Castell fair and strang

The Tent

Ane Ingles Capitane had done feill scottis wraig.
Into it dwelt ane Bewofurd he was cald,
That held all waist, fra thyne to Dowglas hald,
Richt neir of kyn was Dowglas wyfe and he,
Thairfor he trovit in peice of him to be.
Schir William saw, that Wallace rais in plane,
And richt lyklye to freith Scotland agane.
To help him part, into his mynd he best,
For in that lyfe richt lang he couth nocht lest.
He thocht na charge to brek vpon England,
It was thow force yat euer he maid thame bad:
Ane young man than, that hardy was and bald,
Borne with him self, and Thomas Diksoun cald.
Delt freind he said, I wald preif at my micht,
And mak ane fray to fals Bewofurd the knicht.
In Sauguhair dwellis, & dois sul greit outrage,
Than Diksoun said, my self in that beyage.
Sall for zow pas, with Andersoun to speik,
Freindschip to me my Cousing will nocht brek.
He is the man thair fyre leidis thame till,
Thow his help zout purpois ze may fulfill.
Schir William than in all the haist he micht,
Threitie crew men in that beyage he dicht.
And tald his wyfe, to Dunstons he wald sair,
Ane tryst he said of England he had thair.
Thus passit he, quhair yat na Sutheroun wist,
With thir threitie, thow waist land at thair list.
Quhill nicht was cumin, he buschit yame full law
Into ane cleuch neir at the watter of Craw.
To the Sauguhair Diksone allane he send,
And he sone maid with Andersoun this end.
Diksoun suld tak baith his hors and his weid,
Be it was day, ane draucht of wod to leid.

Agane

Agane he past, and tald the gude Dowglas,
 Quhilk drew him sone into ane priuat place,
 Andersoun tald quhat stuf that was thairin,
 To Thomas Diksoun, was richt neir of his kin.
 Fourtie thay ar, all men of metill bair,
 Be thay on fuit, thay will your sair assaill.
 Gif ze happin the entrie for to get,
 On thy richt hand ane stalwart are is set.
 Thair with thou may defend the in ane thrang,
 Be Dowglas wyse, he byde nocht fra the lang.
 Andersoun zaid to the buschement in hy,
 Neir the Castell he drew thame priuaty.
 Unto ane Schaw, Sutheroun mistrastit nocht,
 To the nixt wode with Diksoun sone he socht.
 Fraithit ane draucht on ane braid fipp and law,
 Chargit ane hors, and to the toun can draw.
 Arrayit he was, intill Andersounis weid,
 And bad haue in, the Portar come gude speid.
 This hour he said, thou might haue bene away,
 Untynous thou art, for it is scanty day.
 The zet zaid by Diksoun gat in but ma,
 Ane thortour band that all the draucht by baie.
 He cuttit it, the fipp to ground coultiga,
 Cūmerit the zet, striking thay might nocht ma.
 The Portar sone he bynt into that fypse, of dree,
 Twyis throw the heid, and rest him sone his lyfe.
 The are he gat that Andersoun of spak,
 Ane beikning maid, pair with ye buschement brak.
 Dowglas him self was forrest in that preis,
 In ouit the wode, enterit or thay wald reis.
 Thre wachemen was, fra the wallis cūmin new,
 Within the clois the Scottis men thame flew.
 Or ony scry was raisit in that stour,

The Tent

Dowglas had tane the zet of the grett Tour.
 Ran vp the Grece quhair that the Capitane lay,
 On fuit he gat, and wald haue bene away.
 Quir lait it was, Dowglas straik bp the dure,
 Beford he fand in myddis of the flure,
 With ane stik sword to deith he bes him dicht,
 His men followit, that worthy war and wicht.
 The men thay slew, that was within thay wanis
 Syne in the clois thay semblit all at atanis.
 The hous thay tuk, and Sutheroun put to deid,
 Gat nane bot ane, with lyfe out of that steid.
 For that the zet sa lang vnsteikit was,
 This spy he fled, and to Durrisdeer can pas.
 Tald that Capitane that thay had hapnit sa,
 And vther he gart vnto the Ennoch ga.
 And Tybberis mure was warnit of this cace,
 And Lochmabane all semblit to this place.
 The countrie als, quhen thay hard of sic thing,
 To seige Dowglas, and hecht thay suld him hing.
 Quhen Dowglas wist, that nane was fra thame
 To sailze him, he trowit y pai wald schaip. (chaisp
 Dislone he send vpon ane Cuirsour wicht,
 To warne Wallace in all the haist he micht.
 In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plane,
 With four hundreth that was of mobill mane.
 Kilsyth Castell he thocht to besy it,
 That Raundall held, bot trew men leit him wit
 That he was out, that tyme in Cumernald,
 Lord Cumpng dwelt on tribute in that hald.
 Quhen Wallace wist, he gart Erll Malcome ly,
 With twa hundreth in bulchement neir thairby.
 To keip the hous, that nane suld to it fair,
 He tuk the lair in the wod syde neir thair.

The Scurriour set, to warne gif he saw ocht,
 Sone Rauindall come, of yame he had na chocht.
 Quhen he was cumin y twa buschemētis betuene
 The Scurriour warnit thir cruell men and kene.
 Quhē Erl Malcolme had barrit yame fra y place
 Na Sutheroun zeid with lyfe thay did yat grace.
 Part Lennor men thay lest the hous to ta,
 On spulzeing than thay wald na tary ma.
 To seige housis, than Wallace couth nocht byde,
 Thow out the land in a wfull wyse thay ryde.
 Than Lynlithgow toun, yai bynt into yair gair,
 Quhair Sutheroun dwelt, yai maid yair bigging.
 The Deill yai tuk, flew yame y was yairin, hait
 On Sutheroun blude, y Scottis thocht na sin.
 Spne on the moine bynt Dalkeith in ane gleid,
 Than to ane strenth in Newbottill wod yai zeid.
 Be that Lawder, and Cristall of Setoun,
 Come fra the Bas, a bynt North Berwik toun.
 For Inglis men yair suld na succour get,
 Quhome yai our tuk, thay flew for outtrin let.
 To meit Wallace thay past in all thair micht,
 Ane hundreth with thaim of men in armis bricht.
 Ane blyth meiting that tyne was thaim betuene
 Quhen Erl Malcolme, & Wallace hes yame sene.
 Thomas Dikoun was met with gude Wallace,
 Quhilk grantit sone, for to reskew Douglas.
 Dikoun he said, wait thow of thair myltiplie,
 The thousand men yair power may nocht be,
 Erl Malcolme said, thocht yai war thousandis fyfe
 For this actioun me think yat we suld stryfe.
 Than her to the Hay, yat dwelt vnder trewage,
 Of Inglis men sone he gair our that wage.
 Yair for to pay, as than he lykit nocht,

The Tent

With fyfte men to Wallace furth he socht,
 To Deblis fast, bot na Sutheroun yame had,
 Thair at the Croce, ane plane cry haue thay maid.
 Wallace comandit, quha wald cum to his peis,
 And byde thairat, rewaird suld haue but leis.
 Gude Rutherford, that euer crew had bene,
 In Etris wod, agane the Sutheroun bene.
 Biddin he had, and done thame mekill deir,
 Sertie he led of Nobill men of weir.
 Wallace him welcumit, that come in his supplie,
 With Lordlyke feir, and Chifane lyke was he.
 Thau to array, thay went without the town,
 Thair number was ser hundredth of Renoun.
 In beirnis bricht, all men of mekill wail,
 With glaid hartis thay past thow Cliddisdaill.
 The Seige began, was to the Sauquhair set,
 Sic rythingis come, that maid thairin ane let,
 Quhen Sutheroun hard yat Wallace was sa nelt,
 Thow haistie fray, the Dist was all on steir.
 Na man was yair, wald for ane uther byde,
 Purpois thay tuk, in Ingland for to ryde.
 The Chifane said, sen thair King had besoir,
 Fra Wallace fled, thair causis was the moir.
 Fra South yat socht, so byde it was greit wraith,
 Douglas as yan, was thus quyte of thair skath.
 In Craufurd mure be than was gude Wallace,
 Quhen men him tauld that Sutheroun vpon cace:
 Was fled away, and durst him nocht abyde,
 Thre hundredth than he cheist with him to ryde.
 In licht harnes, and hors yat thay wald wail,
 The Eill Halcome he bad byde with the stail.
 To follow thame ane bak gaird for to be,
 To stuf the chace, in all haist bowit he.

Thow

Thro' Durrisdeer he took the ganest gait,
 Richt fane he wald with Sutheroun mak debat.
 The planest way abone Dornoun thay bald,
 Bydand the hicht, gif that the Sutheroun wald.
 Was to persew, or turne to Lochmabane,
 Bot tent thair to the Inglismen tuk naue.
 Doun richt yai held, graith gedis couth yame left,
 Abone Cloburn Wallace approachit neir.
 In Ire he grew, quhen thay war in his sight,
 To yame thay sped, with will and all thair micht.
 On ane out part ye Scottis set that ryde,
 Sewin scot at eird thay had lone at ane syde.
 The Sutheroun saw that it was harnit sa,
 Turnit in agane, than sun reschew to ma.
 Quhen thay frowit best, aganis Wallace to stand
 Erll Malcolm come, than richt neir at thair hand.
 The hall power tuk plane purpos to fle,
 Quha was at eird, Wallace gart lat thame be.
 Up on the fornest followit with all his micht,
 The Erll and his among the laif can lichte.
 Did all to deith, pat unhorsit war pat ryde,
 Efter the hors full freschly thay thay ryde,
 fyne hundreth large, or thay past Dalspoutoun.
 On Sutheroun syde, to ground was brocht down.
 The Scottis hors, mony began to tye,
 Inppois thair self was feirs as quy tye.
 The fleatis left, baith wod, watteris and hill,
 To tak the plane, speidfull thay thocht thame till.
 In greit battell away full fast thay raid,
 Into ye Crenthis thay thocht to mak na baid.
 Acir Lochmabane, and Pechichous thay went,
 Wasyde Croichmad, quhair feill Sutheroun was
 Richt mony hors that rumu had sa lang, (schent.

The Tent

And trauellit sair, thay micht na farther gang.
Schir Johne ye Grahame vpon his fuit was set,
Than Wallace als, lycht withouttin let.
Thir twa on fuit amang pair enemyis zeid,
Was nane but hors, micht fra yame pas for speid.
On Inglis men sa cruelly thay socht,
Quhome thay ouertuk, agane harmit vs nocht.
To Wallace come, ane part of power new,
On restit hors that peirly couth persew.
Adame Corry with gude men of greit bail,
And Johnstoun als, that dwelt into Eskdail.
And Kirkpatrick was in that cumpany,
And Halliday, quhilk semblit sturdily.
Quhair thay enterit ye sailze was sa sair,
Deid to the ground, fell scaris down thay hair.
Semi sair was hail of new cumin men in deid,
The South partie of yame had mekill dreid.
Wallace was horsit vpon ane Cuirssour wicht,
That gude Corry had brocht him to that sicht.
To stuf the chace with new Cheualry;
Commandit Grahame, and his gude men for thy.
Cogidder hyde, and follow as thay micht,
Thre Capitans pair full sone to deith yai dicht.
That restit hors sa woundit weill him hair,
Quhome he ouertuk, agane rais neuer maile.
Raithly he raid, and wrocht full mony wound,
Thir thre Capitans he stikkit in ane stound.
Of Durrisdeer, Ennoch, and Teberris mure,
Lord Cussardis Cme away to Carlile fure.
The quhilk befor yai kepit Lochmabane,
As landit man with him chaipit bot ane.
For Marwell als, out of Carlauerok come,
On ye Sutheroun the ganest way hes nome.

Into

Into the chace sa wiisfully thay ryde,
 Few gat away, that come vpon that syde.
 Besyde Tokpule full feill sechtng thay fand,
 Sum drownt was, sum slane vpon the land.
 Quha chaipit was, in Ingland fled away,
 Wallace returnit, na prisoner iuk thay.
 In Carlawerok, that nicht resting thay maid,
 Upon the mozne to Dumfreis blythly raid.
 Thair Wallace cryit, quha wald cum to his peis,
 Aganis Sutheroun, thair malice for to ceis.
 To trew Scottis he ordanit warpsoun,
 Quha taltit had, he grantit remissioun.
 In Dumfreis than, he wald na langer byde,
 The Sutheroun fled i f Scotland on Jlk syde.
 He sey and land without langer abaid,
 Of Castellis, tounz, yan Wallace Chistanis maid.
 Reuilit the land, and put it in gude rest,
 With trew keiperis the quhilkis he traistit best.
 The gude Dowglas, that I now tald of ait,
 Keiper he was, fra Drumlanerik to Ait.
 Becaus he had, on Sutheroun sic thing woche,
 His wyse was wraith, bot pat scho schew it nocht.
 Under couert hir malice held petryte,
 Ane Serpent waitis, hir tyme pat scho may byte.
 To Dowglas oft, scho woche full mekill cair,
 Of that as now, I leif quhill farther mair.
 Bot Sutheroun men durst yan na Castellis hald
 Thay lest Scotland, befor as I now tald.
 Sail ane Moxtoun, ane Capitane feirs and sell,
 That held Dundie, Wallace wald nocht dwell.
 Thidder he past, and lappit it about,
 Quhen Moxtoun saw, that he was in pat bout.
 He askit leif with thair for yf to ga,

The Tent

Wallace denyis, and sayis it beis nocht swa.
 The last Capitane of Ingland yat heir was,
 I gait him leif haill with his men to pas.
 Thow sall forthink sic maistrie for to mak,
 Ill Ingland fall of the execrill tak.
 Sic men I weind, fra thyne for to haue wome,
 Thow sal be haugit, suppois thy king had swoorne.
 He gait command na Scottis suld to yame speik,
 Confermit the seige, and said we sall be toiseik.
 On Inglis men, as schill will of Dundie,
 Skynigeour he maid, thair Constabill to be.
 Ane Ballingair of Ingland that was thair,
 Past out of Tay, and come to Duhirble fair.
 To London send, and tald of all this case,
 To hyng Dortoun sa be wit had Wallace.
 Befoir this tyme, Edward with power seid,
 To weir on France, for than he had na deid.
 Befoir he trowit Scotland to be his awin,
 Quhen thay him warneid how his men was out.
 Agane he tuk, to Ingland hestely, (thrawn:
 And left his deid, all feilit in folie.
 Galsoun he claimit all in heritage,
 He left it thus, with all his hie barnage.
 And Flanderis als, he thocht to tak on hand,
 Ill thit he left, and come to ret Scotland.
 Quhe yat this King in Ingland was cumin hame,
 Sumoundis yat maid, a chargit Bruce be name.
 And vther ma, that leuit vnder his Crown,
 Bischop Barroun, to sum at his Summoun.
 Quhe Wallace tippis thow grace had fred Scot
 This yrian King tuk plainely vpon hand. (land
 For sic desyre, that he mycht haue na rest,
 He thocht to him, to mak it plane conquest.

In conetise he had rungin sa lang,
 Chifranis he maid, pat thay suld nocht pas wrong
 Gydis thay cheis, fra strenthis thame to ge,
 Thay thocht na mair to byde at Jeopardy.
 In plane battell, and thay micht Wallace wyn,
 He crowit of weir, thay wald na mair begyn.
 Leif I this King makand his Ordinance,
 My purpois is, to speik sum thing of France.
 The Inglis men, than Guyan held of weir,
 To frenche folk, pai did full mekill deir.
 King and counsall sone in thair wittis kest,
 To get Wallace, thame thocht it was the best.
 For Guyan land the Inglismeir had thay,
 Than schuip thay thus, in all the haist thay may.
 For thay traistit gif Scotland war weill stad,
 Wallace wald cum, as he thame promeist had.
 The samyn Herald besoir in Scotland was,
 Thay him commandit, and ordanit he suld pas.
 Into Scotland without langer delay,
 Out of the Sluce als gudly as he may.
 Reddy he was, in Schip he past on cais,
 In Tayis mouth but baid the hawin he tais.
 Quhair Wallace than, was at ye saithe still,
 And he ressaueit the Herald with gude will.
 Thair woz he red, and said thame on this wyse,
 Ane answer sone he couth thame nocht deuse.
 To honest Junis, the Herald than he send,
 On Wallace coist richt baldly for to spend.
 Quhill tyme he saw how bther materis zaid,
 Than answer he suld haue withouttin draid.
 The wit of France, thocht Wallace to commend,
 Into Scotland with his Herald thay send.
 Praife of his deid, and als the Descriptioun,

CThe Tene

Of him tane thair be men of discretioun.
Clerkis, knichtis, Heraldis that him saw,
Bot I heirof, can nocht rebeirs at aw.
Wallace stature of greittnes and of hicht,
Was Judgit thus be discretioun of sight.
That saw him baith on Cheuall and in weid,
Nyne quarteris large of hicht he was in deid.
Thrid part that lenth, in schulderis braid was he,
Richt semely strang, and richt lustie to se.
In lymmis greit, with stalwart pais and found,
His bzaunis hard, with armis lang and round.
His handis maid richt lyke to ane Palmeit,
Of manlyke mak, with naillis lang and cleir.
Proportionat fair, and lang was his visage,
Richt sad of speiche, and abill of curage.
Braid breistit heich, with sturdy craig and greit,
His lippis round, his neis was squair and treit.
Broundant broun hair on browis and bzeis licht
Cleir asper ene, lyke Dyamantis bricht.
Under his chyn, on his left syde was sene,
Be hurt ane wen his cullour was sanguene.
Woundis he had in mony diuers place,
Bot fair and haill weil keipit was his face.
Of riches als he keipit na propir thing,
Gais pat he wan, lyke Alexander the King.
In tyme of peis meik as ane mayd suld be,
Quhair weir approchit, the richt Hector was he.
To Scottis men richt gude credence he gais,
Bot knawin enemyis pai couth him nocht dissais.
Thir propertis war Judgit into France,
Of him to be, ane gudly rememb. ance.
Maister John Blair, this Patroun couth tellais,
In Wallace build he breuit it with the lais.

Bot

Bot he heirof, as than tuik lyfyll heid,
 His laeborous mynd was all of vther deid.
 At Dundie Seige, this earnest as he lay,
 Cythingis to him Top brocht vpon ane day.
 How Edward King with lyklye men to wail,
 Ane hundred thousand come for to assaill.
 Than Scotland ground thay had tane vpon race
 Into sum part it greuit gude Wallace.
 He maid Skrymgeour at the hous to ly,
 With twa thousand, and chargit him for thy.
 That nane suld chaip with lyfe out of that steid,
 That Sutheroun war, bot put yame all to deid.
 Skrymgeour grantit, richt faithfully to byde,
 With aucht thousand Wallace can fra him ryde.
 To Sanct Jehnstoun thre dayis he graithit pair
 With lad anyse toward the south can fair.
 For King Edward that tyme ordanit had,
 Ten thousand haill, to pas that was full glaid.
 With young Woodstok, ane Lord of mekill micht,
 At Strirling brighe ordanit thame full richt.
 And thair to byde, the entrie for to weir,
 Of Wallace than, he trowit to haue na deir.
 Thair leif thay tuik, and past on but delay,
 Richt Royally into ane gude array.
 To Strirling come, and thair wald nocht abyde
 To se the North bezond Forth can thay ryde.
 Sic new curage sa tell in his Intent,
 Quhilk maid Sutheroun full lair for to repent.

(G)(+)(D)

The Ellement Bulke Declairis the Battell of
 the Fawke. Cap. 1.

The Ellevine

This wodstok raid into ye North gude speid,
 Of Scottis as than, he had bot lytill dreid.
 For weill thay trowit for to reskew Dundie
 Chair Schippis come to Tay in be the se.
 His gydis said, that thay suld leid him by
 Sanct Johnstoun quhair passage lay planely.
 The hicht thay tuk, and luikit thame about,
 Sa war thay war of Wallace and his rout.
 Than in sumpart he remordit his thocht,
 The kingis command becaus he keipit nocht.
 Bot fra he saw thay fewar was noz he,
 He wald thame byde, and outhet do or de.
 Schir Johne Ramsay forrest this power saw,
 Heid zone ar thay, that ze se hidder draw.
 Outhet Sutheroun that cumis sa cruellie,
 Or Erll Malcolme to seik zow for supplie.
 Than Wallace smylit, said Inglis men thay ar,
 Ze may thame ken rich weill quhair yat pai fair
 On Schires nure Maallce the feild hes tane,
 With aucht thousand, of worthy men in wane.
 The Sutheroun war richt douchtie into deid,
 Togidder straik stuffit in steill weid.
 Than speiris sone all into splendoris sprent,
 The hardy Scottis out throw ye Sutheroun wet
 In rayit battell seven thousand down thay bair,
 Deid on the bent, that cowerit neuer mair.
 Richt fell fechtung with wappinnis groudin bene,
 Glude fra beirnis was buschit on the grene.
 The stalwart stout that felloun was and strang,
 The worthy Scottis sa derly on thame dang.
 That all was deid within ane lytill stound,
 Nane of that place had power for to found.
 Young wodstok hes baith lyfe and Dist forlozne
The

The Scottis spuilzeit of gude gair thame befoir
 Quhat thame thocht best of fyne harnes yai wair
 Baith gold and gude, and hois that nicht auair.
 To Struiling brig, without resting thay raid,
 O ma suld cum, Wallace this ordinance maid.
 Past our the brig, Wallace gart wichtis call,
 And with craftis men bndid the passage all,
 Syne thay same folk he send to the Drip furd,
 Gart set the ground with stark stakakis and burd
 wuth nyne or ten Sillis he kest the gait befoir,
 Endlang the schald maid it als deip as schoir.
 Than Wallace said we sall on ane syde be,
 Zoune King and I, bot gif he southwart fle.
 He send Lawder, quhilk had in hand the Bag,
 Endlang the coast quhair ony Meschell was.
 And men with him, that besylie counth lirk,
 Of ilk boit ane buird or twa out turk.
 Schippis thay bynt of strangeris yat was yair,
 Setoun and he, to Wallace thus can sair.
 In Struiling lay vpon his purpos still,
 For Inglis men, to se quhat way thay will.
 The Erll Malcolme Struiling in keeping had,
 To him he come, with men of armis sad.
 Thre hundred hait, that sicker was and trew,
 Of Lennox folk, thair power to reuew.
 Schir Johne the Grahame fra Dundas sickerly,
 To Wallace come, with ane gude Cheualry.
 Tythadis him brocht, ye Sutheroun come at hand
 In Torphichen King Edward was ludgeand.
 Distroy and the place of purueyance was thair,
 Sanct Johnis gude as than yat wald nocht spair
 Gude Stewart of Bute come to Wallace yair,
 Wuth him he had twelf hundred men and mair.

The Elleuint

The Cumyng than was past in Cummernald,
Upon the mozne bowit the Stewart bald.
Sone to array, with men of armis bucht,
Twentie thousand than semblit to thair sicht.
The Lord Stewart, and Cumyng furth yair ryde
To the faw Kirk, and thocht thair to abyde.
Wallace and his, than to array thay zaid,
With ten thousand of worthy men in baid.
Quha culd behald his awfull Lordly bult,
Sa weill besene, sa fordwart, sterne and stont.
Sa gude Chiffranis, as with sa few thay bear,
Without ane King, was neuer in Scotland here.
Wallace him self, and Erll Malcolm the Lord,
Schir Johne ye graham, & Ramsay at record.
Setoun, Lawder, and Ramsay yat was wisest,
Adam Wallace was to that Journey richt.
And mony vther quhilk preut weill in preis,
Thair namis all, I may nocht heir rehairs.
Sutheroun or than, out of Torphichen fure,
Thair passage maid into Slamane mure.
Into ane plane set Tentis and Dauilloun,
South the faw Kirk, a lytill abone the coun.
Gude Jop him self Judgit be his sight,
In haill number ane hundreth thousand richt.
Of Wallace come the Scottis sic comfort tulk,
Quhen thay him saw all dreedour thay forlulk.
For of Inuy was few thair that it wist,
Tressonabill folk thair mater wirkis with list.
Popsoun sen syne at the faw Kirk is cald,
Throw greit tressoun and coruptioun of ald.
Lord Cumyng had Inuy at gude Wallace,
For Erll Patrik that hapnit vpon cace.
Countes of Marche was Cumyngis Sister deir,
Under

Under cullour he wrought on this maner.
 Into the Dist had ordanit Wallace deid,
 And maid Stewart to fall with him at pleid.
 That Lord he said, that Wallace had na richt,
 Power to leid; and he present in sight.
 He bad him tak the vangaird for to gy,
 Sa wist he weill that he suld stryfe for thy.
 Lord Stewart askit at Wallace his counsall,
 Said Schir ze knaw, what may us in illsaill
 Zorne awfull King is felloun for to hude,
 Richt untabasit Wallace answerit that tyde.
 And I hane sene ma twyis into Scotland,
 With zone ilk King quhe Scottisland tuk on hand
 With fewar men, than now at hidder focht,
 This Realme agane, to full gude purpos brocht.
 Schir we will fecht, for we lyus men anew,
 As for ane day, so that we all be trew.
 The Stewart said, he wald the vangaird haif,
 Wallace answerit, and said sa God me saif.
 That ze sall noch, sa lang as I may ring,
 Nor na man ellis, quhill I se my richtedus King.
 Gif he will cum, and tak on him the Crown,
 At his command, I sall be reddy boun.
 Throw Goddis grace I reskewit Scottlad twyis
 I wat to ma, to tyne it on sic wyle.
 To tyne for boist, that I haue gouernit lang,
 Thus half in wraith, stewart him can he gang.
 Stewart thair with all bowd nit into baill,
 Wallace he said, be the I tell ane raill.
 Say furth (quod he) of the fairest ze can,
 Unhappely hi 3 faul thus he began.
 Wallace he said, thow takis the mekill cure,
 Sa faul it is be wicking of nature.

The Ellent

How ane Howlet compleit of his fethrame,
Quhill Dame nature tuk of ilk bird but blames
The fair fedder, and to the Howlet gais,
Than he throw pryde rebutit all the lais.
Quhairfoir suld thou thy Senze schaw sa hie,
Thow thinkis nane heir, that suld thy fellow be.
This makis it, thow art cled with our men,
Had we our awin, thyne war bot few to ken.
At this wordis gude Wallace bynt as fyre,
Quir hastely he answerit him in Ire:
Thow leid he said, the suith full oft hes bene,
Thair haue I biddin, quhen thow durst not be sene
Contrair thy enemyis na mair for Scotland's richt,
Nor dar the Howlet, quhen yate day is licht.
That fail full neir thow hes tald be thy sell,
To thy desyre thow sall ne nocht compell.
Cumyng it is hes geuin the this counsall,
Will God ze fall of your first purpos fall.
This fals tratour, that I of danger brocht,
Is wounder lyke this Realme to bring to nocht.
For thyne oggart outhir thow sall byde or de,
To presoun led, or cowardly to fle.
Reskew of me, thow sall get nane this day,
Thair with he turnit, and fra thame raid his way
Ten thousand hail, away with Wallace raid,
Nane better was in all the world sa baid.
As of sic men, that leuand was on lyfe,
Allace greit harme fell Scotland for that Geyfe.
Past to ane wod, fra the faw Kirk be eist,
He wald nocht byde for cominand nor request.
For charge of nane, bot it had bene his King,
That micht that tyme bring him fra his etling.
The viher Scottis that saw this discentiouu,
For

For discomfort to leif the feild was boun.
 Bot that thay men was natie to Stewart,
 Principall of Bute, tuik hardiment in hart.
 Lord Stewart was at Cunyng greuit thair,
 Hecht and he leuit, he suld repent full sair.
 The greit trespass that he throw myskenawlage,
 Had gart him mak to Wallace in that place.
 Of thair debait it was ane greit pietie,
 For Inglis men than nicht na blythar be.
 Haisit sa fast, ane battell to the feild,
 Thertie thousand, yat weil couth wapping weild.
 The Crill of Harthfurd was chosin yair Chiltane,
 The gude Stewart than to array is gane.
 The feild he tuik, as trew and worthy knight,
 The Inglis men come on with full greit might.
 Thair feill melting was awfull for to se,
 At that counter thay gart feill Suthcroun de.
 Quē speiris war spilt, hynt out with swoerdis sone
 On ather syde full douchtie deid was done.
 Feill on the ground was fellit in that place,
 Stewart and his can on thair enemies race.
 Blude bristit out throw mailze burnist brycht,
 Twentie thousand with dreidful wappingis bicht
 Of Suthcroun men derly to deith thay ding,
 The remanent agane fled to the King.
 Ten thousand than efter the deid sic he wit,
 With thair Chiltane onto the Discheleit.
 Agane to ray the hardy Stewart zeid,
 Quhen Wallace saw this worthie Robill deid:
 Held bp his handis, with humbill prayer prest,
 O God he said, gif zone Lord grace to lest.
 And power haue, his worschip to attend,
 To wyn thir folk, and tak the hault commend.

Greit harrie it war, that he suld be ouerlet,
 With new power thay than on him rehet.
 Be that the Bruce ane awfull battell rayit,
 The Bischop Belk, that oft had bene assayit.
 Fournie thousand vpon the Scottis to fair,
 With feill effeir thay raisit by richt chair.
 The Bruce's Baner with gold and goulis cleit,
 Quhen Wallace saw the battellis approchit neir.
 The richt Epouin aganis his awin kynrike,
 Allace he said, the world is contrait like.
 This land suld be zone tyranis heritage,
 That cumis thus, to stroy his awin barnage.
 Sa I war fre, of it that I said Air,
 I wald forswear Scotland for euer mair.
 Contrait Bruce, I suld reskew thame now,
 Or de chairfuit, to God I mak abow.
 The greit debait in Wallace wit can wald,
 Betuir kyndnes, and wilfull bow was maid,
 Kyndnes bad him reskew thame fra pair fa,
 Than will said nay, quhy full wald thow do sa?
 Thow hes na wit, with richt thy self to leid,
 Suld thow help him, that wald put the to deid.
 Kyndnes said yit, thay ar gude Scottis men,
 Than will said wit, the veritie thow may ben.
 Had thay bene gude, all ane we had bene,
 We ressum here, the contrait weill is sene.
 For thay me halt, mair than the Sutheroun leid,
 Kyndnes said nay, that schaw yai nocht in deid.
 Thocht ane of yame, be fals into thair saw,
 Betrait of him thow suld rischt loig thame aw.
 Way haue done weill into yon felloun flour,
 Reithe to paine now, and tak ane hie honour.
 Will said thay wald, haue res fra me my lyfe,
 I baid

I baid for thame in mony ane felloun strete.
 Kyndnes said help, thair power is at nocht,
 Syne wrocht on him, that all the malice wrocht,
 Will said this day thay fall nocht helpit be,
 That I haue said, fall ay be said for me.
 Thay ar bot deid, God grant thame of his blis,
 Inuy lang syne, hes done greit harme and mis,
 Wallace thair withtuenit for Ire and tene,
 Teiris for baill brist out fra baith his eire.
 Schir Johne ye Grahame, & mony worthy wicht
 Weipit in wo, for sorrow of that knicht.
 Quhen Bruce battell vpon the Scottis strait,
 Thair cruell cūning, maid co wartis for to quait.
 Lord Cumyng fled to Cisteriald away,
 About the Scottis, the Sutheroun tappit thay.
 The men of Bute befor thair Lord thay stude,
 Defending him, quhen feill stremis of blude.
 All thame about, in floitis quhat thay held,
 Baithit in blude was Bruce's sword and weid.
 Thro' feill slaughter of feill men of his awin,
 Sone to the deid, the Scottis war durtthrawn.
 Syne slew the Lord, for he wald nocht be tane,
 Quhen Wallace saw, yat pair gude men war gane.
 Lordis he said, quhat now is your counsall?
 Twa choissis thair is, I reid the best ze wail.
 Zonder the King his Dist abandounand,
 With Bruce and Beik in zone battell to stand.
 Zone King in weir wyse and felloun hes bene,
 Thair Capitallis als, full cruell ar and kene.
 Better of hand is nocht leuand I wis,
 In tyranny, ze crow me weill of this.
 For Bruce and Beik, to quhat syde thay be set,
 We haue ane chois, quhilk is full hard but let.

The Eleuint

And we turne east, for strength in Louthiane land,
 Thay stuf ane thace, richt hard I vnderstand.
 Tak we the mure, zone king is vs befor,
 Thair is bot this, withouttun wordis moir.
 To the Towwod, for our succour is thair,
 Throw Bruceis Dist, forsuith first man we fair.
 Arjang vs now, thair neidis na debait,
 Zone men ar deid, we neid nocht stryue for stait.
 Thay consent hail to wrik richt as he will,
 Quhat him thocht best, thay grantit to fulfill.
 Gude Wallace than, yat stoutly couth thame steir,
 Befoir thame raid, into his armour cleir.
 Reullit his speiris, all in aue number round,
 And we haue grace, for to pas throw yame sound
 And few be lost, to our strength will we ryde,
 Want we mory in faith we sall abyde.
 With thair armit hoys, fast on the Dist yai raid,
 The reid, than rais, quhen speiris in sunder glaid.
 Duschit in dros, duntit with speiris dynt,
 Fra forgit, steill the fyre flow furth but synt.
 The fellows thrang, quhen hoys and men renewit,
 Up draif the dust, quhair yai pair pithis preuit.
 The rother Dist nicht nocht yair deidis se,
 For flour that rais, quhill thay disseuerit be.
 The worthy Scottis viij. thousand down yai baie
 Few was at erd, that gude Wallace brocht yair.
 The king cryit hoys vpon yame for to ryde,
 Bot this wyle Lord gais him counsall to byde,
 The Earl of York said Schir ze wrik ane mis,
 To brik array, zone men quyte throw thame is.
 Thay ken the land, and will to strengthis draw,
 Tak we the plane, we ar in perrell aw.
 The king consault, that his counsall was richt,

Reullit

Reullit his Dist, and baid still in that richt.
 O: Bruce and Beik nicht retorne thair battall,
 The Scottis war throw, and had ane greit auail
 Wallace commandit the Dist suld pas away,
 To the Torwood in all the haist thay may.
 Him self and Grahame, and Lawder thruit in
 Betuir battellis, price and piewes for to win,
 And with thame baid in yat place hundreth thair
 Of west land men, vntil in Jeopardie,
 Upon wiche hors, yat richt wysse couthryde,
 Ane stop thay maid, quhair thay set on ane spide.
 As speiris thay had bot swordis of gude steill,
 Thair with in stour, thay leit thair enemyis feill.
 How thay full oft had preuit bene in preis,
 Of Inglis men thay maid feill to decies.
 O: Bruce thair of nicht weill persawing haif,
 Thre hundreth pair was graithit to pair graif.
 The hardy Bruce ane Dist abandonit,
 Threttie thousand he reullit be force and wit.
 Upon the Scottis, his men for to reskew,
 Seruit thay war with gude speiris anow.
 And Bischop Beik ane stuf to him to be,
 Quhen gude Wallace thair ordinance canse:
 Allace he said, zome man hes mekill nicht,
 And ouir gude will, to vndo his awin richt.
 He baid his men to wart the Dist in ryde,
 Thame for to sail, he wold beind thame byde.
 Mekill he trowit in God and his awin deid,
 To sail his men into his douchtie weid.
 Upon him self mekill trauell he tais,
 The greit battell, compleit vpon him gais.
 In the foir brunt, he returuit full oft,
 Quhome euer he hit, thair sauchning was vnsoft.

The Ellevint

That day in bawld knawin was nocht his mack,
 Ane Sutheroun man ay he slew at ane straik.
 Bot his awin strenth, micht not aganis yame be,
 Towart his Dist, behouit him to fle.
 The Bruce him hurt, at his returning thair,
 Under the hanehe, ane deip wound and ane sair.
 Blude byst it out, brasthly ane speiris lenth,
 Fra the greit Dist, he fled towart his strenth.
 Sic ane fear befor was neuer sene,
 Nocht at Gaderis of Gaudifere the kene.
 Quhen Alexander reskewit the Forreouris,
 Nicht nocht to him, be compairit in thay houris.
 The feill turning of forreouris he maid,
 How bandounly befor the Dist he baid.
 Nor how gude Grahame with cruell hardyment,
 Nor how Lawder amang his fais went.
 How thame allane into the stour thay stude,
 Quhill Wallace was in stanching of his blude.
 Be than he had stemmit full weill his wound,
 With thys hundreth, unto the feild can found.
 To reskew Grahame, and Lawder & was wichte,
 Bot Bischop Beik come with sic strenth & slicht.
 The worthy Scottis, thay reirit far on bak,
 Seuin aikir breid in turning of thair bak.
 Zit was thay twa, thair delyuerit weill,
 Be his awin hand, and ane gude sword of steill.
 The awfull Bruce, amang yame with greit mane
 At the reskew, thye Scottis men hes slane.
 Quhome he hit richt, ay at ane straik was deid,
 Wallace preistit in, thairfor to set remeid.
 With ane gude speir ye Bruce was seruit but baid
 With greit Jnyuy, to Wallace fast he raid.
 And he to him, allonzoit nocht for thy

The

The Bruce him myst, as Wallace passit by.
 Aikwart he straik, with his schairp groundin glaif
 Speir and hors craig, he all in sunder draif.
 Bruce was at eird, or Wallace turnit about,
 The greit battell of Sutheroun sterne and stout.
 Thay horsit Bruce, with men of greit valour,
 Wallace allane was in that stalwart stour.
 Grahame preissit in, and straik ane Inglis knicht
 Befoir the Bruce, vpon the Basnet bricht.
 That fruell stuf, and all his vther weid,
 Baith bane & braune, ye nobill sword throw zeid.
 The knicht was deid, gude grahame returnit tite
 Ane subtell knicht, yair at had greit despise.
 Followit at wait, and hes persauit weil,
 Grahame's birny, to narrow was sum deill.
 Beneth the waist, at clois it micht nocht be,
 On the fillat full sternly straik that he.
 Deirsit the bak, in the bowellis him bair.
 With ane schairp speir, that he micht leif na maie.
 Grahame turnit thair, & smoit that knicht in tene
 Throw the wisair, ane lytill beneth the ene.
 Deid of that dynt, to the ground he duschit down,
 Schir Johne ye Grahame swounit on his arsoun
 Or he ouircome to pas to his party,
 Feill Sutheroun men, that was on fuit him by:
 Stikkit his hors, that he na farther zeid,
 Grahame zald to God his gude sprite & his deid.
 Quhen Wallace saw yis guid knicht to deid brocht
 The piteous pane sa sair thir lit his thocht.
 All out of kynd it alterit his curage,
 His wit in weir, was than bot ane wod rage.
 The hors him bair, in feild quhair sa him list,
 For of him self, as than lytill he wist.

The Ellenint

Lyke ane wod beist, that war fra resoun rent,
As wiles wy into the Dist he went.
Dingand on bard quhat Sutheroun he richt hit,
Straucht vpon hors, agane nicht neuer sit.
Into that rage, full feill folk he dang down,
All him about was reddit ane greit rounne.
Quhen Bruce persault, with Wallace it stude sa,
He chargit men lang speiris for to ta.
And slay his hors, sa he culd nocht eschaip,
Feill Sutheroun yau to Wallace can yame schaip.
Peir sit his hors with speiris on ather syde,
Moundis yai maid, yat war baith deip and wyde
Of schafis part Wallace in sunder schair,
Bot feill heidis into his hors left thair.
Sum wit agane to Wallace, can redoun,
In his awin mynd sa reullit him resoun.
Sa for to de he thocht it na badage,
Than for to fle, he tuk intill ane rage.
Spurrit the hors, he ran in ane randoun,
To his awin folk, was bydand on Caroun.
The sey was in, thay stoppit and still stude,
On loud he cryit, and bad thame tak ye stude.
Togidder byde, ze may nocht loise ane man,
At his command thay tuk the watter than.
He returrit, the entrie for to beip,
Quhill all the Dist was passit ouir the deip.
Syne followit fast, and d,ed his hors suld faill,
Him self was cled in beny plait of mail.
Thocht he couth swoume, he tro wit he nicht nocht
The cleir watter cuillit the hors sum deill. (weill,
Atour the stude he baik him to the land,
Syne fell down deid, and nicht na langer stand.
Keirly full sone ane Cuirfour to him brocht,

Chan

Than by he lap, among the Dist he socht,
 Grahame was away, and vther fyftene wicht,
 On Magdalene day, thir folk to deith was dicht.
 Threttie thousand of Inglis men for trew,
 The worthy Scottis vpon that day thay slew.
 Quhat be Stewart, and syne be wicht Wallace,
 For all his price King Edward reuit that race.
 To the Torwood, he had the Dist suld ryde,
 Heirly and he passit on Caroun syde.
 Behaldand ouir vpon the south party,
 Bruce formest come, and couth on Wallace cry.
 Quhat art thou thair? ane man Wallace can say,
 The Bruce answerit, that hes thou preit to day.
 Abyde he said, thou neidis nocht now to fle,
 Wallace answerit, I eschewit nocht for the.
 Bot that thy power hes meir thyne awin vndone,
 Amendis will God, heirof we sall haue sone.
 Langage of the, the Bruce sayis I desyre,
 Say furth quod he, thou may for lytill hyre.
 Ryde fra thy Dist, and gar yame byde with Beik,
 I wald fane heir quhat thou lykis to speik.
 The Dist baid still, the Bruce passit yame fra,
 Na man with him, bot ane Scot pat hecht Ra.
 Quhen that the Bruce out of thair heiring were,
 He turnit in hy, and this questioun can spere.
 Quhy wirkis thou thus, & micht in gude price be?
 Than Wallace said, bot in defalt of the.
 Throw thy fallset, thyne awin wit is myskend,
 I clame na richt, bot wald this land defend.
 That thou vndois throw thy fals cruell deid,
 Thou hes tint twa, pat was worth far mair meid
 Upon this day, with ane gude King to found,
 For fyue Milloun of fynest gold sa round.

The Elleuine

That euer was wrocht, in werk or cunze brycht,
I trow in warld be nocht ane better knicht.
Than was gude Grahame, of treuth & hardymet,
Ceiris thair with fra Wallace ene down went.
Bruce said far mair on this day we haue loist,
Wallace answerit, allace thay war euill coist.
Thow thy tressoun pat suld be our richtous King
That wilfully distroyis thyne awin offspring.
The Bruce answerit, will thow do my deuple?
Wallace said nay, thow leuis in sic ane wyse:
Thow wald me mak at Edwardis will to be,
Zit had I leuer, ye mozne be hangit hie.
Zit sall I say, as I wald counsall geif,
Than as ane Lord, thow micht at lpyking leif.
At thyne awin will in Scotland for to King,
To be in peice, and hald of Edward King.
Of that fals King I think neuer to tak,
Bot contrait him with my power to mak.
I claime na thing as be tyll of richt,
Thocht I micht reis, sen God hes lent me micht.
Fra the thy Crown of this Regioun to weir,
Bot I will nocht sic charge vpon me beir.
Greit God wait best, quhat weir I tuik on hand,
For to keip fre, that thow art ganestandard.
It micht be said of lang tyme befozne,
In curstie tyme, thow was for Scotland borne.
Schamis thow nocht, that neuer zit did gude,
Thow Regnegat deuorat of thy blude,
I vow to God may I thy maister be,
In ony feild, thow sall far rather de:
Than sall ane Turk, for thy fals cruell weir,
Waganis to vs, dois nocht sa mekill deir.
Than leuch the Bruce at Wallace ernistnes,
And

And said thow seis, that thus standis the cais.
 This day thow art with our power ourset,
 Aganis zome King, our hand thow may not get.
 Than Wallace said we ar be mekill thing,
 Striker this day in contrary zome King.
 Than at Bigger quhair he left mony of his.
 And als the feild, sa fall he do with this.
 Or de thairfor, for all his mekill micht,
 Into this feild we haue loist bot ane knicht.
 And Scotland now, into sic perrell is stad,
 To leif it thus, I micht be callit full mad.
 Wallace he said, it approchis neir the nicht,
 Wald thow the moirne, quhe yat ye day is licht:
 Or nyne of Bell meit me at this Chapell,
 By Dornpate, I wald haue thy counsell.
 Wallace said nay, or that ilk tyme be went,
 Wat all the men hyne to the Orient.
 Into ane towll with Edward quha had sworn,
 We fall bergane or nyne houris the moirne.
 Of his wraung reis, outhir he fall think schame,
 Or de thairfor, or fle in England hame.
 Bot and thow will, sone be the hour of thre,
 At that ilk tyme, will God I fall the se.
 Quhill I may leif, this Realme fall nocht forsaie.
 Bruce promiseit him, with twelf Scotts to be pair.
 Than Wallace said, stuid thow richteous to me,
 Ane contrapair, I fuid nocht be to the.
 I fall bying ten, and for thy power ma,
 I git na force, thocht thow be seind or fa.
 Thus thay depart, the Bruce passit his way,
 To Lynkthgow raid, quhair King Edward lay.
 The feild had leif, and ludgit be south the town,
 To Supper set, as Bruce at the Bailloun.

The Ellenint

He enterit in, and saw bacand his seit,
 Na watter he tuik, bot maid him to the meit.
 Fastand he was, and bene in mekill dreid,
 Bludy was all his wappinis and his weid.
 Sutheroun Lordis, scornit in termis rude,
 And said behald, zone Scot eit is his awin blude.
 The King thocht euill thay maid sic derisioun,
 Had haue watter to Bruce of Huntingtoun.
 Thay bad him welsche, he said that wald he nocht
 This blude is myne, that hurtis maist my thocht.
 Sadly the Bruce than in his mynd remordit,
 The wordis suith Wallace had him recordit.
 Than rewit he sair, fra ressoun had him knawon,
 That blude & land suld baith haue bene his awin.
 With thame he was, lang or he gat away,
 Bot contrair Scottis he faucht nocht fra yat day
 Leif I the Bruce sair murnand in his Intent,
 Gude Wallace song, agane to his Dist went.
 In the Torwood, quhilk had thair ludging maid,
 Fyris thay bet, that was baith bricht and braid.
 Of noit and seichip thay tuik at sufficence,
 Thair of full sone to get yame sustinence.
 Wallace sleipit, bot schort quhyle and sone rais,
 To reull the Dist on ane gude mak he gaig.
 To Erll Malcolme, Ramsay and Lundy wicht,
 With fyue thousand in battell yame he dight.
 Wallace, Lawder, and Cristall of Setoun,
 Fyue thousand led, and Wallace of Ricardtoun.
 Full weill arrayit into thair armour clene,
 Past to the feild, quhair that the chace had bene.
 Among deid men seikand the worthy aist,
 The Corps of Grahame for quhome yat murning
 Quye yat him fand, & guid Wallace him saw (maist
 He

He lychtit down, him hynt befoir thame awo.
 In armis by behaldand his paill face,
 He kistit him, and cryit full oft allace.
 My best brother, in warld that ener I had,
 My afald freind, quhen I was hardest stad.
 My hoip, my heill, thow was of maist honour,
 My saith, my help, my strentbar into flour.
 In the was wit, fredome and hardynes,
 In the was treuth, manheid and nobilnes.
 In the was reull, in the was gouernance,
 In the bertew, withouttin variance.
 In the lawtie, in the was greit largnes,
 In the gentrice, in the was steidfastnes.
 Thow was greit caus of wyning of Scotland,
 Thocht I began and tuik the weir on hand.
 I bow to God that hes the warld to wald,
 Thy derd sall be to Sutheroun full deir said.
 Martir thow art for Scotlandis richt and me.
 I sall the benge or ellis thairfoir to de.
 Was na man thair fra weiping nicht refrene,
 For lois of him, quhen thay hard Wallace plene.
 Thay carryt him with woischip and honour,
 In the faw Kirk maid him ane Sepultour.
 Wallace commandit his men thairfoir to byde,
 His ten he tuik, for to meit Bruce that tyde.
 South west he past, quhair that the cryst was set,
 The Bruce full sone, and gude Wallace is met.
 For lois of Grahame, and als for propir tene,
 He grew in Ire, quhen he the Bruce hes sene.
 Thair salussing was bot bustous and thrawin,
 Kewis thow he said, thow art contrair thy awin.
 Bruce said Wallace, rebute me nocht na mair,
 Myne awin deidis hes bet me wounder fair.

The Ellevint

Quhen Wallace hard, with Bruce pat it said sa,
 On kneis he fell, fair countenance can him ma.
 In armis sone, the Bruce hes Wallace tane,
 Out fra thair men, in counsall arthay gane.
 I can nocht tell pethyt the thair langage,
 Bot this was it, thair men had of kinawlege.
 Wallace him prayit cum fra his Sutheroun king,
 The Bruce said nay, thair latis meane thing.
 I am sa bund, with wittnes to be telt,
 For all England I wald nocht tals my Seill.
 Bot of ane thing, I hecht to God and tre,
 That contrair Scottis, agane I sall nocht be.
 Into na feild, with wappinis that I beir,
 In thy purpois I sall the never deir.
 If God the grantis outhand of us to haif,
 I will bot fle, myle awin self for to saif.
 And Edward chary, I pas with him agane,
 Bot I throw force be outhar tane or flane.
 Grib he on me, quhen that my teitme is out,
 I cum to the, may I chalp fra that dout.
 Of thair counsall I can tell yow na mair.
 The Bruce tulk leif, and can to Edward fair.
 Richt sad in mynd, for Scottis men that war loif,
 Wallace in haif prouydut sone his Ouf.
 He maid Craufurd, the Erll Malcolmie to gyde,
 The lach way to Junerburgh to ryde.
 For thair wachis, than suld thame not espy,
 The outhar Ouf him self left hastely.
 Be south Harroell, quhill that thay war betwene
 Of the out wache, the chalpit thay betwene.
 The Erll Malcolmie on Wyllis go w entent,
 Thair hastely, greet styfe he can begin.
 Wallace was nocht all to the battell boun,

Quhen

Quhen that thay hard, the scry ryse in the town.
 On Edwardis Dist thay set full suddandly,
 Wallace and his, maid lyill noyis or cry.
 Bot occuppit with wappinis in that stour,
 Feill fellit to deith, that was without armour.
 All disarrayit the Inglis Dist was than,
 Amang ye Dauilliounis ye Scottis quhair mony
 Cuttit down cordis, gart mony Tentis fall, (man
 Nane sonzeit than, atanis was fechtand all.
 Gude Wallace Dist, & Erll Malcolmie with micht
 King Edward than with awfull feir on hicht:
 Cryit to array, on Bruce sa sterne and stour,
 Twentie thousand in armis him about.
 Into harnes had biddin all the nicht,
 Bot frayit folk sa duilfully was dicht.
 On Ilk syde fled, for feirlnes of thair deid,
 Wallace and his, sa ouchly throw thame zeld.
 Towart the King, and fellit feill to ground,
 Quha baid yame pair, richt feill sechting hes toid.
 The cruell King richt awfully abaid,
 To all his folk ane greit comfort he maid.
 The worthy Scottis agane him in that stour,
 Feill Sutheroun slew into thair syne atmour.
 Sa fordwartly thay preissit in that thrang,
 Besoir the King, maid sloppis thame amang.
 Inglis commounis than fled on ather syde,
 Bot Nobill men, thair durst nane vther byde.
 The Bruce as than, to Scottis did na greuance,
 Bot Judge he was, with senzeit countenance.
 Sa did he neuer into na battell air,
 Nor zit ester, sic deid as he schew thair.
 The Erll Malcolmie, be than into the town,
 The Erll Harchfurd, to se he maid him bou.

The Ellenine

The Lennor men set thair lugeis in fyre,
 Than feiritly fled feill mony Sutheroun fyre.
 The king Edward, yat zit was secht and still,
 Hes sene yame fle, yan lykit him full ill.
 The worthy Scottis fast to wart him pai preis,
 His byrdill neir, assayit oz thay wald ceis.
 His baner man Wallace slew in that place,
 And syne to ground, the baner sone thay race.
 The Erll of Zork counsallit the king to fle,
 Than he returnit, sen na succour thay se.
 The Inglis men hes sene thair baner fall,
 Without comfort, to fle thay purpos all.
 Ten thousand men, in feild and toun was deid,
 Of Edwardis folk, oz him self left that steid.
 Twentie thousand away togidder raid,
 King and Chistanis na langer cary maid.
 The Scottis in haist, than to thair hors pai zaid,
 To stuf the chace, with worthy men in weid.
 The Lennor folk, that wantit hors and geir,
 Tuik thame at will, to help thame in pair weir.
 At stragill raid, quhat Scot micht fornest pas,
 On Sutheroun men, quhair full greit slaughter
 Wallace hes sene the Scottis vnozourly, (was
 Follow the chace, he maid Maissaris in hy.
 Thame for to reull, and altogidder ryde,
 Commandand thame, Ilk ane suld vther byde.
 Into fleing the Sutheroun subtell ar,
 Se thay ane tyme, thay will set on vs sair.
 Feill scaillit folk to thame will sone renew,
 For ze se weill that thay ar men anew.
 The followaris war reullit weill with skill,
 In gude array thay raid all at his will.
 And slew dou fast, quhat Sutheroun pai ouirtak

Contraic

Contrair ye Scottis come nocht maistrie to mak.
 Into the chace, thay haistit thame sa neir,
 Na Inglisman durst fra the Dist out steir.
 The frayit folk at stragill was sleand,
 Diew to the King, weill ma van ten thousand.
 Threttie thousand in number van war thay,
 Into array togidder past pai away.
 Feill Scottis hors sa drem was in traual,
 For run that day, sa Irkit began to faill.
 The Sutheroun was with hors seruit sa weill,
 Of Wallace chace, the Sutheroun had sum feill.
 Of hors thay war puruevit in greit wane,
 The King changit of sindrie hors of Spaine.
 Than Wallace said, Lordis ze may weill se,
 Zone folk ar now, all that zone King may be.
 For salt of stuf we lois our mekill thing,
 Had we gude hors to pas befor this King:
 We suld mak end of all this lang debait,
 Zit sum of thame sall be handillit sa hait.
 Part of our hors ar haldin fresche and wicht,
 Set on thame fast, quhill that we ar in micht.
 With yat ye Scottis sa hard amang thame diew.
 Of the outwaird thre thousand pair pai slew.
 In Craufurd mure mony ane man was slane,
 Edward gart call the Bruce mekill of mane.
 Than said he thus, gude Erll of Huntingtoun,
 Ze se the Scottis puttis feill to confusioun.
 Wald ze with men, agane on thame releif,
 And mar thame anis, I sall quhill I may leif.
 Luif zow far mair than ony vther knicht,
 And for all this sall put zow to zour richt.
 Than said the Bruce, Schir lous me of my band,
 And I sall turne, I hecht zow be my hand.

The Ellement

The King full sone considderit in his mynd,
 Quhen he hard Bruce answer him in sic kynd:
 Fra Inglisemen the Bruceis hart set is,
 Than kest he thus, how he suld mend that mis.
 And sa he did in Ingland at his will,
 Na Scottis man he leit with Bruce byde still,
 Bot quhair he past, held him in subiectioun,
 Of Inglisemen, vnder ane greit bandoun.
 He turnit nocht, nor na mair langage maid,
 In rayit battell the King to Sulway raid.
 With mekill pane past vpon Ingland coist,
 Fyftie thousand in that trauell thay loist.
 Quhen Wallace saw, he chaipit was away,
 Upon command, agane returnit thay.
 To Edinburgh withoutt in wordis moir,
 Put in Craufurd, that Capitane was befoir.
 Of heritage he had in Manwell land,
 Wallace commandit, Ilk man suld hald in hand.
 Thair awin office, as thay befoir tyme had,
 Put in gude peice, Scotland in richt he stad.
 On the tent day to Sanct Johnstoun he went,
 Semblit Lordis, syne schawit yame his Intent.
 Skyrngeour come, yat than had woun Dundie,
 Wallace command that tyme weill keipit be.
 He sailzeit sa, quhill strang honger yame draif,
 Safebillit war, the hous to him thay gaif.
 Thay wageouris sone, he put to confusioun,
 Syne brocht Horroun to mak ane conclusioun.
 Befoir Wallace, and sene fra he him saw,
 He gart hyng him, for all King Edwardis aw.
 Masounis, myudouris, with Skyrngeour furth
 Kest down Dundie, & pair of maid ane end. (he sed,
 Wallace sadly, quhen thir deidis war done,

The

The Lordis he callit, & his will schew yame sone.
 Gude men he said, I was your Gouvernour,
 My mynd was set to do you ay honour.
 And for to bring this Realme to richteousnes,
 For it I past in mony painefull place.
 To wyn our awin, my self I neuer spaird,
 At the faw Kirk thay ordand me rewaird.
 Of thair rewaird, ze heir na mair throw me,
 To sic giftris God will full weill haue E.

Now ze ar fre throw the maker of micht,
 He grant you grace for to defend your richt
 Als I presume gif harme be ordand me,
 Thay ar Scottis men, quhilk suld ye wirkaris be
 I haue aneuch of our auld enemeis tryfe,
 We think our awin suld nocht Inuy my lyfe.
 My office heit, our planely I resing
 I think na mair to tak on me sic thing.
 In France I will, and wyn my leuing thair,
 As now aupsit, and hame to cum na mair.
 Lordis ganestude, bot all that helpit nocht,
 For ony thair, he did as him self thocht.
 Bischop Sinklair, was bespit with seiknes,
 Into Dunkeld, and syne throw Goddis grace:
 He recouert quhen Wallace past away,
 Efter the Bruce he leuit mony ane day.
 Gude Wallace thus tuk leif in Sanct Johnstoun
 Auchteue with him, to Dundie maid yame boun.
 Longoueill past, that doughtie was in deid,
 The Barrounis sone of Breichen with him zeid.
 Twa brether als, with thair Uncle thame dicht,
 Symon Wallace and Richard that was wicht.
 Schir Thomas Gray, this Preist can with him
 U. iii. (falt

The Ellenine

Edward Lytill, gude Jop and Maister Blair.
 Gude keirly past, had bene with Wallace lang,
 And done full weill in mony felloun thrang.
 This keirly than, that couth with Wallace fair,
 Will ker he hecht, myne Authoz dois declair.
 Keirlie in Trisch, is bot ker lytill cald,
 In Carrik he had heritage of ald.
 His foirbear, quhilk worthy was of hand,
 Sanct David king him brocht out of Ireland.
 Syne at Dūmoir, quhair first Rowdowais come in
 This gude ker maid greit discomfit of pair kin.
 With seuin hundreth, he vincust nyne thousand,
 Sum drowit in Donne, sum flane bpon ye land.
 Thay landis haill the gude king gaff hun till,
 How Wallace past, now farther speik we will.

How Wallace met with Johne of Lyn
 vpon the sey. Cap. ij.

A Mang Merchandis yus Wallace tusk ye se,
 Pray we to God, that he thair helper be.
 Thay saille furth be part of England schoir,
 To Humber mouth, quhen that thay come besoir.
 Out of the South ane greit Reid Sail pai se,
 Into the Top, thre Leopardis standand hie.
 The Merchandis than, ye signe quhe yat pai saw
 Cumand sa neir, thay war discomfort aw.
 For weill thay wist, that it was Johne of Lyn,
 Scottis to slay, he said it was na syn.
 Thir frapit folk thay zeid to Confessioun,
 Than Wallace said, sic ane deuotioun:
 Zit saw I neuer, in na place quhair I past,
 That for ane Schip, me think for all agast.

Zoue

Zone wod Cattis, sall do vs lytill deir,
 We saw yame sail twyis ma quhen yat yat weir.
 On ane fair feild, sa sall thay on the se,
 Despite it is, to se thame stand sa hie.
 The Steirsmen said, Schir will ze vnderstand,
 He sailis nane, that is borne of Scotland.
 We may nocht fle fra zone Barge wait I weill,
 Weill stufit yat ar, with gun and ganze of steill.
 Upon the sey zone Reuar lang hes bene,
 To richteous men he dois full mekill tene.
 Nicht we be sailit we rek nocht of our gude,
 This vse he hes, in schozt for to conclude.
 The stude he beiris vpon his coit armour,
 Ay drowand folk, sa paintit is his figour.
 Suppois we murne, ze suld haue na meruaill,
 Than Wallace said, heir is men of mair baill:
 To sail the Schip, thairfoir in how thow ga,
 And thy seiris, na mair cūmir thow ma.
 Wallace and his, than sone to harnes Reid,
 Quhen thay wat graithit into thair worthy weid
 Him self and Blair, and the Knicht Longouell,
 Thir thre hes tane to keip the mydschip weill.
 Befoir was aucht, and ser beest he kend,
 Syne twa he cheisit, the Top for to defend.
 And Gray he maid yair Steirisman for to be,
 The Merchendis than saw thame sa manfullie:
 Defend thame self, becaus thay had na weid,
 Out of the how thay tuk skynnis gude speid.
 Ay betuir twa stufit woll as thay micht best,
 Agane the straik, that thay micht sumpart lest.
 Than Wallace leuch, and comunedit thame a w,
 Of sic harnes, befoir he neuer saw.
 We that the Barge come on thame wounder fast,

The Elleuint

Scuin scoir in hir, that was na thing agast.
Quhen Johne of Lyn saw yame in armour bricht
He leuch and said, thir hau stand wordis on hicht.
Zone glaikit Scottis, can vs nocht vnderstand,
Fullis thay ar, new cūmin of the land.
He cryit stryke, bot nane answer thay maid,
Blair with ane Bow, schot fast withouttin baid.
Or thay clippit, he schot bot arrowis thre,
And at ilk schot, he gart ane Reuar de.
The Biggantis than pai bikkerit wounder fast,
Amang the Scottis, with schot of gunnis cast.
And thay agane, with speiris heidit weill,
Feill woundis maid, throw plaitis of fyne steill.
Ather vther festnit with clippis kene,
Ane cruell counter thair was at schipburd sene.
The derf schot draif als thick as hail schour,
Lestit pair weill, neir the space of ane hour.
Quhen schot was gane, ye Scottis greit comfort
At hand straikis thay war sicker and sad. (had
The Merchandis als, with sic thing as pai micht,
Dreuit full weill, in defence of thair richt.
Wallace and his, at neir straikis quhen thay se,
With schairp swordis, pai gart feill Biggatis de.
Thay in the Top, sa wichtly wrocht with hand,
In the south Top pair micht na Reuar stand.
All the mydschip of Reuaris was maid waist,
That to gif ouir in point thay war almaist.
Than Johne of Lyn was richt greitly agast,
He saw his folk about him failze fast.
With egir will he wald haue bene away,
Bad wynd the Sall in all the haist thay map.
Bot fra the Scottis than micht pai nocht eskey,
The Schippis sa sair on ather syde thay wey.
Thay

Thay saw na thing that micht be to thame eis,
Craufurd on lost, thair Sail brynt in ane bleis.
Dr Johne of Lyn schuip for to lett that steid,
Of his best men, sertie war brocht to deid.
Thair schip by ouris, ane burd was mair of lichte,
Wallace lay in amang thay Renaris wicht.
Ane man he straik, ouir schip burd in the se,
On the our lost he slew sone vther thre.
Longouell enterit, and als gude Maister Blair,
Thay gais na grace, to freik pat pai fand thair.
Wallace him self with Johne of Lyn he met,
At his collair ane felloun straik he set
Baith Helme and heid, fra the schulderis he drail,
Blair ouir the burd, in the sey kest the lair.
Of his, body than all the remanand,
Enterit and slew, the Briggantis that pai fand.
The Schip thay tuik, greit gold and vther geir,
That thay Renaris had gadderit lang in weir.
Bot Maister Blair spak na thing of him sell,
In deid of armis, quhat auenture that befell.
Schir Thomas Gray was Dreist van to Wallace
But in the bulke how thame hapnit this cace.
That Blair was in, and mony worthy deid,
Of quhilk him self had na plesance to reid.
Wallace gart reull the schip with his awin men,
And sailit furth the richt cours for to ken.
In the Sluce hauin, quhill thay enterit be,
The Merchandis weill he helpit in saiftie.
Of gold and geir he tuik part that thay fand,
Gais thame the Schip, syne passit to the land.
Thro w Flanderis raid, vpon ane gudly wise,
Enterit in France, and syne socht to Parise.
The glaid tythingis, pat to the King was brocht,

The Elletint

Of Wallace cūning, it comfort all thair thocht.
 Thay trowit be him, to get redges of wrong,
 The Sutheroun had, in Guyan wrocht sa lang.
 The Peiris of France war still at pair Parliamēt
 The King commandit, with hail and trew Intē
 Thay suld foirte ane Lordship to Wallace,
 The Lordis than all demit of this cace.
 For Guyan was all hail out of thair hand,
 Thay thocht it best for to gif him that land.
 For weill thay trowit, he had wrocht sa befoir,
 He suld it wynn, or ellis de thairfoir.
 Allwa of it thay micht na proffeit haif,
 This was the caus to Wallace thay it gais.
 This Decreit sone thay schew unto the King,
 Displeit he was, thay maid him sic ane thing.
 Of Guyan thus, quhen Wallace had ane fell,
 Na land he said, lykit him half sa weill.
 My chance is thus, for to be ay in weir,
 And Inglismen, hes done our Realme maist deir.
 It was weill knawin my defence richteous pair,
 Nicht haue I heir, my comfort is the mair.
 I thank you Lordis, maid sic reward to me,
 Your purpos is, I sall nocht I dill be.
 The King bad him be Duke of Guyan land,
 To pat command Wallace was ganestandand.
 Becaus that land was haistely to conqueis,
 His thocht was ay to wynn it thro to Goddis grace
 Bot neuertheles the King bad maid him knight,
 And gais him gold for to mantene his richt.
 And syne gais charge to all weirmen in France,
 Thay suld be hail at Wallace Ordinance.
 And als of him he bad him armis tak,
 Wallace forsuik, sic changeing for to mak.

Sen

Sen I began, I buir the Reid Lyon,
 And thinkis to be, ay trew man to that Cron.
 I thank zow Schir, of this mychtie rewaird,
 Zour men heirfoir, sall nocht richt lang be spaird.
 I think to quyte sum part ze kythit on me,
 In zour seruice, or ellis thairfoir to de.
 Gude Wallace thocht his time he wald not wait
 Vnto the weiz, he graithit him in haist.
 All Scottis men that was into that land,
 To him thay socht with thair fewte and band.
 Longouell als, ane greit power can rais,
 In Wallace help, this gude knicht glaidly gais.
 Ten thousand haill of Nobill men thay wait,
 The braid Baner displayit of Scotland thair.
 Thir weirmen sone vpon Guyan thay fure,
 Brak bigging? down, quhilk had bene stark & sture
 Sutheroun thay slew, agane thame maid debait,
 Brightly on bresd, thay raisit fyris haist.
 Schemon pai tuik, that Wallace first had winin,
 And slew all men of Sutheroun pair was fundin.
 Into that toun Wallace his dwelling maid,
 All thair about he wan the countrie braid.
 The worthy Duke of Orpance was Lord,
 Semblit his folk into ane gude accord.
 Twelf thousand than, he had in armour bright,
 And thocht to help gude Wallace in his richt.
 Leif I thame thus, the Duke and Wallace baith,
 And speik su part how Scotlād tuik greit skaith.

How Edward King of England come
 in Scotland and maid haill Conqueis
 thair of.

Cap. iij.

(G)(+)(D)

The Elleuint

The fals Inuy, and the wickit tressoun,
 Amang thame self, brocht feill to confusioun.
 The knicht wallage in Scotland maid repair
 The fals Menteith, schir Johne withouthin maire.
 Betuit thay twa was maid ane priuate band,
 Sa on ane day thay met into Annand.
 Of the Lennor Schir Johne had greit desyre,
 Schir Aymeir hecht he suld it haue in byre.
 To hald in fee, and vther landis mo,
 Of King Edward, sa he wald pas him to.
 Thus cordit thay, and syne to Londoun went,
 Edward was glaid to hald that pointment.
 Menteith annone, was bound to that fals King,
 To further him, to Scotland in all thing.
 Syne passit hame, and wallange with him fure,
 Quhill he was brocht, agane our Carlile mure.
 King Edward than, in Ire and feires outrage,
 Be threttie dayis he raisit his barnage.
 In Scotland past, and thair na stopping fand,
 As Chistane was, that durst agane him stand.
 For Menteith tald yai thocht to mak Bruce King
 All trew Scottis wald be pleist of that thing.
 Zit many fled, and durst nocht byde Edward,
 Sum into Ros, and in the Ilis past part.
 Bischop Sinklair agane fled into Bute,
 With that fals King he had na will to mute.
 Thus without straik the Castellis of Scotland,
 King Edward hes tane into his awin hand.
 Deuydit syne, to men that he wald lyke,
 Strenthis and touis, to Ros throw ye Kingrike.
 Baith hicht and baill, obeyit haill his will,
 That he commandit thay purpos to fulfill.
 The Bischoppis all Inclenit to his Crown,
 Baith

Baith tempoꝛall, and the Religioun.

The Romane buikis, yat pan war in Scotland,
He gart yame beir to Scone quhair yai yame fād.

And but redeme thay bynt thame all ilk aue,
Salisbury vse, our Clerkis than hes tane.

The Lordis he tuik, yat wald nocht of him hald,
In Ingland send, the Nobill blude of ald.

Schir William lang Dowglas to Londoun send
In strang pꝛesoun, quhair throw he maid ane end.

Erll Thomas als, that Lord was of Murray,
And Lord fresar with him he send away.

Als Hew the Hay, and vther airis ma,
He gart wallange with yame in Ingland ga.

Na man was left, all this mane land within,
Fra Edwardis peice, was knawin of ony kin.

Setoun, Latoder, dwelt still into the Bas,
With thame Lundy, and men that worthy was.

The Erll Malcolme, and Campbell past but let,
In Bute succour, with Sinklair for to get.

Schir John Ramsay, and Rothuen yai fled north
To thair Cousing, that Lord was of Filloth,

He past with yame throw Murray landis richt,
Sa fand yai pair ane gentill worthy knicht.

That Clement hecht, full cruell ay had bene,
And sendit weill amang thair enemeis kene.

He thocht neuer at Edwardis will to be,
Into his tyme he gart feill Sutheroun de.

He led thir Lordis, in Ros withouttin mair,
At the stok furd, ane stark strenth biggit thair.

Keipit that lang, richt worthely be weir,
To thair enemeis thay did full mekill deir.

Adam Wallace and Lindesay of Craggy,
Away thay fled, into the nicht be sey.

The Elleuine

And Robert Bore, quhilk was baith toyle & wicht
 Arrane thay tuik, to send yame at thair micht.
 And Corspatrik into Dunbar dwelt still,
 Fewtie full sone he maid King Edward till.
 Abirnethie, Lord Soullis and Cunyng als,
 And Johne of Lorne, yat lang tyme had bene fals
 The Lord of Breichen, and mony vther ma,
 At Edwardis peice for giftis yat he yame ga.
 Justing of peice, for twentie dayis set he,
 Of Inglis men, in Lorne that men micht se.
 Plane to declair, bot for this caus I wis,
 That all Scotland be conqueis than was his.
 The Lordis than, and gude Bischop Sinklair,
 Syne out of Bute thay maid ane Ballingair.
 To gude Wallace, tald him thair torment haill,
 Than wait thay thus, to get Bute of thair baill.

Our hoip, our heill, and our haill Gouvernour,
 Our gudly gyde, our best Chistane in stour.
 Our Lord, our luif, our strêth in richteousnes
 For Goddis sake redeme vs anis to grace.
 And tak the Crown, to vs it war kyndair,
 To bruike for ay, or fals Edward it bair.
 The writ he gat, bot zit suffer he wald,
 For greitt faillet, that part him did of ald.
 He kill dolour it did him in his mynd,
 Of thair myssair, for trew he was and kynd.
 He thocht to tak ainendis of thair wrang,
 He answerit nocht, bot into weir furth rang.
 Of King Edward, zit mair furth will I mele,
 Into quhat wyse that he couth Scotland dele.
 In Sanct Johnstoun, the Erll of York he maid
 Capitane to be, of all thay landis braid.

fra Tay to Dee, and vnder him Buttellair,
 His Grandschir had at Kinclevin endit thair.
 His father als, Wallace had baith thame slane,
 Edward thairfoir, maid him ane man of mane.
 The Lord Beuomont into the North he send,
 Thay Lordschippis hail, he gaif thame in comend
 To Striuling syne, fra Sact Johntoun he went
 Thair to fulfill the laif of his Intent.
 The Lord Clifford, he had than Dowglasdail,
 Reullar to be of the South Marchis hail.
 All Galloway he gaif Cunyng in hand,
 Wist nane bot God, how lang pat stait suld stand
 The gentill Lord, gude Bischop of Lambertoun,
 Of Sanctandrois had Dowglas of Renoun.
 Befoir that tyme, young James wicht and wise,
 To him was cum, fra Scuillis of Parise.
 Ane priuate fauour the Bischop to him bair,
 Bot Inglis men was sa greit maisteris thair:
 He durst nocht weill in place schaw him kyndnes,
 Quhill on ane day he tuk sum hardynes.
 Dowglas he callit, and couth to Striuling fair,
 Quhair King Edward was deiland landis thair.
 He profferit him to the Kingis seruise,
 To buik his awin, fra he wist in this wisse
 Dowglas he was, than he forluk planelie,
 Sweiris be Sact George, he buikis na lands of
 His father was in contrair of my Cron, (me.
 Thairfoir as now, he bydis in our presoun.
 To the Bischop nane ither answer he maid,
 Bot as he plesit, delt out thay landis braid.
 To the Lord Soullis, all hail the Mers gaif he,
 And Capitane als of Berwik for to be.
 Olyphant pan, pat he in Striuling fand,

The Elleuint

Quhen he him had, he wald nocht keip his band.
The quhilk he maid, or he Striuling him gais,
Disfaitfully this King couth him disfaif.
Into England, send him to presoun strang,
In greit distres he leuit thair full lang.
Quhen Edward King had delt this Region,
His leif he tuk, in England maid him boun.
Out of Striuling south wart as yai can ryde,
Cumyng hapnit neir hand the Bruce to byde.
Thus said he Schir, and ze can keip counsall,
I can zow leir, quhilk may be zour auail.
The Bruce answerit, quhat euer ze schaw to me,
As for my part, sall weill conceillit be.
Lord Cumyng said, Schir ze knaw not pis thing
Of all this Realme ze suld be richteous King.
Than said the Bruce suppois I richteous be,
I se na tyme to tak sic thing on me.
I am baldin into my enemeis hand,
Under greit aith, quhen I come in Scotland.
Nocht part fra him, for proffeit nor request,
Nor for na strenth, bot gif deid me arreist.
He hecht agane to gif this land to me,
Now fynd I weill it is bot subteltrie.
For thus thow seis, he deillis my heritage,
To Sutheroun part, and sum to tratouris wage.
Than Cumyng said, will ze heirto concord,
Of my landis, and ze lyke to be Lord.
Ze sall thame haue, for zour richt of ye Crowon,
Or and ze lyke, Schir for my warysoun:
I sall zow help, with power at my micht,
The Bruce answerit, I will nocht sell my richt.
Bot on this wyse, quhat Lordship thow wil craif
For thy supplie, I hecht it thow sall haif.

Cum

Cum fra zone King Schir with sum Jeopardie,
 Now Edward hes all Galloway geuin to me.
 My Neuoy Soullis, that keipis Berwik toun,
 At your command his power sall be bouu.
 My Neuoy als, ane man of mekill might,
 The Lord of Lorne hes greit rowme in ye licht.
 My thrid Neuoy, ane knicht of greit Renoun,
 Will ryse with vs, of Breichen the Barroun.
 Than said the Bruce, fell thair sa fair ane chance,
 That we nicht get agane Wallace of France:
 Be wit and force, he couth this Kingrik wyu,
 Allace we haue bene ouir lang haldin in twyu.
 To that langage Cumyng maid na record,
 Of auld deidis into his mynd remord.
 The Bruce and he completit furth thair band,
 Syne pat same nicht seillit it with thair hand.
 This Ragment left the Bruce with Cumyng pair
 With King Edward hame in Ingland couth fair.
 And pair remanit, quhil yis ragmēt was knawin,
 Thre zeir or mair, or Bruce preissit to his awin.
 Sum men demis, Cumyng the Ragment send,
 Sum men thairfoir, agane makis defend.
 Nane may say weill that Cumyng was sailles,
 Becaus his wyfe was Edwardis Cousignes.
 He seruit deid be richt law of his King,
 Sa reklesly myskaipit sic ane thing.
 Had Bruce past by, but baid to Sanct Johnston
 Be haill assent, and ressaunt his Crown.
 On Cumyng syne he nicht haue done the law,
 He couth nocht thoill, fra tyme that he him saw.
 Thus Scotland left in hard perplexite,
 Of Wallace make, in sum part speik will we.

(F)(X)(S)

X. 1.

The Twelfth
The Twelfth Buik declairis how Wallace
Conqueist the land of Guyan, and how he
was maid Lord thair of. Cap. i.

The sair trauell, the ernst besynes,
The fell labour he had in mony place.
To wynn the land, yat ye gude King him gail
Into his Regne he wald na Sutheroun sail.
In Guyan land Wallace was still at weir,
Of Scotlandis lois, it did his hart greit deir.
Of trew Scottis in mynd he had pietie,
He thocht to help, his tyme quhen he nicht se.
Of set battellis syue he discomfeist haill,
But Jeopardie, and mony strang assaill.
Syne thay forsuik, and durst him nocht abyde,
The Sutheroun fled, fra thyne on ather syde.
To Burdeous, into greit multiplic,
The toun thay stuf, with vittallis be the se.
All Guyan land Wallace tuk to his peis,
To Burdeous he past or he wald ceis.
On out biggingis full greit maistrie he maid,
Still twentie dayis, at strang assaillzeing baid.
Forthis and werk that was without the toun,
Thay brak and brynt, and put to confustoun.
Hedgis and alayis, be labour that was thair,
Fulzeit and spilt, thay wald na fruitis spair.
The Inglismen maid greit defence agane,
With schot and cast, that mekill war of mane.
Of gunis thay war, and ganzeis stufit weill,
All artailze, and wappinis of fyne steill.
With men and meit within was buskit bene,
The greit Capitane, was wyse, cruell, and bene.
Of Gloucester the huge Lord and Here,

The

The Erll had bene ay bñt into were.
 Keipit his men be wit and hardyiment,
 without the toun pair durst nane fra him went.
 The land without was netr waitit away,
 weirmen sa lang into the countrie lay.
 In Wallace Dist sa scant was of bittail,
 Thay nicht nocht byde na langer to assail.
 Than this wyse Lord the Duke of Dylance,
 To Wallace said, Schir ze suld ken this chance.
 It standis our weill with ris fals sutheroñ blude
 For on na wyse can we stop thair fude.
 The hauin thay haue, and schippis at thair will,
 Of Ingland cūmis, bittall aneuch thame till.
 The land is pure of bittall suld vs beild,
 And ze se weill, als thay forsaik the feild.
 Thay will nocht secht, thocht ze all zeit suld byde,
 Ze may of peice pleneis thir landis wyde.
 My counsall is, in plane anent this thing,
 That ze wald pas with worschip to the King.
 Be his assent, ze may at laiser wail,
 With prouisioun agane thame to assail.
 Wallace Inclynit, and thankit this wyse Lord,
 Than thay returnit, all in ane gude accord.
 Past by in France, with honour to the King,
 And schew him hail the veritie of this thing.
 And he thairof in hart was wounder glaid,
 Frenche men besoir, pat hundzeth zeit nocht had:
 Of Guyan hail sa mekill in thair hand,
 nayting be than was new cūmin of Scotland.
 Fra part of Lordis, and gude Bischop Binklair,
 Besocht the King into thir termis fair.
 Of his gentrice, and of his gudly grace,
 For thair supple, to counsall gude Wallace:

The Twelfth

To cum agane, and bring thame of bandoun,
And tak to weir, the Crown of that Regioun.
This wrait as than, he wald nocht to him schaw,
Richt laith he was, for freindschip, seid, or aw.
Wallace suld pas sa sone fra his presence,
The dwelling place he tuk to his residence.
In Schymone still, Wallace his dwelling maid,
And held about, richt lyk and landis braid.
The kene Capitane than clomit in heritage,
Office of it, and greit landis in wage.
Thairfor he thocht gude Wallace for to sla,
Under cullour sic maistrie for to ma.
Lang tyme he socht to get ane day and place,
Said he desyrit in seruice to Wallace.

Ane tryste thay set with systene on the syde,
Fourtie thair by he gart in buschement byde.
Of men in armis, quhen he with Wallace met,
Richt awfully he bad thame on him set.
Naue armour had Wallace men in that place,
Bot sword & knyfe yai bure on yame throw grace
Part of his men lest neir ane forest syde,
Richt buscheously the Capitane said that tyde:
That Wallace held of his landis vnricht,
Richt soberly he said to that frenche knicht:
I haue na land, bot quhilk the King gais me,
My lyfe thairfor hes bene in Jeopardie.
The knicht answerit, thy lyfe sall be forlozne,
Or ellis that land, the contrair quha had sworne.
Abak he lap, and out ane sword he drew,
The buschement brak, quhen he that takin schew.
Gude Wallace thocht that mater stude not weill,
He grippit sone ane scheir and sword of steill.

And

And at ane straik the knicht to deith he draif,
 About serrene sone lappit all the laif.
 Wallace and his, sa worthely thay wrocht,
 Full feill thay slew, that fairest on thame socht.
 The knichtis brother, pat stalwart was a strang,
 And thocht thay suld be bengit or thay gang.
 Of Wallace men sum part he woundit sair,
 Hawand thair was, into ane Medow chair:
 Ayne stout Carllis, all seruandis to that knicht,
 Spithis thay hynt, and ran in all thair micht:
 To the fechtaris, or thay come nelt that place,
 Bot thame persaut, richt weil hes gude Wallace.
 Sa awfull thing, of sic he neuer saw,
 Thame to resist, him self can to thame draw.
 Into the stour left his men fechtand still,
 To meet thay Carllis, that come with egir will.
 The first leit draw at Wallace with his Spith,
 Deluer he was, and heich ouir lap it swyith.
 Ane akwart straik hit the Churll on the heid,
 Dersly on ground, he hes him left for deid.
 The tother he met, ouir lap his Spith sa kene,
 On the schulder, als straik him in that tene.
 Throw all the coist, the Robill sword down schair
 The thrid he met, with ane full awfull fair.
 The groundin Spith, at Wallace he leit draw,
 This gude Chiftane clenely ouir lap thame aw.
 With his guid sword he maid ane hiddeous wound
 Left him for deid, syne on the feird can found.
 On the Rig bane in greit Ire can him sa,
 Cleuit the coist richt cruelly in twa.
 The formest Spithis yis gude Wallace ouir lap,
 And four he slew, pat saw sic was thair hap.
 For ane man ay he slew at euerilk straik,

The Twelfth

The last fled first, this can thair power flak.
 Wallace followis, and sone the fyft ouirtais,
 Straik him to deith, that na farther he gais.
 Syne sped him sone, vnto his men agane,
 Be than thay had the knichtis brother slane.
 Fyftie and sex, derkly to deith was dight,
 Except seuin men, that fled out of thair sight.
 Fyue Hawaris als, that Wallace self with met,
 To frenchemen, sen syne na sic tryst set,
 Beraus that thay him brocht to sic ane care,
 The king hard tell, weill chaipit was Wallace.
 Send for him sone, syne prayit him for to be,
 Of his houshald, and leif in gude saistie.
 For weill he saw thay had him at Inuy,
 Still with him self, he gart him byde for thy.
 Twa zeiris thair, Wallace with myrth abaid,
 Still into France mony gude Journey maid.
 The king him pleisut in all his gudly mane,
 Fra him he thocht, he suld nocht part agane.
 Lordis and Ladyis honouris him reuerently,
 Wretchis and Schrewis, ay had him at Inuy.

How Wallace slew the twa Campiounis. Cap. ii.

Twa Campiounis, yat time dwelt to ye king
 Had greit despite, at Wallace in all thing.
 Togidder zeid ay thir twa Campiounis,
 Of felloun force, and thairwart conditionis.
 Richt greit despite thay spak ay of Scotland,
 Quhill on ane day, it hapnit vpon hand.
 Wallace and thay wat leuit thame allane,
 Be auenture, into ane hous of stane.

Thay

Thay bsit to beir na wappinis in that hall,
 Thay trowit thairfoir, ane mys yai nicht not fall,
 Thair commonnit thay of Scotland scoznesfully,
 Than Wallace said, ze wzang vs utterly.
 Sen we ar bund in freindschip to your king,
 And he of vs, is plesit in all thing.
 All Scottis men hes helpit this Realme fra dreid,
 We think ze suld, gif gude word for gude deid.
 Quhat may ze speik of your enemeis bot euill,
 In lichtlynes thay maid answer thair till.
 And him dyspytit in thair langage als,
 Ze Scottis thay said, hes euer zit bene fals.
 Wallace tuik ane, on the face in his tene,
 With his gude hand, quhill neis mouth and ene:
 Thro the braith blaw, all buschit out of blude,
 Brousingis to grouid he smoit him quhair he stude
 The tother hynt to Wallace in that steid,
 For weill he weind, his fellow had bene deid.
 And he agane, in greif him grippit sair,
 Quhill his spreit failzeit, pat he nicht do na maif.
 The first freik rais, and smoit on Wallace fast,
 Baith to the deith he brocht thame at the last.
 Upon ane Pillair thair harnis out he dang,
 And with his handis out at ye dur yame sang.
 And said quhat Deuill, mout zone Carllis at me,
 Lang tyme in France, I wald haif lattin yame be
 Traist weill in treuth, thus war thay gane in deid
 Thocht frenche mē now, not lykis yairof to reid.
 Als I will ceis, and put it out of Ryme,
 Better it is, quha richt can lulk the tyme:
 Mony greit Lord was displeisit in France,
 Bot ye gude King, pat knew all haill the chance.
 Richt greit despite, of Scotland spokin had thay,

The Twelst
This passit ouir, quhill yat vpon ane day:
was nane of thame, yat durst it vndertak,
He had done wzang, oz yairfoir battell mak.

How Wallace slew the Lyoun in the
Barrace. Cap. iij.

This Royall Roy ane hie worschip him gais,
As Conquerour, him honourit ouir ye laif.
Ane fell Lyoun yis King had gart be brocht
Within Barrace, for greit harme yat he wrocht.
Tprlisit in Irne na mair power him gais,
Of wodnes he exceidit all the laif.
Bot he was fair, and richt felloun in deid,
In that strang strenth he gart men him seid.
Keipit him clos, for men and bestiall,
In Court yair dwelt twa Squyar, of greit vaill.
That Cousingis war, to ye Capiouus twa,
The quhilk befoir Wallace hapnit to fla.
Ane band thay maid in preuy conclusioun,
At thair power to wrik his confusioun.
Be ony meane, thow fraud and subteltie,
Efter yairfoir yai thocht nocht for to de.
To deith oz schame, sa yat yai micht him bring,
Vpon ane tyme thay went vnto the King.
This Scot thay said, that ze sa weill fait mak,
He seis nocht heir, bot he wald vndertak.
Be his greit force to put to confusioun,
Now he desyris to secht with your Lyoun.
And bad vs ask, at zow this battell strang,
Ze grant him leif in the Barrace to gang.
Sadly agane, to thame answerit the King,
Sair me forthinkis he desyris sic a thing.

Bot

Bot I will nouthet, for greif nor yet plesar ee,
Deny Wallace, quhat he desyris in France.
Than went thay furth, & sone met with Wallace,
Ane figurat taill thay tauld him in yat cace.
Wallace thay said, the King desyris that ze,
Direnze battell, sa cruell for to se.
And chargis zow, to fecht with this Lyoun,
Wallace answerit in hailstie conclusioun.
And I sall do quhat be the Kingis will,
At my power richt gladly to fulfill.
Than passit he vnto the King but mair,
Ane Lord of Court, quhen he approchit thair:
Untwyselie speirit without prouisioun,
Wallace dar ze, ga fecht with our Lyoun?
And he said ze, sa the King suffer me,
Or with your self, gif ze ocht better be.
Quhat will ze mair, this thing admittit was,
That Wallace suld vnto the Lyoun pas.
The King chargit to bring him gude harnes,
And he said nay, God scheild me fra sic cais.
I suld it tak, gif I faucht with ane man,
Bot for ane Dog, that nocht of armis can.
I will haue nane, bot singlil as I ga,
Ane greit mantill about his hand can ta.
And ane gude sword with him he tuk na mair,
Abandoundly in Barrace enterit thair.
Greit cheinzeis was wrought in ye yet with a gin,
And pullit to, quhen Wallace was thairin.
The wod Lyoun, on Wallace quhair he stude,
Rampannd he brayit, for he desyrit blude.
With his round pollis in the mantill rocht sa,
Akwart the bak yet Wallace can him ta.
With his gude sword, that was of birneist steill,

[The Twelfth

His body in twa, it cuttit everilk deist.
Syne to the King he raikit in greit Ire,
And said on loud, was this all your desire?
To wait ane Scot this lichtly into vane,
Is thair na Doggis, yat ze zit wald haue flane?
Sa bring yame furth, sen I man Doggis quell,
To do bidding, quhill yat I with you dwell.
It ganis full weill, to graith me in Scotland,
For greiter deidis, pair men hes tane on hand.
Than with ane Dog in battell to encheif,
At you and France, for ever I tak my leif.
The King persauit yat Wallace greuit was,
Sa ernistly he askit leif to pas.
Rewit in his mynd, that it was hapnit sa,
Sa lewd ane deid, to lat him vndersta.
Knauid the worschip, and ye greit Nobilnes,
Of him quhill sprang, yat tyme in mony place.
Namely he said, it suld displeis you nocht,
It ze despyt, it bred neuer in my thocht.
And be the faith I aw the Crown of France,
I thocht neuer to charge you to sic chance.
Bot men of bail, that askit it for you,
Wallace answerit, to God I mak ane vow:
I lykit neuer, sic battell to be in,
Upon ane Dog, na worschip is to win.
The King consauit how this falsset was tocht,
The Squyaris baith, was to his presente brocht.
Culd nocht deny, quhen thay come him befor,
All thair trespas, thay tald withouttin moir.
The King commandit, yai suld be done to deid,
Smoit of thair heidis without ony remeid.
The Campiounis, lo for Inuy causes,
To suddad deith Wallace yame brocht throw cais
The

The Squyaris als, fra pair falsnes was kend,
 Inuy yame brocht, baith to ane suddand end.
 Lordis behald, Inuy the euill Dragoun,
 In cruell fyre he byrnis this Region.
 For he is nocht yat aboundis in Inuy,
 To sum mischeif, it bringis thame haistely.
 Forsaik Inuy, thow sall the better speid,
 Heirot as now, I will na farther reid.
 Bot in my mater, that I befoir began,
 I sall declair, als planely as I can.

Q When Wallace saw, thay had him at Inuy,
 Langer to byde, he couth nocht yan planely.
 Better him thocht, in Scotland for to be,
 And auenture tak, outhir to leif or de.
 To help his awin, he had far mair plesance,
 Than thair to byde, with all the welth in France.
 Than his haill mynd, manheid, and curage,
 Was planely set, to wryne out of bondage.
 Scotland agane, fra pane, and mekill schoir,
 He bo wit he suld, or ellis de thairfoir.
 The King hes sene how gude Wallace is set,
 The letter than, him gaif withouttin let.
 The quhilk of lait fra Scotland was him send,
 Wallace it saw, and weil pair harmis kend.
 Be the first writ thairto accordiall,
 Thame to supple, he thocht he wald nocht fail.
 Quhairof suld I, heirot lang proces mak,
 Wallace of France ane gudly leif can tak.
 The King hes sene, it wald nocht ellis be,
 To Chalmer went, behald him nicht nocht he.
 For grett langour, quhen Wallace can remuse,
 The King to him keipit kyndnes ay and luse.

The Twelfth

To wellis and gold, his worſchip for to ſail,
 He bad thame gif als mekill as he wald hail.
 Lordis and Ladyis weipit wounder faſt,
 Quhen Wallace thair, ſa tuik his leiſ and paſt.
 As man he tuik, bot quham he thidder brocht,
 Agane with him gude Longouell furth ſocht.
 For pane or blis, yat gude knicht left him neuer,
 For cace beſell, quhill deith maid yame diſſeuer.
 Towart the Sluce, in gudlie feir paſt he,
 Ane Ueſchell gat, and maid him to the ſe.
 Auch Schipmen feyit, a gudly wage yame gais,
 To Scotland ſure, the firth of Tay thay hail.

How Wallace come in Scotland agane at the
 Battell of Elchok Park. Cap. iiii.

Upon the nicht Wallace the land hes tane,
 At Ernis mouth, and is to Elchok gane.
 He gart the Schip in couert ſail away,
 Sa out of ſicht, thay war or it was day.
 At Elchok dwelt, ane Wallace Couſing deir,
 That Craufurd hecht, ye hous quhe yai come neir.
 On the bak ſyde Wallace ane wyndo ſand,
 And in he callit, ſyne Craufurd come at hand.
 Fra tyme he wiſt, that it was gude Wallace,
 Into his Barn he ordanit yame ane place.
 Ane mow of corne he biggit thame about,
 And cloſit it weill, nane micht perſaif thair out.
 Bot at ane place quhair meit was to yame brocht
 And bedding to, als gudly as he mocht.
 Ane dern houll furth on the north ſyde thay had,
 Unto the watter, quhair of Wallace was glaid.
 Four dayis or fyue, in reſt yai ſoiornit thair,
Quhill

Quhill meit was gane, than Craufurd botwilt for
To Sact Johnstoun pair purueyance to by (mair
Inglistmen thocht he tuik mair abundantly:
Than he was wount in ony tyme befoir,
Thay haue him tane, put him in presoun soir.
Quhat gaistis he had, to tell thay maid request,
He said it was bot to ane kirking feist.
Zit thay presumit the cūming of Wallace,
Knawledge to get, yai set ane subtell race.
Thay leit him pas with thing that he had bocht,
Syne ester sone in all the haist thay mocht.
To harnes zeid the power of the toun,
Nicht hūdzeth men w Buttellar maid yame boun
Followit on dreich, quhill yat yis man come hame
Wallace him saw, and said he seruit blame.
In my sleiping ane fell visioun me tald,
Till Inglistmen, that thow suld me haue tald.
Craufurd him said, he had bene torment sair,
With Inglistmen that had him at dispair.
Thairfoir ryle vp, and sone sum succour se,
I dreid full sair thay set wachis on me.
The worthy scottis yai graith yams in guid weid
Thair wappinis tuik, syne of that hous thay zeid.
Thus suddandly thir feill Sutheroun yai saw,
To sew thay war to secht agane thame a w.
That kenely come, with zoug Buttellar ye knicht,
Than Wallace said, ane plane land is nocht richt:
Bot Elchok Park, that is neir heir besyde,
The first sailze, we think thair to abyde.
Nyntene thay war, and Craufurd with gude wil,
The twentie man, the number to fulfill,
The Park thay tuik, Wallace ane place hes sene,
Ot greit Holing, yat grew baich helch and grene.

The Twelfth

With thortour treis ane maner of strenth maid he
 Or that war woun, thay thocht to gar feill de.
 The woud was thick, bot lyrell of breid and lenth,
 And yai had meit, yai thocht to hald that strenth.
 The Inglisinen than past to Craufurd's place,
 fand in the barn the ludging of Wallace.
 Than Craufurd's wyfe in handis thay haue tane,
 And askit at hir, quhat way the Scottis is gane?
 Richt weill thay trowit, that Wallace suld yair be
 fra France to Tay, he was cumit thow the se.
 Scho wald nocht tell for boist nor for rewaird,
 Thā Buttellar said, our lag thow hes bene spaird.
 Thair with he grew in matalent and Jre,
 And gart thame big ane braid bymand fire.
 The Sutheroun sware yairin scho suld bynt be,
 Than Wallace said scho sall nocht end for me.
 Greit sin it war, zone failles wicht to sla,
 Or scho suld end, in faith yair sall de ma.
 He left the strenth, and the plane feild can sa,
 On loud he cryit, and said lo heir thy sa.
 Thinkis thow not schame for to tozmet ane wyfe,
 Cum first to me, and mak end of our stryfe.
 Fra Buttellar had on feild gude Wallace sene,
 For auld malice he wore heir woud for tene.
 Upon ye Scottis thay schuip all with greit mane
 Gude Wallace soue the strenth he tuik agane.
 Ane feill bicker the Inglisinen began,
 Assailzeit sair with mony cruell man.
 Bot yai within war Robill of defence,
 Maid greit debait with force and violence.
 At the entrie sytens thay put to deid,
 Than all the lair renouit fra that steid.
 Zeld to array, agane to saulze new,

Wallace

Wallace beheld, quhilk weill in weir him knew.
Fellowis he said agane all at this place,
Thay will nocht fail, bot thus standis the cace.
Zone knicht thinkis for to deuyde his men,
In Seir placis, the suith ze sall weill ken.
Agane on vs to preif how it may be,
Us now behouis sum vther way to se.
Contrair thair micht, ane gude defence to mak,
Now Longouell thow sall set with the tak:
William my Cme, als mony sall with zow ga,
And spue with me, as now we haue na ma.
Knicht Buttellar than, partit his men in thre,
Wallace vespit quhair Buttellar schuip to be.
Thidder he yan past, that entrie for to weir,
Quhilk syde thay did assaile with greit feir.
Wallace leit part on the entrie begin,
Bot nane zeid out, that on the Scottis come in.
Seuin formest was that in the frount first zeid,
Wallace fyue men that doughtie was in deid.
Ilk ane slew ane, and Wallace garf twa de,
Buttellar was neist, and said yis will nocht be.
Abak he drew, and lest his curage slak,
The worthy Scottis preint weill for Scotland's laik.
Gude Longouell his counter maid sa sair,
And Craufurd als, thay sailzeit thame na mair.
Richt neir be than approachit to murk nicht,
And sternis to appeir, began into thair sicht.
Sutheroun set wachis, and to thair Supper wēt.
The Buttellar was sair greuit in his Intent.
Zit fure thay weill, of gude stuf, aill, and breid
Wallace and his, thay wist of na remeid.
Bot cold watter that ran out thro wane strand,
In that iudgeing, nane vther fude thay fand.

The Twelfth

Than Wallace said, gude fellowis think not lang,
Will God we sall be sone out of this thrang.

Suppois we fast ane day our or ane night,
Tak all in thank, this pane for Scotlandis richt.

The Erll of York was in Sanct Johnstoun still
To Buttellar send, and bad him byde at will.

To him full sone yair suld cum new power,
And als him self thus tauld the Messinger.

Buttellar wald fane Wallace had zoldin bene,
Or the Erll come, and for this caus was sene:

His Grandschir and his father baith he slew,
This knicht yair with towart ye Dack him drew.

Quhat cheir thay maid, vpon the Scottis he cald,
Than Wallace said, far better than thow wald.

The Buttellar said, I wald fane speik with the,
Wallace answerit, thow may for lytill fe.

Wallace he said, thow hes done me greit skaith,
My father and my Grandschir thow slew baith.

Than Wallace said, for skait that thow art in,
It war my det, for to vndo thy kin.

And I think als, as God of heuin me sail,
That my twa handis sall graith the to thy graif.

The Buttellar said, that is nocht lyklic now,
Bot we the haue, we sall gar sydis sow.

Of this I ask, and thow wald mak me grant,
Quhat I the hecht, yat thing thow sall not want.

Say furth (quod he) be thy desyre reffonabill,
I sall it grant, withoutt in ony fabill.

The Buttellar said, Wallace thow knowis richt,
Thow may not chaip, be power nog be flicht.

And sen thow seis, it may na better be,
For thy gentrice thow wald the seild to me.

Than Wallace said thy will onskull is,

Thow

Thow wald me do, quhilk is our hie ane mis.
 Zoldin I am, to better I can prufe,
 To quhome he askit: to the greit God abuse.
 For euerilk day, sen I had wit of man,
 Besoit my werk, to zeid me I began.
 And als at euin, quhen yat I sailzeit licht,
 I me betuik, to the maker of micht.
 The Buttellar said, me think thow hes done weill
 Zit of ane thing, I pray the lat me seill.
 For thy manheid, yis to me manifest,
 Quhen that thow seis, thow may na langer lest:
 On this ilk place, quhilk I haue tane to weir,
 That thow cum furth, and all vther forbeir.
 Than Wallace leuch at his cruell desyre,
 And said I sall, thocht thow war wod as fyre.
 And all England the contrarie had sworne,
 I sall cum out, at that ilk place the mozne.
 Or ellis this nicht, traist weill yat I the say,
 I byde nocht heir, quhill nyne houris of the day.
 Buttellar send furth, ye cha's wache on ilk syde,
 In that ilk place baldly he bownit to byde.
 Thus still thay baid, quhill day began to peir,
 Ane thick myst fell, ye planeit was nocht cleir.
 Wallace assayit, all that place about,
 Leit as he wald, at ony ane place bzek out.
 Quhill Buttellaris men away fra him couth ga,
 To help the laif, quhen yat saw it was sa.
 Wallace and his, fast sped thame to that steid,
 Quhair Buttellar baid, seill men yat draif to deid.
 The worthy Scottis sone passit throw yat melle,
 Craufurd thair with was sair hurt in ye kne.
 At eird he was, gude Wallace turnit agane,
 And at ane straik he hes the Buttellar flane.

The Twelfth

Hynt vp that man, vnder his arme sa strang,
 Defendand him out of that felloun thrang.
 Gude roume he maid, aināg yame quhair he gais,
 With his richt hand he slew fyue of his fais.
 Bure out Craufurd be force of his persoun,
 Nyne aiker braid, or euer he set him down.
 The Sutheroun fand, & thair Capitane was deid
 Semblit him about, bot van was na remeid.
 Threttie with him, of the wichtest thay brocht,
 Deid on that place quhair at ye Scottis out socht
 Wallace and his, be than was fra thair sicht,
 Sutheroun baid still for greit lois of that nicht.
 The myst was mirk, that Wallace lykit weill,
 Him self was glaid, and said to Longouell:
 At Methuen wood, is my desyre to be,
 For thair is bestiall to get of greit plentie.
 Be than thay war, weill cūnin to the hicht,
 The myst slaikit, the Sone schynit fair and bricht.
 Sone war, thay war, ane lytill space thame by,
 Of four and threttie in ane cumpany.
 Than Wallace said, be zone freind or fa,
 We will thame se, sen that thay ar na ma.
 Quhen thay come neir ane Robill Knicht it was,
 The quhilk to Rame hecht Hew of Dundas.
 And schir John Scot, ane wyse & worthy knicht,
 Into Stratherne ane man of mekill micht.
 For thair he had, greit part of heritage,
 Dundas Sister he had in mariage.
 Passand thay war, and micht na langer lest,
 To Inglishmen, thair fewrie for to lest.
 The Lord of Breichen sic cūnand had yame maid
 Of King Edward to hald thair landis braid.
 Bot fra thay saw, that it was wicht Wallace

Held by thair handis, and thankit God of grace.
 Of his greit help, quhill he had send yame pair,
 To Methuen wod with ane assent thay fair.
 Sone gat thame meit of bestiall that thay fand,
 Restit that day, quhē nicht was cūmin on hand:
 To Birnane wod, but resting at thay gane,
 Quhair yai haue fund, & Squyar gude Ruthuane
 In outlaw vse he had lang leuit thair,
 Of bestiall, quhill he nicht get na mair.
 Thay taryit nocht, bot into Althoill zeid,
 Quhair meit was scant, yair Wallace had greit
 Passit to Lorne, richt lytill fand he thair, (Dzeid
 Of wyld and tame, that countrie was maid bair,
 Bot in strenthis, thair fude was leuit nane,
 Thir worthy scottis yā maid ane pieteous mane
 Schir Johne Scot said, he had far rather be
 Into gude name, and leif his airis fre.
 Than for to byde, as bund in subiectioun,
 Quhen Wallace saw thir gude men of Renoun:
 With hunger stad, almaist nicht leif na mair,
 Wit ze for thame he sichit wounder sair.
 Gude men he said, I am the caus of this,
 At your desyre I sall amend this mis.
 Or leif zow fre, sum cheuisance for to ma,
 All him allane he bowit for to ga.
 Prayit thame byde, quhill he nicht cum agane,
 Out our ane hill he passit into plane.

Out of thair sicht, into ane forest syde,
 He set him down vnder ane Aik to byde.
 His Bow and Sword he leuit to ane tre,
 In anguilsche, greif, on grouf sa turnit he.
 This pieteous mane, was for his men sarwocht,

The Twelft

That of him self, lytill thing than he rocht.
 O wretche he said, that neuer couth be content,
 Of our greit micht, yat ye greit God the lent.
 Bot thy feirs mynd, wilfull and variabill,
 With greit Lordschip thow couth not sa byde sta-
 And wilfull wit, for to mak Scotland fre, (bill
 God lykis nocht, that I haue tane on me.
 Far worthyar than I, of birth was bozne,
 Thow my desyre, for honger ar forlorne.
 I ask at God, thame to restoir agane,
 I am the caus, I suld haue all the pane.
 Quhyle studyand yus, quhyle flytād with him sell,
 Quhill at the last, vpon sleiping he fell.
 Thre dayis befor thair had him followit fyue,
 The quhilk was bund, or ellis to loig yair lyue.
 The Erll of Zork bad yame sa greit guardoun,
 That thay be thist, thocht to put Wallace Down.
 Thre of yame was bozne men of Ingland,
 And twa was Scottis, yat tuik ye deid on hand.
 And sum men said, ye thrid brother betraist,
 Kyndrōme eist, quhair greit sorow was raisit.
 Ane Child yai had quhilk helpit to beir meit,
 In wildernes, among the montanis greit.
 Thay had all sene the disseuering of Wallace,
 Fra his gude men, and quhair he baid on cace.
 Among thick wod, in couert held thame law,
 Quhill thay persauit, he couth on sleiping saw.
 And than thir fyue, approchit Wallace neir,
 Quhat best to do, at vther fast thay speir?
 Ane man said thus, it war ane hie Renoun,
 And we micht quick leid him to Sanct Johnstoun
 So how he lyis, we may our grippis wail,
 Of his wappinis, he sall haue nane auail.

we sall him bynd in contrair of his will,
 And leid him thus on bak syde of zone hill.
 Sa that his men sall na thing of him knaw,
 The tother four assentit to his saw.
 And than thir fyue maid thame vnto Wallace,
 And thocht throw force to byud him in that place.
 Quhat trowit thir fyue for to hald Wallace down?
 The manlyest man, the starkest of persoun.
 Leuand he was, als stude into sic richt,
 we traist weill God his deidis hes in sicht.
 Thay grippit him, and out of sleip he braid,
 Quhat menis this? than sadly Wallace said.
 About he turnit, and vp his armis thrang,
 On thay tratouris with knichtly feir he dang.
 The starkest man into his hand hynt he,
 And all his harnis he dang out on ane tre.
 His sword he gat, sone efter that he rais,
 Campioun lyke, amang the four he gais.
 Euer ane man, he gart de at ane dynt,
 Quhe twa was deid, ye tother thre wald not styne
 Maid thame to fle, bot than it was na bute,
 Was nane leuand micht fra him pas on fute.
 He followit fast, and sone to deith thame brocht,
 Than to the Chyld, sadly agane he socht.
 Quhat did thow heir? ye Chyld with ane pail face
 On kneis fell, and askit Wallace grace.
 With thame I was, & knew na thing pair thocht,
 Into seruice, as thay me bad I wrocht.
 Quhat beiris thow thair? bot meit ye Chyld can
 Ga tak it vp, and pas with me away. (say,
 Meit in this tyme is far better nor gold,
 Wallace and he furth foundit on the fold,
 Quhat brocht Wallace fra his enemyis bald,

The Twelfth

Quha bot greit God, yat hes this warld to haile.
 He was his help in mony felloun thrang,
 With glaid cheir thus, vnto Erne can be gang.
 Baith roistit flesche, yair was als breid and cheis,
 To succour yame, yat was in point to leis.
 And he it deillis to four men and fyftie,
 Quhilk had befoir fastit our davis thre.
 Syne tuk his part, he had fastit als lang,
 Quhair hard ze euer ony in sic thrang.
 In honger sa sleipand and wappinles,
 Sa weill recouerit, as Wallace did in cais.
 Planely be force vincist his enemeis fyue,
 Men of wit this questioun now discryue.
 Withouthin glois I will tell furth my tairl,
 How come this meit? the fellovschip askit haill.
 To thair desyre, Wallace na answer zaid,
 Quhair fyue was deid, he led yame furth and taid
 Greitly displeist was all that Cheualry,
 To ane Chistane thay held it fantasie.
 To walk allane, Wallace with sobir myde,
 Sayis beirof, is cum na thing bot gude.
 To the Law land agane full fast thay socht,
 Speirit at pis Chyld, gif he couth wis yame ocht.
 Quhair thay nicht best, of purueyance for to win,
 Of nane he said was that countrie within.
 Nor all about, in als far as I know,
 Quhill yat ze cum down to the Rannoch haw.
 That Lord hes stuf, baith aill, breid, and bernage,
 Of King Edward he takis full mekill wage.
 Than Wallace said, my self sall be your gyde,
 I know that steid, about on ather syde.
 Thro the wyld land, he gydit thame full riche,
 To Rannoch hall he brocht thame yat same nicht.

And

The watch was out, and that full sone thay sa,
 He was ane Scot, zit he wald nocht him sla.
 Bot gart him tell the maner of that place,
 Thus enterit thay within ane lytill space.
 The yet thay wan, for Castell was pair name,
 Bot mud wall wight, withoutin lyme or stane.
 Wallace in haist strais by the Chalmer dure,
 With his richt fuit, that stalwart was and sture.
 Than thay within walknit suddandly,
 The Lord gat by, and mercy can him cry.
 Fra tyne he wist that gude Wallace was thair,
 He thankit God, syne said thir wordis mair.
 Trewo man I was, and wynn aganis my will,
 With Inglis men, suppois I lyk it ill.
 All Scottis we ar, yat in this hous is now,
 At your command, all baldly sall we bow.
 Of our Natioun gude Wallace had pietie.
 Tuik airthis of thame, and syne meit askit he.
 Gude cheir yat maid, quhill licht day on ye mozne,
 This trewo man than sone semblit him befozne.
 The Sonis he had, yat stalwart war and bald,
 And twentie men of kyn in his houshold.
 Wallace was blyth thay maid him sic supplie,
 Said I thank God, yat we thus multiplie.
 All that day our, in gude lyking thay rest,
 Wachis thay wail, to keip thame that couth best.
 Upon the mozne the licht day quhen thay saw,
 Than Wallace said our power for to knaw.
 We will tak feild, and by our Baner rais,
 In richt of Scotland, and contrair of our fais.
 We will na mair now be in couert hyde,
 Power to be, will sembill on ilk syde.
 Than boys thay get, the best that culd be thair,

The Twelfth

Towart Dunkeld the ganest way thay fair.
 The Bischop than gat to Sanct Johnstoun,
 The Scottis flew that was of pair Natioun.
 Baith pure and riche, and seruandis pat pai fand,
 Lefe nane on lyfe that bozne was of England.
 The place thay tuk, and maid yame weill to fair,
 Of purueyance that Bischop had brocht thair.
 Jowellis thay gat, baith gold and siluer bricht,
 With gude cheir pair syue dayis Sojornit richt.
 On the sert day Wallace to counsall went,
 Gart call the best, and schew yame his Intent.
 Na men we haue to sailze Sanct Johnstoun,
 Into the North, thairfor lat mak vs boun.
 In Ros ze knaw gude men ane strenth hes maid,
 Heir pai of vs, pai cum withouttin baid.
 Als into Bute is gude Bischop Sinklair,
 Fra he get wit, he citis withouttin mair.
 Gude westland men, of Arrane and Rauchlie,
 Fra thay be warnit, thay will all cum to me.
 Thus purpois tuk, and in the North pai ryde,
 Na Inglisman durst in thair gait abyde.
 Quhome Wallace tuk, pai knew ye auld ransom
 Fra he come hame, to fle thay mak yame boun.
 And Scottis men semblit to Wallace fast,
 In awfull feir out thow the land thay past.
 Strenthis was left, wit ze all desolait,
 Agane thir folk na man durst mak debait.
 In rapit battell thay raid to Abirdene,
 In hail number vij. thousand than was sene.
 Bot Inglis men had left the coun all waist,
 On euerilk syde away than can thame haist.
 In all that land left nouthet mair nor leg,
 Lord Bexmont tuk the sey at Buchane neg.

Thro

Thro to Scotland than was manifest in plane,
 The Lordis that fled, in hart was wounder fane.
 The Knicht Clement of Ros come suddandly,
 In Murray land, with thair gude Cheualry.
 The hous of Arne yat guid knicht weil hes tane
 Slew the Capitane, and gude men mony ane.
 Out of Murray, and Buchane land come thay,
 To seik Bewmont, bot he was past away.
 Than thir gude men to Wallace passit richt,
 Quhē Wallace saw schir Johne Ramsay & knicht
 And vther gude men, that had bene fra him lang,
 Greit curage yan was raisit thame amang.
 The land he reullit, as that him lykit best,
 To Sanct Johnstoun, syne raid oʒ pai wald rest.

The Seige of Sanct Johnstoun.

A Teuerilk port ane stalwart wache he maid,
 Confermit ane Seige, and staidfastly abaid.
 Bischop Sinklair in all gude haist him dight,
 Come out of Bute, with semely men be sight.
 Out of the Flis, of Rauchlie and Arrane,
 Lindesay and Boyd, with gude men mony ane.
 Adam Wallace, Barroun of Ricardtoun,
 Full sadly socht to Wallace of Renoun.
 At Sanct Johnstoun baird at the Sailze still,
 For Sutheroun men, yat nicht weil pas at will.
 For in thair way thair Durst na enemy be,
 Bot fled away, be land and als be se.
 About that toun thus semblit thay but moir,
 For thay had bene with gude Wallace befoir.
 Setoun, Lawder, gude Richard of Lundie,
 In ane gude Barge thay past about the se.

(The Twelfth

In Sact Johnstoun hauin, pair ankeris haue pat.
Twa Inglis schippis, pai tuik withouttin let. (set
The tane thay bynt, and stuffit the tother weill,
With artailze, and stalwart men in steill.
To keip the Port, pair suld cum na vittail,
Into the town, nor men that niche auail.
Fra South and North, mouny of Scotland fled,
Lest Castellis waitt, seill leuit thair lysis in wed.
The Sutheroun Bischop yat befor lest Dun'cell,
To Londoun past, and said Edward him sell
In Scotland yat had fallin ane greit myschance,
Than send he sone for Aymeir the Wallance.
And askit him, quhat than was best to do,
He hecht to pas, and tak greit gold thairto.
Into Scotland sum meanis for to mak,
Aganis Wallace, on hand this can be tak.
He said he wald, bndis King Edwardis Crown,
Bot gif he nicht throw tressoun put him down.
King Edward hecht, quhat thing y Wallange bad
He suld it keip, pairto he gair his hand.
Wallange tuik leif, and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell come, syne kest in his Intent.
Quhat man thair was nicht best Wallace begyle
And sone he fand within ane lytill quhyle:
Schir Johne Menteith Wallace Goslop was,
Ane Messinger Schir Aymeir hes gart pas.
Unto Schir Johne, and sone ane tryst hes set,
At Ruglyn Kirk, thir twa togidder met.
Than Wallange said, Schir Johne yow knawis
Wallace agane rylis contrait ye King. (yis thing
And yow may haue quhat lordschip yow wil wail
And yow wald work as I wald gif counsaill,
Zour tyran haldis the Realmis at trubill baith,
To

To thristie men it dois full mekill schast.
 He traistis ye, yow may full weill him tak,
 Of this mater, I reid ane end yow mak.
 Wat he away we micht at lyking King,
 As Lordis all, and leif vnder ane King.
 Than Menteith said, he is our Gouernour,
 For vs he baid in mony felloun flour.
 Nocht for him self, bot for our heritage,
 To sell him thus, it war ane soull outrage.
 Than Wallange said, and thow weill vnderstude
 Greit merite it war, he spillis sa mekill blude.
 Of cristin men, puttis saullis into perrell,
 I bynd me als, he sall be haldin baill.
 As for his lyfe and keipit in presoun,
 King Edward wald haue him in subiectioun.
 Than Menteith thocht sa thay wald keip cūnand
 He wald full sane haue had him of Scotland.
 Wallange saw him into ane study be,
 Thre thousand pund of fyne gold leif him se.
 And hecht he suld the Lennox haue at will,
 Thus tressonabilly Menteith grantit thair till.
 Ane Obligatioun with his awin hand he maid,
 Syne tuk ye gold, and Edwardis Seil sa braid
 And gais thame his, quhen he his tyme micht se,
 To tak Wallace, our Sulway gif him fre.
 To Inglis men, be this tressonabill concord,
 Schir Johne suld be of all the Lennox Lord.
 Thus Wallace suld in England keipit be,
 Sa Edward micht mak Scotland to him fre.
 Thair couetise was our greit maister sene,
 Nane exempill takis how ane vther hes bene.
 For couetise put in panis strang and fell,
 For couetise the Serpent is in hell.

The Twelst

For couetise gude Hector tuk the deid,
 For couetise thair can be na remeid.
 Thro couetise gude Alexander was loist,
 And Julius als, for all his reis and boist.
 Thro couetise deit Arthur of Britane,
 For couetise, thair hes deit mony ane.
 For couetise the tratour Gauioun,
 The flour of France he put to confusioun.
 Thro couetise thay poysonit gude Godefray,
 In Antioche, as the Authoz will say.
 For couetise Menteith vpon fals wyis,
 Betraist Wallace, yat was his Goslop thryis.
 Wallange in haist, with blyth will and gude hart
 To Londoun past, and schew to King Edward.
 Of thair contract he had far mair plesance,
 Than of fyne gold gewin in Ballance:
 Of greiter wecht than his Ransoun might be,
 Of Wallace furth zit speik sum part will we.

At Sanct Johnstoun was at the seiging still,
 In ane morning ye Sutheroun with guid will
 Fyue hundreth men in armis richt Egerly,
 Thay flicht furth to mak ane Jeopardy.
 At the South Port vpon Scot and Dundas,
 Quhilk in yair tyme richt wyse and worthy was.
 Aganis thair fais richt scharly faucht and sair,
 In that counter seuin scoir to deith thay bair.
 Zit Inglismen that cruell was and kene,
 Full derfly faucht, quhair douchtie deid was sene.
 Fra the west yet drew all the Scottis haill,
 To the fechtaris, quhen yai saw noch auail.
 Bot in agane, full fast thay can thame speid,
 The knicht Dundas preuit douchtie in deid.

Quir

Quir neir the zet, full bandounly he baid,
With ane gude sword, full greit maistrie he maid.
Nocht twittand weill, his fellowis was him fra,
In at the zet, the Sutheroun can him ta.
Unto the Erll thay led him haistelie,
Quhen he him saw, he said he suld nocht de.
To slay this ane, it may vs lytill remeid,
He send him furth, to Wallace in that steid,
Unto the North his battellis hes he brocht,
Quhill he him saw, of this he wist richt nocht.
Send to the Erll, and thankit him largelie,
Hecht for to quyte, quhen he sic caus nicht se.
Bot zit pairfoir, souerance he wald nocht grant,
Thocht thay war zoldin, and cum recryant.
For gold nor gude he wald na tribute tak,
Ane greit assault, than he began to mak.
The Erll of Fyfe, dwelt vnder trewis lang,
Of King Edward, and than he thocht it wzang.
That Wallace sa was seigand Sanct Johnstoun
Bot gif he come in richt help of the Crown.
To Inglis men he wald nocht keip that band,
Than he come sone, with gude men of the land.
And Johne Wallange was van Schiref of Fyfe,
To Wallace past, and stakit him in that streyfe.
The Erll was cumin of gude trew Nobill blude,
Of ye auld Thane, quhill in his tyme was gude.
Than all about to Sanct Johnstoun pai gang,
The felloun fault, was hiddeous, schairp & strang.
Full feill faggaldis, into the vyke thay cast,
Haddir and hay, wound about flaikis fast.
With treis and eird, ane greit passage pai maid,
Out our the wallis, thay zeid in battell braid.
The Sutheroun than, maid greit defence agane,

The Twelft

Quhil at the wallis thair was ane thousand slane
 Wallace zeid in, and his rayit battell richt,
 All Sutheroun men derfly to deith pai dicht.
 To saif the Erll, Wallace the Herald send,
 Gude Jop him self, the quhilk befor him kend:
 For Dundas saik, he said he suld nocht de,
 Wallace him self, thus ordanit for to be.
 Ane small Haiknay to him he gart be tak,
 Siluer and gold, his coistis for to mak.
 Set on his cloik, ane takin for to se,
 Ane Lyoun in warc, that suld his Conduct be.
 Conuoyit him furth, and na man him with all,
 Wemen and barnis, Wallace gart freith yame all.
 And syne cryit trew Scottis to thair awin,
 Pleneist ye lād, quhilk lang had bene ouirthrawn
 Than Wallace past, the south land for to se,
 Edward the Bruce in his tyme richt worthie.
 That zeir befor he had in Ireland bene,
 And thair with him cruell men and kene.
 Fyftie in feir, was of his motheris kin,
 At Kirkcudbright in Galloway enterit in.
 With thay fyftie, he had vincust nyne scoir,
 And syne he past withoutin tary moir.
 To Wigtoun sone, and that Castell hes tane,
 Sutheroun was fled, and left it all allane.
 Wallace him met, with trew men reuerentlie,
 To Lochinabane, went all that Cheualrie.
 Thay maid Edward baith Lord and leidar pair,
 This condition Wallace him maid but mair.
 Bot ane schozt tyme to byde Robert the King,
 Gif he come uocht in this Region to Ring:
 That Edward suld ressaif the Crown but fail,
 This hecht Wallace, and all the barnage haill.

In Lochmabane Prince Edward leyndit still,
 And Wallace past to Cumnok with gude will.
 At the Blak bog, quhair he was wount to be,
 Upon that steid ane Royall hous held he.
 Inglis Wardenis to Londoun past but mair,
 And cauld the King of all thair greit myssair.
 How Wallace can Scotland fra thame reduce,
 And how he had, ressaunt Edward Bruce.
 The Commonis swoze yai suld cum neuer mair,
 Upon Scotland, and Wallace leuand wair.
 Than Edward wrait to Menteith priuily,
 Prayit him to haist, the tyme was passit by.
 Of the promeis, ye quhilk yat he was bundin,
 Schir Johne Menteith, into his wit hes fundin:
 How he suld best his purpois do fulfill,
 His Sister sone in haist he callit him till.
 And ordanit him in dwelling with Wallace,
 Ane aith agane he gart him mak on cace.
 Quhat tyme he wist, Wallace in quyet draw,
 He suld him warne, quhat auenture nicht saw.
 This man grantit, that sic thing suld be done,
 With Wallace thus, he was in seruice sone.
 Bot of treisoun Wallace had lytill thocht,
 His lauborous mynd in vther materis wrocht.
 Thus Wallace thryis, hes maid all Scotland fre,
 Than he desyrit in lestand peice to be.
 For as of weir he was in sum part Irk,
 He purpoisit than to serue God and the Kirk.
 And for to leif vnder his richteous King,
 That he desyrit atouir all eirdly thing.

How Wallace was betraist be Schir John of
 Menteith, and had in Ingland, and Martyre
 chair.

Cap. v.

The Twelfth

The Herald Top, in England sone he send,
 And wait to Bruce richt hartly his comend
 Besekand him, to cum and tak his Crown,
 Nane suld ganestand, Clerk, Burges, nor Barrou
 The Herald past, quhen Bruce saw his credance,
 Thair of he tuik, ane persyte greit plesance.
 With his awin hand, agane wait to Wallace,
 And thankit him of lawtie and kyndnes.
 Besekand him, this mater to conceill,
 For him behuik, out of England to steill.
 For lang befor was keipit the Ragment,
 Quhilk Cumyng had, to byde the Parliament.
 Into Londoun, and gif thay him accuse,
 To cum fra thame, he suld mak sum excuse.
 He prayit Wallace, on Glasgowe mure to walk,
 The nixt first night of Julij for his salk.
 And bad he suld, bot into quyet be,
 For he with him, nicht bring few Cheualrie.
 Wallace was blyith, quhen he this wytyng saw,
 His houshald sone, he gart to Glasgowe draw.
 That moneth thair, he ordanit thame to byde,
 Keirly he tuik, ilk nicht with him to ryde.
 And this young man yat Menteith to him send,
 Wist nane bot yir, quhat way yat Wallace wend.
 The quhilk gart warne his Eme the xviii. nicht,
 Sertie full sone, Schir John Menteith gart dicht.
 Of his awin kyn, and allya was borne,
 To this tressoun he gart yame all be sworne.
 Fra Dunbertane yai sped thame haistely,
 Neir Glasgowe Kirk thay buskit yame priuely.
 Wallace past furth quhair yat ye tryst was set,
 Ane spy thay maid, and followit him but let.
 Robert Ralstoun, was neir the way besyde,

And

And bot ane hous quhair Wallace wsis to byd.
 He wroik on fuit, quhill passit was mydnight,
 Keirly and he, than for ane sleip yame dicht.
 Thay bad this man, that he suld walk his part,
 And walkin Wallace, come men fra ony art.
 Quhen thay sleipit, wis tratour tuik gude hard,
 He met his Eme, and bad him haue na dreid.
 On sleip he was, and with him bot ane man,
 Ze may him haue, for ony craft he can.
 Withouth the hous, thair wappinnis laid yame fra
 For weill thay wist, gat Wallace ane of tha.
 And on his seit, his Ransoun suld be sauld,
 Thus semblit thay about that febill hauld.
 This tratour wache fra Wallace than he stall,
 Baith knyfe and sword, his bow and arrowis all.
 Efter mydnight in handis thay haue him tane,
 Slomerit on sleip, with him na man bot ane.
 Keirly thay tuik, and led him fra that place,
 Did him to deith, withouthin langer space.
 Thay thocht to bynd, Wallace with strêthis strag.
 On fuit he gat, thay sell tratouris amang.
 He grippit about, bot na wappin he fand,
 Upon ane Sill he saw besyde him stand:
 The bak of ane he byistit in that thrang,
 And of ane vther the harnis out he dang.
 And als mony as handis couth on him lay,
 Be force him hynt, for to haue him away.
 Bot that power ane fuit nicht nocht him leid,
 Out of that hous, quhill yai or he war deid.
 Schir Johne saw weill, be force it couth not be,
 Or he war tane, erar he thocht to de.
 Wentelth bad reis, and thus spak to Wallace,
 Gyne schew him furth, ane full richt subtell cace.

The Twelfth

Ze haue sa lang heir blit zow, allane,
Quhill wit thair of is into Ingland gane.
Thairfor heir me, and sober zour curage,
The Inglis men with ane full greit barnage:
It semblit heir, and set this hous about,
That ze be force, on na wayis may wynn out.
Suppois ze had the strenth of gude Hector,
Amang this Dist, ze may nocht lang Indure.
And thay zow tak in haist zour deith is dicht,
I haue spokin with Lord Clifford that knicht.
With thair Chistane, weill merit for zour lyfe,
Thay ask na mair, bot be quyte of zour stryfe.
To Dunbartane ze sall pas furth with me,
In zour atwin hous, ze may in saistie be.
Sutheroun sic vse with Wenteith lang had thay,
That Wallace trowit, sum part that he wald say.
Wenteith said Schir, lo wappinis we naue haif,
We come in traist, zour lyfe gif we nicht saif.
Wallace trowit weill, and he his Goslop thryis,
That he wald nocht be na maner of wyis:
Him do betrais, for all Scotland sa wyde,
Ane aith of him he askit in that tyde.
Thair wantit wit, quhat suld his aithis mole,
Forsworne to him, he was lang tyme befor.
The aith he maid, Wallace come in his will,
Richt fraudfully all thus he schewit him till.
Goslop he said, as Prisoner pai mon zow se,
Or pan throw force, pai will tak zow fra me,
Ane Courche with slicht vpon his handis pai laid,
And vnder syne with sicker cordis thay braid.
Baith schairp and teuch, and fast togidder drew,
Allace the Bruce, nicht sair that bynding rew.
Quhill maid Scotland sone brokin vpon cace,

For Cumpngis deith, and loïs of gude Wallace.
 Thay led him furth in feir amang thame awo,
 Keirly he myst, and na Sutheroun he saw.
 Than wist he weill, that he betraiffie was,
 Towart the South with him quhen yai can pas.
 Zit thay him said, in trenty he suld noch de,
 King Edward wald, him keip in gude saistie.
 For the honour in wir that he had wrocht,
 The sair bandis sa trublit all his thocht.
 Credence thairto forsuith he couth nocht geif,
 He wist full weill, thay wald nocht lat him leif.
 Ane fals foull cats yat Menteith hes him sald,
 Quhen on this wyle gude Wallace he was cald.
 Sum men sayis it was to saif his Lord,
 Thay leid all out, that mard that fals record.
 At the faw Kirk the gude Stewart was slane,
 Our Chronicklis, rehetis that in plane.
 On Magdalene Day the xviij. zeir besoir,
 Cumpngis deith thairfoir it witnessis moir.
 At Restoun Wallace was tressonabillly,
 Thus falsly stollin fra his gude Cheualry.
 In Glasgou lay, and wist nocht of this thing,
 Thus he was loist in byding of his King.
 South thay him led, ay haldand the waist land,
 Deliverit him in haist our Sulway sand.
 The Lord Clifford, and Wallange tuk him thair
 To Carleill toun, full fast with him thay fair.
 In Presoun him set, that was ane greit dolour,
 That hous efter, thay callit Wallace Tour.
 Sum men syne said, yat knew not weill ye cace,
 In Berwik toun, to deith thay put Wallace.
 Contrair is knawin, be this opintoun,
 For Scottis men than had all Berwik toun.

The Twelfth

To Scotland fre, vntill yat Soullis it gail,
For Lord Cumpnyng to Ingland with the laif.
The vther point is, the tratouris durst nocht pas,
That sauld him sa, quhair scottis men maister was.
The thrid point is, ye commounis of Ingland,
Quhat thay deny, thay will nocht vnderstand.
That thing be done, for witnes that may be,
Na credence gif farther nor pai may se.
To se him de Edward had mair desyre,
Than to be Lord of all the hail Empyre.
And for this caus thay keipit him sa lang,
Quhill ye commounis micht vnto Londoun gag.
Allace Scotland, to quhome sall thou cōplene?
Allace fra pane, quha sall the now refrene?
Allace thy help, is fastly brocht to ground,
The best Chistane in braith bandis is bund.
Allace thou hes now loist thy gyde of licht,
Allace quha sall defend the in thy richt?
Allace thy pane approachit wounder neir,
With sorow sone, thou man be left on steir.
Thy gracious gyde, thy greitest Gouernour,
Allace our neir is cum thy satall hour.
Allace quha sall now beist the of thy baill?
Allace quhen sall of harmis thou be haill?
Quha sall defend? quha sall the now mak fre?
Allace in weir, quha sall thy helper be?
Quha sall the keip? quha sall the now redeme?
Allace quha sall the Saronis fra the steme?
I can na mair, bot beseik God of grace,
The to restoir, in haist to welch and peice,
Sen gude Wallace may succour the na mair,
The lois of him Incessis mekill cair.
Now of his men, in Glasgou still that lay,

Quhat

Quhat sorrow rais, quhen thay mismit him away.
 The cruell pane, the wofull complening,
 Thair of to tell it war our hevy thing.
 I will lat be, and speik thair of na mair,
 Ytill reheirs is our mekill of cair.
 And principally quhair redemptioun is nane,
 It helpis nocht, to tell thair piteous mane.
 The deith pair of is zit in remembrance,
 I will lat staik of sorrow the ballance.
 Bot Longouell to Lochmabane can pas,
 and pair hecht he quhair gud prince Edward was
 Out of Scotland he suld pas neuer mair,
 Lois of Wallace socht to his hart sa sair.
 The Realme of France he vovait neuer to se,
 Bot abenge Wallace, or ellis pairfoir to de.
 Thair he remanit quhill cūning of the King,
 with Bruce in weir, his guid knicht furth did ring
 Remembrance syne is in the Bricis Buik,
 Secund he was, quhē yai Sanct Johnstou tuik.
 Followit the King at wyning of the toun,
 The Bruce thairfoir, gais him full greit guardoun
 All Charteris landis ye gude King to him gais
 Charteris sen syne of his kyn is the laif.
 Quhairto suld I far in this Story wend,
 Bot of my buik to mak ane finall end.
 Robert the Bruce come hame on the thrid day,
 In Scotland efter, that Wallace was had away.
 To Lochmabane, quhair he fand gude Edward,
 Quhair of he was, greitly reioysit in hart.
 Bot fra he wist, Wallace away was led,
 Sa mekill baill into his breist was bred.
 Heir out of wit he worthit for to weid,
 Edward full sone yan to his brother zaid.

The Twelfth

The suddand chance this was in wa fra treill,
 Gude Edward sayis yis helpis nocht adreill.
 Lat murning be, it may be na remeid,
 Ze haue him tynt, ze suld Reuenge his deid.
 Bot for your caus, he tuk the weir on hand,
 In your defence, and thryis hes fred Scotland.
 The quhilk was tynt, fra us and all our kyn.
 War nocht Wallace, we had neuer enterit in.
 Myrrour he was, of lawtie and manheid,
 In weir the best, that euer sall power leid.
 Had he lykit, for to haue tane your Crown,
 Wold nane him let, yat was in th's Regioun.
 Had nocht bene he, ze suld had na entres,
 Into this Realme for tressoun and falsnes.
 That sall ze se, the tratour that him said,
 Fra zow he thinkis, Dunbartane for to hald.
 Sum comfort tak, and lat stik of this sorow,
 The King chargit Edward vpon the morow.
 Redres to tak of wrong yat wrought him was,
 To Dalswyntoun he ordanit him to pas.
 And men of armis, gif yat fand Cumpnyng thair,
 Put him to deith, for na dreid thay suld spair.
 Thay fand him nocht, the King him efter slew,
 Into Drumfris, quhair witnes was anew.
 That hapnit wrong, our greit haill in ane King,
 To wrik by law, it may saith mekill thing.
 I need nocht heit na farther for to schaw,
 How that was done, is knawin to zow aw.

Of young Doboglas first to the King cā pas,
 In all his weir, yat wicht and worthy was.
 For how ye King hes tane on Li. i. ye Crown,
 Of all that heit I mas bot schort mentioun.

Now how Lord Soullis gair Berboik coun a way
 How efter sone tynt was Galloway.
 How Johne of Lorne agane his richt king rais,
 On ather syde how Bruce had mony fais.
 How baid Breichen contrair his king couth ryde,
 Richt few was than in weir with him to byde.
 Now how the North was geuin fra the gude king
 Quhilk maid him lang, in panefull weir to king.
 Bot trew to him, was James ye gude Dowglas
 For Bruceis richt, baid weill in mony place.
 Under the king he was the best Chiftane,
 Bot Wallace I set ane Chiftane him allane.
 Thairfor to him is na comparisoun,
 As of ane man, sail reuerence of the Crown.
 Bot sa mony as of the Dowglas hes bene,
 Gude of all thing, was neuer in Scotland sene.
 Comparisounis I can nocht weill declair,
 Of Bruceis Buik, as now I speik na mair.
 Maister Johne Barbour, quhilk was ane worthy
 He said the Bruce amang his vther weik. (Clerk
 In this mater I am prouert all maist.
 To my purpos breifly I will me hatt.
 How gude Wallace was set amang his fais.
 To Londoun with him Clifford & Wallange gais
 Quhair king Edward was richt fane of þe lang,
 Thap haue him set richt in ane priesoun strang.
 Of Wallace end my self wald leif for dreid,
 To say the werst, bot richteousnes me leid.
 Now synd his lyfe was all sa betray trew,
 His farall hour I will nocht senze now.
 Whenteish him sauld, & pat ouir weill was knawin
 Feill of that kyn, in Scotland yan was seruin.
 Chargit to, byde vnder the greit Iudgement,

The Twelfth

That King Robert actit in his Parliament:
 Chair of I mak na langer continue wance,
 Bot Wallace end in world was displeasance.
 Chairfoir I ceis, and puttis it nocht in Ryme,
 Scotland may thank the blyssit happy tyme:
 That he was bozne, be principall pointis twa,
 This is the first, o: that we farther ga.
 Scotland he freed, and brocht it fra thirllage,
 And now in heuin he hes his herberage.
 As it is preuit be gude experiance,
 Wyse Clerkis it hes zit in remembrance.

Because that the mair part of this thingis followand, as
 altogidder superstitious and not agreeabill to the reuerb
 of Goddis word, we haue thocht it expedient to admonishe
 the (gude Reader) that albeit we haue insert yame
 efter the forme of our Copie, zit notwithstanding we do
 na thing les than allow o: approue thame for any treuth,
 bot rather on the ane part we haue retent thame still to
 schaw the blyndnes and errour of that tyme, q: haire in me
 wer (as it wer) enforcit to beleif sic vaniteis and leis: pas
 now that may be steiric up to god thankis to the Eternal
 our God that hes oppinnit thair eyis and deliuerit yame
 from Ignorance, yat yat may cleirly discerne betruis liche
 and mirknes, richt and wzang. On the uther part to sa
 tisfie the appetytis of mony that culd nocht esely permit
 any thing to be tane away o: alterit in this work, qnbaie
 in we haue borne with thame, alterand almai: na thing
 heirin, lest thay suld Judge vs rascle o: haire in doing
 chair of, at our libertie and plesure.

How that ane Monk of Bury Abbay than,
 Into that tyme ane richt Religious man.
 An zoug ma als, with him in ordour stude
 Quhilk knew his lyfe, was clene, perfyte, & gude.
 This father Monk was bespit with seiknes,
 Out of the world, as he suld pas on cais.
 His brother saw, his spreit lyklye to pas,
 The band of him, richt earnestly couth he as,

To cum agane, and schaw him of the mield,
 That he suld ask of God for his gude Deid.
 He grantit him, at his power to preif,
 And cum agane, gif God wald gif him leif.
 His spreit changit out of yis warldis pane,
 In that same tyme come to the Monk agane.
 Sic thing hes bene, and is be voce and sight,
 Quhair he appeirit, pair schynit mekill licht.
 Lyke to Lanternis, that Illuminit sa cleir,
 That warldly licht thairto micht be na peir.
 Ane voce said thus, God hes me grantit grace,
 That I sall keip my promeis in this place.
 The Monk was blyth of this clene figure fair,
 Bot ane fyre brand in his soirheid he bair.
 And yat him thoche mistyft all the laif,
 Quhair art thou spreit? answer sa God the laif.
 In Purgatory how lang sall thou be thair?
 Bot half ane hour, to cum, and lytill mair.
 Purgatory is, I lat the weill to wit,
 In ony place quhair God will it commit.
 Ane houris space I was pair Judgit to be,
 And that passis suppois I speik with the.
 Quhy hes thou that, and all the laif sa haill?
 For of science, I thoche me maist of baill.
 Quha pydis yairin pair laubour is in waist,
 For science cumis bot of the haly Gaist.
 Efter thy hour, quhat is thy passage euin?
 Quhen tyme cumis, he said to lestand heuin.
 Quhat tyme is that? I pray to w now Declair,
 Twa ar on lyfe, man be besoir me thair.
 Quhilk twa ar thay? the berille me ken,
 The first hes bene ane greit slayer of men.
 Now pai him keip, to Martyr in Londoun town,

The Twelfth

On Wednesday, before King and Common.
 Is none on isle, that hes sa many slane,
 Brother he said, that sail is bot in vane.
 For slaughter is to God abhominabill,
 Than said the spirit, forsooth this is na fabill.
 He is Wallace Defender of Scotland.
 For righteous weir, that he tuk upon hand.
 Thair righteousness is iustit ouir the lair,
 Thairfoir in heuyn he sail that honour haif.
 Syne ane pure Priest, is mekill to commend,
 He tuk in thank, quhat thing that God him send.
 For godlynes, and gode deuotioun,
 Heuyn he sail haue to lest and marysoun.
 I am the thrid, grantit throw Goddis grace,
 Brother he said, tell I this in our place,
 Thay will bot demie, I outhir dreme or rail,
 Than said the Spirit, this witness yow sail haif.
 The bellis sail ring, for ocht that ye da may,
 Quhen thay him slay, half ane hour of the day.
 And sa thay did, ye Monk wist quhat pai allit,
 Throw braid Bertane ye word pair of was scailit.
 The spirit tuk leif, at Goddis will to be,
 Of Wallace end, to heir is greit piete.

And I wald nocht put men in greit dolour,
 Bot lichtly pas, out ouir this fatal hour.
 On Wednesday yit sais Sutheroun furth bracht,
 To martyr him, as thay befor had wrocht.
 Wallace was Martyr, ye suith to zow to tell,
 As wer Oswald, Edmond, Edward, with panis
 Of men in armis led him ane full greit rout, (tell
 With ane bald spirit Wallace blens about.
 The Priest he askit, for him that deit on tre,

King Edward than commandit his Clergie,
And said I charge, in pane of lois of lyfe,
Nane be sa bold zone tryan for to schyfe.
He hes rung lang in contrait of my hienes,
Ane blisful Bischop sone present in that place.
Of Canterbery he than was righteous Lord,
Aganis the King he maid this richt recorde.
And said my self sall heir his Confessioun,
Eif I haue micht, in contrait of thy Crown.
O: thow thow force sall stop me fra this thing,
I bow to God quhilk is my righteous King:
O: all England I sall than Interdycle,
And mak it knawin thow art ane Heretyke.
The Sacrament of Kirk I sall him geif,
Syne tak thy chois to sterf or lat him leif.
It wat mair baill in worschip of thy Crown,
To keip sic ane on lyfe in thy bandoun.
Than all the land and gude yat thow hes rest,
Bot couetise ye ay fra honour dyest.
Thow hes thy lyfe rung in all wrangous deid,
That sall be sene, on the or on thy leid.
The King gais charge thay suld the Bischop ta,
Bot wyle Lordis counsallit to lat him ga.
All wyle men said, yat his desyre was richt,
To Wallace than he raikit in thair sicht.
And sadly hard his Confessioun to end,
Humbly to God his spreit he did commend.
Latoly him seruit with hartly deuosioun,
Upon his kneis, and said ane Orloun.
His leif he tuk, and to Westmynstre raid,
The Cleuch men than yat buir Wallace but baid,
Unto ane place, his martyrdome to tak,
For to his deuty he will na furthering mak.

The Twelfth

Fra the first nicht he was tane in Scotland,
Thay keipit him into that samin band.
Na thing he had that hes done him gude,
Bot Inglis men him seruic of cairfull fude.
This worldly lyfe desyris the sustenance,
Thocht he it gat in contrair of plesance.
Thay threttie dayis his bandis yai durst not slack
Quhill he was bund on ane Scampill of Aik.
With Irne cheinzeis, that war baith stark & kene,
Ane Clerk thay set to heir quhat he wald mene.
Thow Scot he said, yat sa greit wrang hes Done,
Thy satall hour, thow seis appochis sone.
Thow suld in mynd remember thy mysdeid,
That Clerkis may, quhen yai yair Psalmes reid:
For Cristin saullis, yat makis thame to pray,
In thair number, yow may be ane of thay.
For now thow seis, on force thow man deceis,
Than Wallace said, for all thy round reheis:
Thow hes na charge, suppois I had done mys,
Zone blisit Bischop hes hecht I sall haue blys.
And I trow weill, that God sall it admit,
Thy simulate wordis, sall not my conscience smit.
Comfort I haue, of way that I suld gang,
Maist pane I seill, that I byde heir sa lang.
Than said this Clerk, our King oft send the till,
Thow micht haue had, all Scotland at thy will,
To hald of him, and ceissit of thy stryfe,
Sa as ane Lord, to rungin furth thy lyfe.
Than Wallace said, thow speikis of mighty thing,
Had I lest it, and gottin my richteous King,
Fra worthy Bruce had ressauit his Crown,
I thocht hail maid Ingland at his bandoun.
That viterly suld haue bene at his will,

Quhat

Quhat pleist him, to sail thy King or spill.
 Weill said the Clerk, I se thou repentis nocht,
 Of wickitnes, thou hes ane felloun thocht.
 Is nane in warld, that hes sa mony flane,
 Chairfoir to ask, me think thou suld be bane,
 Grace at our King, and syne at his barnage,
 Than Wallace smyllit, ane lytill at his langage.
 I grant he said, sum Inglisshmen I slew,
 In my querrell, me thocht nocht half ane w.
 I muist na weir, bot for to wyn our awin,
 Bauh God and mā ye richt full weill hes knawin
 Thy frustrat wordis dois nocht bot tyzis me,
 I the command of Goddis Name lat me be.
 Ane Schiref gart this Clerk sone fra him pas,
 Richt as thay durst, grantit quhat he wald as.
 Ane Psalter Buik Wallace had on him euer,
 Fra his Chyldheid, with it he wald nocht seuer.
 The better he trowit in beyage for to speid,
 Bot than he was dispuilzeit of his weid.
 This grace he askit at Lord Clifford that knicht,
 To lat him haue his Psalter buik in sight.
 He gart ane Preist it oppin befor him hald,
 Quhill thay to him, had done quhat yat yai wald.
 Steidfast he red, for ocht thay did him thair,
 Feill Sutheroun said, that Wallace feld na sair.
 Gude deuotioun sa was his beginning,
 Contine wit yair with, and swa was his ending.
 Quhill speiche and Spreit atanis all can sair,
 To lest and blys, we trow for euer mair.
 I will nocht tell how he deuydit was,
 In syue partis, and ordanit for to pas.
 Zit his spreit thus, be lykalines was weill,
 Of Wallace lyfe quha hes ane better feill.

The Twelfth

May schew furth mair, with writ and eloquence,
For I to this hes done my diligence.
Efter the Prose geuin fra the Latine buik,
Quhill Maister Blair in his tyme vnder tuik.
In fair Latine compylit to ane end,
With gude witnes, the mair is to commend.
Bischop Sinklair than Lord was of Dunkell,
He gat this Buik, and conficmit it him sell.
For verray treuth, thair of he had na dreid,
Him self hard greit part of Wallace deid.
His purpois was to haue send it to Rome,
Our father of Kirk yairin to gif his dome.
Bot Maister Blair, and als schur Thomas Gray,
Efter Wallace thay leuit mony ane day.
Thir twa knew best of gude schir Williamis deid
Fra sextene zeir, quhill nyne and twentie zeid.
Fourtie and fyue Wallace of age was cald,
That tyme yat he was to the Sutheroun saild:
Thocht this mater be nocht to all plesance,
His suithfast deid is worthy to auance.
All worthy men, that reidis this rurall Dyte,
Blame nocht the buik, thocht I be Imperfyte.
I suld haue thank, sen I na trauell spaird,
For my trauell na man hecht me rewaird.
Na charge I had, of King nor vther Lord,
Greit harme I thocht his gude deid suld be smord
I haue said heir, neir as the proces gais,
And senzeit nocht, for freindis nor zit for sais.
For coistis heirof, was na man bund to me,
In this sentence, I had na will to le.
Bot in als mekill, as I rehetit nocht,
Sa worthely as Robill Wallace wrecht.
Bot in ane point, I grant, I said ane mis,

Chit

Thir twa knichtis suld blamit, be of this.
 The knicht Wallace of Cragy richteous Lord,
 And Lyddail als, gart me mak wrang record.
 On Allartoun mure, ye Crown he tuk ane day,
 To get battell, as myne Authoꝝ will say.
 Thir twa gart me say on ane ither wyse,
 To Maister Blair, we did part of suppyse.

God Robill buik fulfillit of sentence,
 Suppois thow be barrane of eloquence.
 — Go, worthy buik, fulfillit of worthy deid,
 Bot the to help, of langage thow hes neid.
 Quhen gude makeris rang weill in to Scotland,
 Greit harme it was, that nane of thame the fand.
 Zit thair is part, that can the weill auance,
 Now byde the tyme, and be in remembrance.
 I now beseik of your beneuolence,
 Quha will nocht loif, lak nocht my eloquence.
 It is weill knawin I am ane Rurall man,
 And heir hes done, als gudely as I can.
 My tounge did neuer ornate termes embrace,
 I beseik God that geuar is of grace:
 Maird hell and eird, and set ye heuin abuse,
 That he till vs grant, his deir lestand luse.

Thus endit willsane Wallace the wicht,
 Behind him left nocht sic ane knicht.
 Be worthynes, and deid of hand,
 Fra thraldome thryis he fred this land.

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 at the Expensis of Henrie Charteris, & as to be
 sauld in his Buik, on the North syde of ye gait
 abone the Throne. Anno. Do. M. D. LXX.